Flores Solitudinis.

Certaine Rare and Elegant PIECES;

Viz.

Two Excellent Discourses

Of { 1. *Temperance, and Patience;*
2. *Life and Death.*

BY

I. E. NIEREMBERGIUS.

THE WORLD

CONTEMNED;

BY

EUCHERIUS, Bp of LYONS.

And the Life of

PAULINUS,

Bp of *NOLA.*

Collected in his Sicknesse and Retirement,

BY

HENRY VAUGHAN, Silurist.

Tantus Amor Florum, & generandi gloria Mellis.

London, Printed for *Humphrey Moseley* at the *Princes Armes* in St *Pauls* Church-yard. 1654.

TO
THE TRUELY NOBLE
And Religious
Sir *CHARLES EGERTON*
Knight.

SIR,

IF, *when you please to locke upon these* Collections, *you will find them to lead you from the Sun into the* shade, *from the open* Terrace *into a private* grove, *& from the* noyse *and* pompe *of this world into a silent and solitary* Hermitage: *doe not you thinke then, that you have descended (like the* dead) in Occidentem & tenebras, *for in this* withdrawing-roome (*though secret and seldome frequented,*) *shines that happy* starre, *which will directly lead you to the* King *of* light. *You have long since quitted the* Publick, *& to present you now with some thing of solitude* and the contempt of

the world, *would looke like a* designe *to Flatter you, were not my* Name, *argument enough for the contrary. Those few that know me, will (I am sure) be my* Compurgators; *and I my selfe dare assert this,* you have no cause to suspect it. *But what ever the thoughts of men will be, I am already sure of this advantage, that we live in an age, which hath made this very* Proposition *(though suspected of* Melancholie, *) mighty pleasing, and even* meane witts *begin to like it; the* wiser sort *alwaies did, for what (I beseech you,) hath this world, that should make a wise man in love with it? I will take the boldnesse to describe it in the same character which* Bisselius *did the hansome concubine of* Mahomet *the great:*

Puella tota quanta, nil erat aliud
Quàm Illecebra picta, delicatus
harpago, &c.

The whole wench *(how compleat soe'r) was but*
A specious baite; *a soft, sly, tempting* slut;

A pleasing witch; a living death;
a faire,
Thriving disease; *a fresh,* infectious aire;
A pretious plague; *a* furie *sweetly drawne;*
Wild fire *laid up and finely drest in* Lawne.

This delicate, admir'd Inchantresse (even to those who enjoy her after their owne lusts, and at their owne rate,) will prove but a very sad bargaine; she is all deception and sorrow. This world *and the* prince *of it are the* Canker-Rose *in the mouth of the* fox; Decipit, arefit, pungit. *But those future, supreme* fruitions *which God hath in store for those that love him are neither* Phantasmes, *nor* fallacies; *they are all substantiall and certaine, and in the Apostles phrase,* Καθ' ὑπερβολὴν εἰς ὑπερβολὴν αἰώνιον βάρος δόξης, a far more exceeding and eternall weight of glory. *Nothing can give that, which it hath not, this transitory, changeable and corrupt world cannot afford*

ford permanent treasures. All it gives, and all it shewes us, is but trash & illusion. *The true incorruptible riches dwell above the reach of rust and theeves.*

Man himselfe in his outward part, *which was taken out of the world, feeles the like passions with the world, he is worn, washed, dissolved and changed, he comes hither, he knowes not how, and goes from hence, he knowes not whither.* Nescio quò vado, valete posteri! *was the* Roman's *Epitaph: One generation commeth, and another passeth away.* Properant & decurrunt in absconditum, *they hasten and drive on to their appointed place, untill the great day of accompt. All the severall* shapes *and* gestures *we see in this wild* Masque *of* time *are but so many* disguises *which the* Spirits *that first assumed them, cast off againe when they have acted their* parts. *Most elegantly did* Augurellius *sing to* Peter Lipomanus *upon the death of his sister* Clara;

Amæna,

Amæna, Petre, cum vides, &c.

Peter, *when thou this pleasant world*
dost see,
Beleeve, thou seest meere Dreames
and vanitie;
Not reall *things, but* false: *and*
through the Aire
Each where, an empty, slipp'rie Scene,
though faire.
The chirping birds, *the fresh* woods
shadie boughes,
The leaves *shrill whispers, when the*
west-wind *blowes.*
The swift, fierce Greyhounds *coursing on the plaines,*
The flying hare *distrest 'twixt feare*
and paines;
The bloomy Mayd *decking with*
flowers *her head,*
The gladsome, easie youth *by light*
love *lead;*
And whatsoe'r heere with admiring
eyes
Thou seem'st to see, 'tis but a fraile
disguise

Worne

VVorne by eternall things, *a passive* dresse
Put on by beings *that are passiveles.*

All the gay appearances in this life seeme to me but a swift succession of rising Clouds, *which neither abide in any certaine* forme, *nor continue for any* long time; *And this is that, which makes the* fore travell of the sonnes of men *to be nothing else, but a meere chasing of shadowes.* All is vanity (*said the Royall Philosopher,*) and there is no new thing under the Sun.

I present you therefore with a discourse perswading to a contempt *& a* desertion *of these* old things which (*our Saviour tells us*) shall passe away; *And with an historicall, faithfull relation of the life and happinesse of a devout, primitive* father, *who gave all that he had upon earth to the poore, that he* might have treasure in heaven.

Some

Some other Additions *you will finde, which meeting now in this volume under your name, will in their descent to posterity, carry with them this fairest Testimonie*, I loved you. *This (Sir) is my maine and my sole designe in this* Addresse, *without* reservation *and without* flattery, *for which respect, and for no other, I beleeve you will accept of what I have done, and looke upon my suddaine and small* Presents, *as upon some forward* flowers *whose kinde hast hath brought them above ground* in cold weather. *The incertainty of life, and a peevish, inconstant state of health would not suffer me to stay for greater performances, or a better season; least loosing this, I should never againe have the opportunity to manifest how much and how sincerely I am*

Sir

Your Servant and well-wisher

Henry Vaughan.

Newton by *Uske* neare Sketh-Rock. 1653.

To the onely true and glorious God, the Sole diſpoſer of Life and Death.

O Doe not goe, thou know'ſt I'le dye,
My *Spring* and *Fall* are in thy Booke!
Or if thou goeſt, doe not deny
To lend me, though from far, one looke!

My ſinnes long ſince have made thee ſtrange,
A very ſtranger unto me;
No *morning-meetings* (ſince this change)
Nor *Evening-walkes* have I with thee.

Why is my God thus hard and cold,
When I am moſt, moſt ſick and ſad?
Well-fare thoſe bleſſed dayes of old, (*Lad*!
When thou did'ſt heare the *weeping*

O doe not thou doe as I did,
Doe not deſpiſe a love-ſick heart!
What though ſome *Clouds* defiance bid,
Thy *Sun* muſt ſhine in every part.

Though

Though I have ſpoyl'd, O ſpoyle not thou,
Hate not thine owne deere gift and token!
Poore *Birds* ſing beſt, and prettieſt ſhow,
When their *neaſt* is fallen and broken.

Deare Lord! reſtore thy Ancient peace,
Thy quickning friendſhip, mans bright (wealth;
And if thou wilt not give *me* Eaſe
From ſicknes, Give my *Spirit* health!

To

To the Reader.

Candidus & medicans Ignis deus eſt. *So ſings the* Poet, *and ſo muſt I affirme, who have been tryed by that* white *and* refining fire, with healing under his wings. *Quarrelling with his* light, *and wandring from that freſh and competent* gourd, *which he had ſhadowed me with, drew thoſe* Sun-beames *upon my head, whoſe ſtrong and fervent* vibrations *made me oftentimes beg of him*, that I might dye. *In thoſe ſad* Conflicts *I dedicated the* Remiſſions *to thy* uſe, *Reader, & now I offer them to thy* view. *If the* title *ſhall offend thee, becauſe it was found in the* woods *and the* wilderneſſe, *give mee leave to tell thee, that* Deſerts *and* Mountaines *were the* Schooles *of the* Prophets, *and*

and that Wild-hony *was his* diet, *who by the testimony of the* Sonne *of* God, *was* the greatest amongst those that are borne of women. *It may be thy spirit is such a popular, phantastick* flye, *as loves to gad in the* shine *of this world; if so, this* light *I live by in the* shade, *is too great for thee. I send it abroad to bee a companion of those wise* Hermits, *who have withdrawne from the present generation, to confirme them in their solitude, and to make that rigid* necessity *their pleasant* Choyse. *To leave the* world, *when it leaves us, is both* sordid *and* sorrowfull; *and to quitt our* station *upon discontents, is nothing else, but to be the* Apes *of those Melancholy* Schismaticks, *who having burnt off their owne hands in setting the world on fire, are now fallen out with it*, because they cannot rule it. *They are* Spirits *of a very poore, inferiour* order, *that have so much* Sympathy *with worldlie things, as to weepe at Parting; And of*

as

as low a Parentage *are those, that will be sick of* Leap-yeares *&* Sublunarie mutations. *I honour that* temper, *which can lay* by *the* garland, *when he may keepe it* on: *which can passe by a* Rosebud, *and bid it* grow, *when he is invited to* crop *it,*

——— Whose gentle measure
Complyes and suits with all *estates*;
Which can let loose to a *Crown*, and yet with pleasure
Take up within a *Cloyster* gates.
This Soule doth *Span* the world, and *hang* content
From either *pole* unto the *center*,
Where in each *Roome* of the well-furnished *tent*
He lyes warme and without adventure.

Prince Lewes, *the eldest Son of* Charles *King of* Naples, *at the age of twenty one yeares, and just when he should have been married to the youthfull Princesse of* Majorica, *did suddenly at* Barcellon *put on the rough and severe* habit *of the* Franciscans: *The* Queens *and*

and Princesses *there met to solemnize the marriage of his sister* Blanch *with* James *King of* Aragon, *imployed all their* Rhetorick *to dissuade him from it; but to no purpose, he loved his* Sackcloth *more then their* silks, *and (as Mounsier* Mathieu *(alluding to that* young Princesse, *) speakes of him,)* Left Roses to make Conserve of thornes. *Resolution,* Reader, *is the Sanctuary of Man, and Saint* Pauls *content is that famous* Elixir, *which turnes the* rudest mettall *into* smooth *and* ductible gold: *It is the Philosophers* secret fire, *that* stomack *of the* Ostrich *which digests* Iron, *and dissolves the hard flint into bloud and nutriment. It was an honest* Reply *that his* Cook *made unto the Duke of* Millain, *when worsted in a great battell by the* Florentines, *the over passionate resentment of so unexpected a repulse, made him quarrell with his meate:* If the Florentines *(said he)* have spoyled your tast, that is no fault of mine;

mine; the meate is pleasant, and well drest, but the good successe of your Enemies hath made your appetite ill.

I protest seriously unto thee, and without Scepticisme, *that there is no such thing in this world, as* misfortune; *the foolish* testinesse *of man arising out of his* misconstruction *and* ignorance *of the wise method of* Providence, *throwes him into many* troubles. *The* Spouse *tells us, that the fingers of the* Bride-groome *are deckt with* Beryll *and* pretious stones: *what ever falls upon us from that Almighty* hand, *it is a* diamond; *It is celestiall* treasure, *and the matter of some new* blessing, *if we abuse it not.* God (*saith the wise King,*) created not Evill, but man (who was created upright) sought out many inventions: *these indeed beget that* monster; *his ill* digestion *of his* punishment (*which is a kinde of* divine diet,) *makes him to pine away in a sinfull discontent. If*

thou

thou art sick of such an Atrophie, *the precepts layd down in this little booke (if rightly* understood, *and faithfully* practised*) will perfectly cure thee.*

All that may bee objected is, that I write unto thee out of a land of darkenesse, out of that unfortunate region, where the Inhabitants sit in the shadow of death: where destruction passeth for propagation, and a thick black night for the glorious day-spring. If this discourage thee, be pleased to remember, that there are bright starrs under the most palpable clouds, and light is never so beautifull as in the presence of darknes. At least intreat God that the Sun may not goe down upon thy own dwelling, which is hartily desired and prayed for, by

Newton by Usk in
South-vvales.
April.17. 1652.

Hen: Vaughan.

Two Excellent

DISCOURSES

Of { 1. Temperance and Patience.
2. Life and Death.

Written in Latin by

Johan: Euseb: Nierembergius.

Englished by

HENRY VAUGHAN, Silurist.

—— *Mors Vitam temperet, & vita Mortem.*

LONDON:
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold at the *Princes Armes* in St *Paul's* Church-yard. 1654.

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OF TEMPERANCE AND PATIENCE.

THe *Doctrine* of good living is ſhort, but the *work* is long, and hard to be perſwaded, though eaſie to bee learnt: for to be good, is of all things the moſt eaſie, and the moſt ready, if wee could learne but one other *Art*, which *Antiſthenes* termed the moſt neceſſary, I will add, the moſt difficult, and that is, *to forget to doe Evill.* I find that *peace* and *joy* have two *handles*, whereby we may take hold of them, *Patience*, and *Temperance.* Rule thy *Evil* with theſe, and then thy *will* may rule thee well. Horſes are ruled with bridles and ſpurs. In proſperity uſe the firſt, that is, reſtraine, or keepe in thy ſelfe. In adverſity the laſt, that is, Incite,

and use thy selfe to a gallant *Apathie*, and contempt of misfortunes. Generous and metlesome *Coursers* when they are breathed, or rid abroad, are compelled to trample upon those very things, whose first sight startled and terrified them; doe so with thy selfe: tread under thy feet thy most hideous adversities; so shalt thou forget the feare of fortune, which makes men unfit for vertue. Patience in adversity is temperance in prosperity. Nor can it be easily resolved, which of these two excells: This is most certaine, that noble sufferance is as necessary to man, as the virtue of temperance. Some few Crosses thou canst beare well, but fortune can afflict thee with many, and thou by patience (the greatest of virtues) must afflict her with more; for

——The naked man too getts the field,
And often makes the armed foe to yeeld.

It costs not much to live well, and it is as cheape to learne it. The whole Art is comprised in these two words, *Patience*, and *Temperance*. In these lies all the *Mysterie* of Peace: you would think it a *Secret* of the Priests of *Ceres*, it is so unknown to any, but sacred minds. These are the Domestick Gods of tranquility, and the tutelar Angels of good men: beleeve with

Epict-

Epictetus, that the Quintessence of all Philosophie is squeezed into these two, 'Ανέχου, καὶ ἀπέχου beare and forbeare. He neither obtaines, nor retaines his joy, that doth not abstain, and sustaine. These are the two *Poles* upon which tranquility and vertue move. To obtain peace, you must bear; to retain it, you must forbeare. An odd way of fruition; By refusing you obtaine, and by suffering you preserve: by refusing the favours, and suffering the spite of fortune. By this very carriage did *Diogenes* beleeve that he had quite deposed and overthrown her: hee crowned his temples with branches of *Pine*, the old *Isthmian* ceremonie, and walked like an absolute victour in the Sacred Games. Being required by a crosse fellow, not to usurpe that honour till he had lawfully strived, he answered, that he had overcome two enemies, *Pleasure* and *Griefe*, the one by forbearing, the other by bearing. Make not thy self a Woman: thou hast (if thou wilt use them) both *Temperance* and *Patience*, the best Stratagems, and Countermines against the Wiles of Fortune. Her storms and suddain furies (which are alwaies clean, and without dissimulation,) thou mayst break and overcome by bearing; Her Arts, her deep and cankerd hatred, by listning to

Reason, and a warie, stayd Circumspection, while she spends and wasts with her owne malice. The wrath of furious and hasty persons is sincere, and without artifice; It hath no poyson, but what breakes out presently at the tongue, or the hand: Fortune too, when in this humour, is lesse Noxious, for She makes then an indifferent use of all Tooles, and disposeth of them without Study. But when She begins to hate, She becomes slow and weary, and not contented with open valour, addes to it Treachery. She pines with the Memory of her old favours, and that She may pull down what She built, adornes her most deadly Intentions, as Poverty and grievous Miseries, in the dresse of Felicity. All her projects, machinations and Engines to Torture and vex Man, amount to no more, then to give him what he would not have, and to deny him what he would have. He breaks her neck that abstaines from the *first*, and contemnes the *last*.

But here is our double Disease, by which *Virtue* Conceived for a great end, together with *Felicity*, become both abortive, that wee neither rightly wish, nor rightly abstain, loath, or love, but doe both most absurdly, most preposterously.

We

We Covet most unseasonably, when even necessity is necessary, and this to him that wants, is no more then a wish. We cover, I say, such things as fortune hath not, and in a time when they may not be had. Wee would have *Cherries* in *January*: These wishes are their own Torments: Fortune too most Commonly gives them but cold Comfort. Why should we Covet extraneous Goods? It is better to serve the necessity of the time, then to be a slave to Fortune. Wee are set upon longing like Woemen with Child, that labour with strange appetites and depraved stomacks; that loath healthfull Viands, and (which in them is very strange) abhorre sweet meats; That affect raw, absurd compositions, that eat lime, Charcoles and Ashes, that in the dead of Winter long for Summer-fruits, and in Summer for Winter-fruits. What dost thou think is bearing and forbearing? It is to be even with Fortune, discreetly to abstaine, discreetly to will, and to covet nothing. Abstain then: otherwise what wilt thou do by Coveting, but make way for Fortune, and enlarge her Empire? Though she would not, she must needs hit thee. Her being blind, hinders not but she may shoote well: When the mark is *have at all*, and *every where*: an Archer with-

out Eyes cannot missе it. Though unwilling, her Arrowes cannot wander from him, whose lust wanders after all things. She will hit him without Ayming, whose hope aymes at every thing. No Weapon falls in vaine amongst a multitude. Her scope to hurt, is the same scope thou takest to wish.

Thou must know that the Command of Fortune over man about these outward things, lies in the midst of the will, as the hand in the midst of a bended bow. If thou holdest thy will by the middle, then art thou master of both ends, and mayst doe any thing. If thou commandst the one halfe, I will not say, thou hast no hold at all. Liberty hath two Limbs, to *Will*, and to *refraine*: The one is a stronge *Arme*, the other a weak *Hand*: What thou hast not, thou mayst refraine from wishing to have, but no man can have what ever he would have. When you refrain from willing, then have you Power over all things; when your will lusteth, then you are subject to all things. Outward goods are fleeting things, and the faithfull servants of unfaithfull chance. O how great a treasure, how provident and infallible a supply against these sudden Ebbs and diminutions is a regular and resolute will!

Why

Why are we troubled at them! We are too hard for Fortune, and by much too hard, if wee command but the one halfe of our will; that maimed and halting hand (if I may ſo ſpeak) will overtake and bring back the moſt averſe and winged Felicities. It will enrich us ſooner and ſurer then all the Treaſures of *Croeſus*: Thoſe are but beggerie before thee if thou covet them not, if thy will be not a begger. Not to will, makes thee ſecurely rich, even when thou wilt, that is, when thou doeſt will nothing. Thou makeſt Fortune poore by leaving her no power over thee, and nothing in her ſelf, wherewith to pleaſe thee; I meane to deceive thee. Thou wilt be richer than *Attalus* by contemning his ſtore, and of greater power than *Midas*; for his was placed in fruition and touching, but thine in abſence and emptineſſe. By wiſhing nothing thou haſt all, yea thoſe things which thou ſeeſt not: and what wonder then, if thoſe things thou ſeekeſt not, being abundantly enriched by thy moſt pretious povertie? It was Divinely argued by *Euſebius*, *That he onely ſhould be eſteemed rich, who was perſwaded that he had enough. For thoſe that adde ſtill to what they have already gotten, and never thinke that they can get enough, though*

richer than Midas, *are most poor and miserable beggers; because they are nothing rich in their own minds.* And in another place, *An unreasonable covetousnesse* (saith he) *is sooner driven away with the losse of riches allready gotten, then by a plenteous and dayly accesse of more treasures.* Wherefore thou art then only rich, and possess'st all things to thy mind, when to have nothing is in thy will: When ever thou sayest, *It is enough,* thou hast all. Yea, thou hast more then thou shouldst have. All that comes afterwards doth but load and overwhelme thee.

Of such an Immoderate use is Temperance, and I Judge Patience to be of no lesser. Happily it may be easier; for having learnt to abstain, we may the better sustain. Impatience ariseth naturally out of Cupidity, and feare is the Daughter of hope. Cast these away, and you will find, that an adverse Fortune may be entertained, not onely with Patience, but with much welcome. *Crates,* or *Zeno* (a gallant man, if either of the two) being at Sea in a great storm, caus'd all his goods (wherewith the Ship was Loaden) to be thrown over board, and thanked Fortune for the kindnesse: doe thou the like, and approving of thy misfortunes, say, *It is well done*

done, Fortune, thou haſt read me a good leſſon, thou haſt had care of my Soul. I thank thee that thou art Come thy ſelfe to fetch theſe burthens, which I ſhould have brought thee home. Thou haſt dealt courteouſly to lend me their uſe, and to prevent their Abuſe. I like thy Method, and prefer thy adviſe to thy favours; I know thy meaning. I muſt make a wiſe uſe of theſe croſſes, I muſt have recourſe to virtue, to my ſelf, and to my God. Thou doſt not onely Incite, but compell me to goodneſſe. I am brought ſafe to ſhore, by the ſplitting of the Ship: hereafter I will be better provided. Behold, thou haſt left yet behind thee ſome moveables, which thou ſhouldſt have taken with thee, they are thine by right. Thou gaveſt me ſo many things, that thou canſt not well remember them. I deſire not to conceale them, take all thy Reliques and appendencies with thee, all that is here beſides my ſelfe; I hold thy leavings not worthy of acceptance from the mind of man. I wiſh that we would ſo deal with Fortune, as a certain old man did with theeves that came to rob his houſe. *Take with you* (ſaid he) *all that you ſee here.* They did ſo, leaving nothing behind them but an empty purſe; which the old man tooke up, and following after, called to them; *Take this*

also with you, which you forgot to put up. Fortune perhaps amazed at such a Noble, Serene disposition, would restore all: It is most certaine the Theeves did. But let a Christian reject this figment of Fortune, and in all worldly mutations acknowledge and kisse the divine hand.

But if after all this, thou wilt not excuse the outward and ravenous manners of Fortune; there will be no Just cause for thee to accuse them, having received no damage by her. If thou wilt purge thy mind from wishes and hopes, thou mayst safely place thy selfe before her very Arrowes, and defie them. And truly I believe it will be thy most secure station. When *Stratonicus* saw an unskilfull fellow shooting at *Buts*, he got presently close to the *White*, as the onely place free from danger: and being asked his reason for that unusual Refuge, he answered; *Least that fellow should hit me.* Fortune (we say) is blind; stand then in her way: She hits that the least, which she most aimes at; but if all her shafts should fall upon thee, they can draw no blood from thee, as long as thou art not drawn by covetousnesse. If you break off the point of the Weapon, it cannot hurt you. Our own Covetousnesse is Fortunes edged toole; take that away, and

and you disarme her, and secure your selfe: blunt weapons wound not to blood.

I suppose now that *Epictetus* his abridgement, or reduction of Philosophy into two words, *Abstain* and *Sustain*, will seeme prolix enough to you. The first we have past through; the second and last, I meane *Sustain*, or the *Art of bearing well*, wee shall find tedious enough. Hee cannot be said to wish for nothing, that finds fault with that which he hath. This bearing well is to desire nothing but what wee have. A Serene, bright Will then, not clouded with thick and muddy desires, will find the burdens of Fortune to be very light: For Fortune of her selfe is very light and easie, but she hath for *pannels* our own Lusts, which are heavier than her *packs*, and without these shee puts not one loade upon us. Nothing tires and weighs us down but our own wishes, which evills (being ignorant that our burthen proceedes from them,) we multiply with an Intent to ease our selves, but in the meane time the weight increaseth. A certain plain Countryman wearied with ploughing, and returning home from the field afterhis daies task, tyed the Plough to his Asse, and afterwards mounted himself upon his

back;

back; but the tyred Asse, and overloaden, could not stirre from the place; whereupon the Country-man lights, and with the Plough upon his backe remounting the Asse, tells him, *Now I hope thou canst goe well, for it is not thou, but I that carry the Plough.* Wee are every day as ridiculous, though not so harmlesse as this Country-man. Wee study with new cares and new desires to ease and diminish our old lusts; which not onely keepes under, but choaks and presseth to death all the seeds of Joy and Content. This is nothing else, but to retain the former load undiminish'd, and to put another on the top of it. As long as we tolerate these burthens, we become intollerable to our selves, without any exaggeration of Fortune. Let us shake them off, let us cast off hope, that troublesome *Tympany*; so shall we find Fotune light, and be able to bear both her and our selves. All things may be born of him, that bears not future Evills; Those are grievous burthens, which miraculously oppresse us, and so strangly accommodate themselves to our hurt, that they exist in the heart, and vexe it, before they can exist in time. Not onely Evil, but Good, when it is hovering and uncertain, doth afflict us. Of Evills themselves there cannot come so many together up-

upon us, as we can feare: fortune can throw at us but few darts at one time, and were ſhe not ſtill furniſhed by our luſts, we ſhould quickly ſee her quiver empty. Abſtinence then, or the reſtraining of our deſires is the Nurſerie of patience, by a like title as the toleration of evill and good

But when I name Patience, I ſpeake not of a *Simple* thing; for there is not onely patience in *Evill*, but in *Good* alſo, and this later is ſometimes the moſt difficult. There is one when we *ſuffer*, and another when we *act*. There be alſo other diviſions of Patience. Holy *Ephrem* makes it threefold: the *firſt* towards *god*, the *ſecond* towards the *tempter*, or wicked Angel, and the *third* towards *man*. I ſhall add a *fourth*, and the moſt difficult of all, towards our *ſelves*; or I will make it onely *twofold*, *firſt* towards *thoſe* that are *without us*, the *ſecond* and laſt towards our *ſelves*, or thoſe *commotions* which fight againſt us from *within*. This laſt is the greateſt, becauſe it teacheth us to beare thoſe preſſures which lean upon us, and bow us down. It is harder to reſiſt thoſe weights which come forcibly upon us from above, then thoſe which come oppoſitly, or over againſt us. The beaſts can draw more after them, then they can carry upon their backs. Man hath enough

nough to beare within himselfe: but evills are a great familie, and keep aswell without doores as within. Every minute of our tranquility is purchased with patience; It is the great Sacrament of peace, the Sanctuary of Security, the Herald and the badge of felicity. What will it availe us to be at peace with those that are without, while we suffer intestine warres and tumults within? let us have peace in our selves, and having mastered the rebellion and disorders of the will, let us be the patients of our sadnesse, yea of our Impatience, and some times of our patience.

As nothing is more accidentall to man then to suffer, so should he conclude, that nothing is more necessary for him than patience. It is the naturall medicine for all humane calamities, with which (as the *heart* with *Dittany*) wee pull out the heads and splinters of those arrowes which the *mighty hunters* of this world shoot at us. Nature dealt not more unkindly with man, than with other creatures: The *Boare* is cured with *Jvie*, the *Dragon* with *wild-lettice*, and the *Snake* with *Fennell*. Others have their cure nearer, in their owne members: his *tongue* is the *Balsom* to a wounded *dog*; and the *Catholicon* of man is silence and patience. But did I say that

that to ſuffer was accidentall to man? I blot out that errour, and affirme, It is neceſſary: wherefore patience is moſt neceſſary; for by that we are freed from a ſlaviſh ſufferance, as by a certaine gifted premunition and defenſive faculty. By patiently enduring we become impaſſible. The minde is invulnerable, unleſſe in the fits of impatience, as *Achilles* was in the heele. Think not the Art of patience to be any more, then not to ſuffer voluntarily; at leaſt, not in ſpight of thy will. Hee that gently endures, doth by a ſhort cut free himſelf from the tedious labours and numerous puniſhments of life. Neceſſities ſhould be cheerefully borne. The hands, the feet, and the other limbs will ſooner fail to execute their duties, then to be Inſenſible of paine. The ſick, the maimed, yea and the diſmembred are not ſo mortified, but they are ſubject to ſenſation. It was an excellent ſaying of *Herod* the Sophiſt, when hee was pained with the gout in his hands and feet; *When I would eat*, (ſaid he) *I have no hands; when I would goe I have no feet; but when I muſt be pained, I have both hands and feet.* So entire and whole are we alwaies to griefe; which ſufficiently ſheweth, that the ſoundneſſe of man is beſt ſeene in his patience; and ſuch a ſtrong neceſſity of

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ſuffering is laid upon us, that when our limbs faile us in their offices, they muſt not faile of ſufferings. Thou wilt aske then what can they ſuffer, when without ſpirit and motion? I will tell thee; Not to be apt to ſuffer, is their ſuffering. Nothing is lacking to the miſery of man, though his limbs ſhould be wanting, his griefe by that defect will abound the more.

Deeply, and into the Inmoſt Cloſets of our hearts ſhould that ſaying of the *Temanite* deſcend, *Man* (ſaid he) *is borne unto trouble, and the bird to flye.* Obſerve, if the birds be unfurniſh'd of any thing for flight: they are all over arm'd for it; Their Bills are keen and ſharp-pointed, and ſerve like *foredecks* to cut their aire; Their pinions are two ſwift *rowers*, and the feathers in both wings placed orderly every one longer then the other repreſent ſoe many *oares*. Their traines are the *Sternes*, with which they bend their whole bodies, and govern them in their flights, and with their feete and crooked clawes like *Anchors*, they ſtick and faſten themſelves to the green branches, which are their *Havens*, and ſhady Harbours. Though thou hadſt never ſeene them uſe their wings, yet by their very *Structure*, thou would'ſt Judge that thoſe feathered *Sayles* were

deſign'd

design'd for the aire, and flying. Man is every way as well accoutred for trouble. Observe him: Thou shalt find nothing wanting that may conduce to his passion, though he wants much of Patience. Man is every way most exactly trimmed and adorned for trouble; He was made unfit for labour, that he might be fit for sufferings; He hath no wings to fly from them, he is poor, infirme, naked, defencelesse; and (which is worse than all) forsaken of himself: Betwixt nakednesse and poverty he is on all sides exposed and appointed for misery, as the bird is for the flight. Thou shalt observe all this in him; for wanting all the necessaries which support life, he is surrounded onely with those sad necessities and intanglements which make life grievous and burthensome; as a *Sparrow* is drest and cloathed all over with those soft habiliments which make his flights easie and pleasant. The onely difference betwixt them is this, that those Instruments of flying may faile the birds, but those of suffering cannot faile Man. So carefull was Nature of Mans condition, that she would not trust Fortune with his relatives. The *Eagle* may casually lose his sharpnesse of sight, the *Roe* her swiftnesse, and the *Lyon* his strength; but Man while he lives cannot

not miſſe of afflictions. There is a greater care had of our affaires; And to a glorious end are theſe Calamities made ſure unto us, if wee can make them beneficiall.

The firſt token, and evidence of life is crying. The Prim-roſes, or firſt bloſſoms of it are teares; from theſe it take its inauguration. Man is not borne before he ſuffers: Yea, he grones and complaines in his very paſſage into the World. The firſt homage he payes to life is ſufferance, and from that minute to his laſt, he becomes (as *Bleſenſis* ſaith) *a conſtant tributary to miſery.* I Judge him that murmurs at this payment, that kicks under this generall burthen, to wrong and diſeſteem the Nobleſt Nature, I mean Man; and to be worthy of this very puiſhment, *not to be at all.* He is a moſt vile abuſer of Humane Nature, that thinks it not worth his patience, and values himſelfe at a moſt ſordid rate; let him beare in his manhood, what he bore in his Infancie, and not be aſhamed of his Inveſtiture, becauſe he felt affliction, before he felt the light. It is the firſt leſſon we are taught here, and the laſt that wee ſhall learn. All other Creatures, as ſoone as they are born, make ſome uſe of their ſtrength; but Man knowes no uſe of any thing but teares: He

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must afterwards be taught the cause of them. We must teach him every thing, but weeping. All other things are given him for his labour, but teares he can have for nothing. This onely faculty was bestowed upon him *gratis*, all other concessions are the rewards of his paines; but teares were given him freely, because they ease and allay his sorrowes. This convenient *Salve* did nature ordain for some inevitable Sores. She prepared this *Oyle* to allay the aking of those stripes the World gives us, which without this *Native Oyntment* would have smarted more: for those wounds, whose anguish is not vented at the Eyes, lie heaviest upon the heart And by this I am induced to believe, that it is naturall for man to Suffer, because he onely naturally weepes. Every extraneous felicity of this life is violent, or forced; and these constrained, though splendid *Adiuncts* of Fortune are therefore short, because noe violent thing can be perpetuall. To suffer is the naturall condition and manner of man, this is believed to be his misery: without patience, I confesse, it is. Nature never failes us in those things which are needful, much lesse divine providence and grace: Wee shall therefore never faile of Sufferings, because they are

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the great *Necessaries*, & *Medicines* of Humane Nature. Wee read of many men that never laught, but never heard of any that never wept. *Democritus* himself came weeping into the World; none ever came without labour, none without griefe.

Thou wilt ask, why man, the only creature addicted to beatitude, should bee borne to trouble? why through the vale of teares travells he to the house of joy? why is he alone, being capeable of felicity, made subject unto misery? Because he is borne for virtue, the next and readiest instrument to attaine beatitude. Now troubles, or miserie are the masse, or first matter of virtue, and without this hard rudiment, without this *coyne* of sorrow he cannot purchase it. Nor are the good offices which these calamities doe for us, either meane or few; for wherefore flowes, yea overflowes the divine mercy upon man, but because he is miserable? wherefore is Gods sure power and saving arme stretched out, but because he is fraile? wherefore are his comforts and refreshments so plentifully showred down, but because he is sorrowfull and helplesse? wherefore is his liberality and most faithful providence seen every minute, but because he is poore and constantly needy? yea wherefore is Immortality, everlasting pleasures, and a glorious

rious resurrection secured unto us, but because our bodies are mortal, and subject to death and putrefaction? By this time perhaps you see the appositnesse of that comparison which *Eliphaz* made betwixt *man* and a *bird*. The bird by nature lifts himself above the earth upon his wings, he passeth from hence into the cleare confines and neighbourhood of heaven, where he dwells for a time, and looks with contempt upon this inferiour darksome portion of the world: when hee descends towards the earth, he keepeth still above us, he lodgeth in the height and freshnesse of the trees, or pitcheth upon the spires or ridges of our houses, or upon some steepe rock, whose height & inaccessiblenes promise him securitie; something that is eminent and high he alwaies affects to rest upon. Man likewise ordained for heaven, and the contempt of this spot of earth is by his very calamities borne up and carried above the world, yea into heaven, as an Eagle by the strength of his wings ascends above the clouds. O the depth of the riches of the wisedome of God! O the mercifull designe, and device of his providence! who knowing our corrupt nature, hath laid upon us a necessity of seeking those blessings, whose inestimable value sought to stirre us up to a most

voluntary

luntary and diligent ſearching after them. To this *neceſſity* by the ſame chain of his providence hath hee tyed *utility*. Theſe are ſufficient motives to perſwade us to patience. It was wiſely ſaid by ſome *Arabian*, *that the hedge about patience was profit*: for he that thinks gaine to be neceſſary, muſt think labour ſo too. Although Fortune ſhould be ſo prodigal as to poure all her Treaſures into the boſome of one man, and not repent when ſhe had done; yet would this very man ſometimes feele ſtrong exigencies in indigencie. *Pompey*, and *Darius* were both hardly diſtreſt with thirſt; they that were Lords of ſo many Rivers, did then wiſh for one drop of Water. *Alexander* the *Great*, in ſome of his expeditions was like to periſh with cold, though his Dominion did in a manner extend to the very Sun; for in the *Eaſt* (which I may call the Suns Houſe,) he was ſuch an abſolute Lord, that (bating the Power to forbid the Sun to riſe) there was nothing more could be added to his conqueſts.

Seeing then that labour or troubles are a neceſſity impoſed upon man, it followes, that there are other labours belonging unto him, which are alſo as neceſſary; and thoſe I ſhall terme *Voluntarie Labours*. Of theſe the Elegant Philoſopher *Euſebius* hath

hath excellently ſpoken; *Voluntary Labours* (ſaith he) *are neceſſary, becauſe of future Labours which hang over our heads: he will beare thoſe with more eaſe when they fall upon him, who of his own accord, and beforehand hath exerciſed himſelf in them*: But you ſee that in this courſe alſo the maine remedy is patience. He that ſuffers willingly, ſuffers not, even that which is neceſſary to be ſuffered. One wedge drives out another. Venemous bitings are allayd by Venemous Medecines; therefore in neceſſary troubles, there is a neceſſity of voluntary Labours, that *Violent Evills* meet not with *Obſtinate Wills*: but the unavoydableneſſe of ſuffering would not be grievous, nor the neceſſity or Law of Nature any way rigorous, did not we by our owne exaggerations adde to their weight, and our owne pain. Wee helpe to encreaſe our owne Calamities *by reaſom of our Inerudition*, as *Diphilus* tells us, who adviſeth even *the happy man to learn miſeries*. What can wee doe more becomming our fraile condition, then to teach our Mortality the troubles of life, which are certain proluſions, or arguments of death? What is more beneficiall, then to learn great tryalls and dangers, that wee may leave that ſervile cuſtome of fearing?

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Fortune, whose burthens we ought to bear as willingly, as if wee desired to undergoe them?

It is a great rudiment of patience to suffer willingly, when we least expect sufferings. It is strange, that although wee see nothing in the course of this life more frequent then miseries, yet will wee not be perswaded that they may fall into our share: Our griefes come most commonly before we believe they may come. Nothing can make us believe, that we may be miserable, untill misery it selfe assures it to us. The mind therefore should be tryed and prepared for it, with some lusorie or mock-misfortunes. Nor must we give eare to *Democritus*, whose saying is, *That if there be any things for us to suffer, it is good to learn them, but not to suffer them.* It is good indeed to learn them, but if they must be unavoydably suffered, what will our learning of them avail us? A most ridiculous advise, in my Judgement: And if the Author of it had been wise, he had laught at nothing more then at this his owne Conclusion. It is good to learn to *suffer Evills*, but not to *be evill.* It will benefit us much to learn to suffer them, if not as they are Evills, yet lest wee our selves become Evill; for such we shall be by impatience. Besides the

the overcomming of reall evills, there remaine other slight hurts, as the discourtesies of nature, chance and furie, of our enemies and our selves also, which we cannot avoyd; but these last are no *evills*, but the *sheaths* or *quivers* of *evills*; out of these either our *opinion*, or our *impatience* draw evills upon our selves. *Bion* used to say, *that it was a great evill, not to be able to beare evills.* Without this ability, life cannot be pleasant to any, and in this consists the skill and knowledge of life.

Let the mind then learne to buckle with these rude toyles of life, and by a frequent velitation or light skirmishing with troubles so improve it selfe, that when we come to deale with the serious hand, and close encounters of fortune, we may receive her *at sharpe*, and like active, vigilant *Duellists*, put by her most Artfull and violent thrusts. One *Salustius* that lived in the time of *Simplicius* did put upon his bare thigh a burning cole, and to keepe in the fire did gently blow it, that he might try how long hee could endure it. I beleeve that fire did put out and quite extinguish all the burnings and raging flames of incensed fortune. If crosses foreseen are alwaies held light, those we tast and make experiment of before they come, must needs be lighter, because after

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tryall we feare them not: feares are the foreteeth of miseries, which bite us sorest, and most intollerably. It was a most ridiculous judgement which that *Sybarite* (mentioned by *Serinus*) past upon the valour of the *Spartans*. This tender Citizen travelling by chance into *Lacedemon*, was so amazed at the severe discipline of that manly nation, who brought up their children in all rigorous and laborious exercises, that being returned home hee told the *Fidlers* of * *Sybaris*, that the forwardnesse of the *Spartan* Youths to dye in battell was, because they would not be compelled any longer to such a toylsome life. This soft fellow knew not how much *Industry* could prevaile against *misfortune*, and *patience* against *passion*. That valour of the *Spartans* was not despayre, but the virtue of suffering perfected. Their voluntary labours at home had so excellently improved them, that they could not

* *A towne in the higher* Calabria *in* Italy 20. *miles distant from* Rome: *the Inhabitants were mightily given to pleasure, and taught their horses to dance to the pipes; which the* Crotoniatæ *their deadly enemies observing, brought into the field a company of minstrels: the Sybarits horses hearing the pipes began to dance, and disordered their Army, by which meanes they were overthrowne to the number of* 300000.

not onely ſlight the neceſſary and common afflictions of life, but overcome alſo (by a noble *volunteering*,) the very prerogative of fate, violating even the violence of death, while they dyed unconſtrayned and undiſturbed. *Mithridates* his feare of being poyſoned, made him uſe himſelfe to a venomous diet, by which he came at laſt to diſgeſt all ſorts of poyſons without any prejudice to his health: ſo that afterwards when he would have poyſoned himſelfe in good earneſt, he could not poſſibly doe it. By this deſtroyer of mankind did he ſecure himſelfe even from himſelfe, and by long acquaintance made this deadly enemie a faithfull friend: he fed life with the proviſion of death. By a like ſagacity ſhould we forearme our ſelves againſt the conſpiracies (if I may ſo ſay) of nature. Let us labour againſt labours; It will much availe us: our very feares will prove comforts; by uſing our ſelves to ſufferance, the Antidote of life, which is Patience, becomes effectuall.

Of ſuch great importance is this aſſiduous exerciſe in troubles, that it lets in the nature of *Conſtancie*, and is a ſure manuduction to that ſincereſt vertue. The *Roman* Fencers, players for prizes, barbarous and diſſolute livers, if but indifferently skild,

received their wounds without grones, or any alteration of gesture or countenance, because they would not be judged pusillanimous, nor cowardly decliners of danger; If at any time they fell by the violence of wounds, they sent presently to know their masters pleasures, (because they would satisfie them,) for they themselves were contented to dye; If their masters (finding them incurable) bad them prepare for death, they would presently hold forth their throats and receive the sword most willingly. O the serious faith of Playes! O the faith of Players in serious dangers! It is all one then, whether thou thinkest fortune a meere pageant and pastime, or not; Thou shouldest obey with an Immortall faith even to the death. Let a wise man execute the commands of his creator, let him like a faithfull souldier of JESUS CHRIST certifie his great master, that he is ready and willing to doe him service, that he will lose his life, & choose rather to dye, then not to submit to his pleasure. The conflicts of a good man with calamities are sacred: he is made a spectacle to the world, to Angels and men, and a hallowed *Present* to the Almighty. Let him in this state overcome his Enemies! A more glorious garland then

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the *Olympick* Olive-branches ſhall crown an enduring Patience, which by an humble, but overcomming Sufferance wearies the hands of thoſe that beat us. It is the part of a wiſe man, to tire and weare out the malice of his Enemies. I ſay not by Suffering, but by Patience, which makes him neither their Patient, nor trampled upon, but a trampling overcomer. This was the glory of *Melancoma*, who lived not one day without an Enemy. In the moſt vehement ſeaſon of the yeare, hee judged his ſingle-ſelfe hard enough for his two Adverſaries: He could beare with the *Sun*, his moſt obſtinate *Antagoniſt*, though fighting againſt him in the heate of the Summer with ſo many hands as he had Rayes.: When he might have gotten the Victory by Oppoſition, he would not but by Submiſſion. Hee conſidered, that the beſt might be overcome by the worſt, if force ſhould take place. That Victory was in his Judgement the Nobleſt, when the Enemy, yet whole and without any hurt, was compell'd to ſubmit. There is he overthrown, when not by wounds, but by himſelfe.

Therefore what vice, and a ſpurious Patience did in the *Roman* Fencers, let Virtue and true Patience performe in thee: and

what custome and exercise wrought in *Melancoma*, let reason and Judgement worke in thee: What reason effected in *Possidonius*, let grace effect in thy heart, and let not grace which wrought mightily [a] in *Eustathius*, and sufficiently in many others, languish and faile in thee alone. The power of God is perfected in weaknesse, giving us some prelibations (as it were) of it selfe; whither by bearing with our Infirmities, or by our bearing his Operations. I believe this last: for the glory of an almighty power against a weake thing would be very small; how litle then against Infirmity it selfe? That power is truly glorious, and hath matter for glory, which pre-

[a] *One of the Courtiers of the Emperor* Traian, *and afterwards a most glorious Martyr.*

Being in Chase of a Stagge, he observed betwixt his hornes the signe of the Cross, and heard a voice out of his mouth, speaking to him in the Latin tongue, Cur me persequeris? *Whereupon leaving his game, he retyred presently into his own house, and having called together his wife and children, were all baptized and received the Christian Faith. But in the persecution under* Hadrian, *he and his wife* Theophila *for their faithfullnesse to* JESUS CHRIST, *were burnt together in a brasen bull; And so having overcome and endured unto the end, they received the morning star, and crownes of life, which shall never be taken from them. See* Volater lib. 15.

vailes against the mind, a free unconfined thing, and holds it firme though surrounded with Infirmities: The power of God Glories more in prevailing against us, then against our infirmities.

But if wee seek for more delicate or easie remedies, and dare not arme our selves against misfortunes with this harnesse of proofe, because we think it too heavy; It remaines that we must make use of either *Hope*, or *Expectation*. Evills that are foreseen, lose much of their edge: But because we promise our selves the favours of Fortune (of whom we have alwaies a good opinion, though wee seldome speak well of her, and she deservs as ill,) our calamities, while this credulous remissnesse keepes us from looking to them, find way to surprize and oppresse us at once. Against violent misfortunes we may not use violence. Expectation will sometimes serve us best, if it be accompanied with a strong and irremisse beliefe, that the *Crosse* is at hand, and will not delay. For what happens in this life more frequent, than unthought of events? Wee meete oftentimes even in one day with matter of grief, and matter of Patience. It is strange, that for those two meales we eat in the day, wee are all the day, and all our life long providing:

But for trouble, for griefes and ſadneſſe, which take not up two houres in the day, but all the houres and daies of our lives, wee never think to make any preparation. Caſt up (if thou canſt) how many things muſt be had to humor the pride of mans appetite; more than for a Sacrifice. It is no ſmall ſtate, nor ceremonie that the belly is ſerv'd with: How many men doth this worms-meat Imploy, Cookes, Bakers, Fiſhers, Fowlers, Hunters, Sheepfeeders, Herdſmen, Millers, Colliers, and Butchers? How many Inſtruments, Spits, Pots, Trivets, Cauldrons, Chafing-diſhes, Chargers, Platters, and a thouſand other utenſils of gluttonie? And to what end is all this preparation? But to pleaſe one palate once in the day, or twice at moſt. O fooliſh men! Wee are ever providing for pleaſures, but never for troubles, which not twice, but for a great portion of our time, (if not continually) wee muſt needs endure. Who againſt the certain approach of an Enemy, will be ſecure and quiet, and upon the comming of a friend watchfull and ſollicitous? Why do we provide ſo much for pleaſures and vanitie, and provide nothing againſt the day of trouble and miſerie? We are guarded about with Cloaths of ſtate, Canopies, Couches, Silk-

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Curtains, Feather-Beds and Pillowes; wee arme our ſelves for delights and ſoftneſſe, for ſleeping and eating, becauſe they are every daies works; but hear not every day telling us, that the Evill day is behind. We labour to provide for the backe and the belly, why not for the better part, why not for our fraile condition? The Senſe of the ſecure liver is too too delicate: The affliction of the Inconſiderate or unprepared too bitter. Chance throwes downe the careleſſe violently: and Fortune tires the idle even to vexation. The rude and unexperienced in troubles afflicts and macerates himſelfe with an impatient mind in the very midſt of his moſt affected blandiſhments, and in the boſome and calme of all his pleaſures.

I hold Impatience to be a kind of *Night-Mare* which comes upon us waking, or the *Day-hag* of life: This troubleſome diſeaſe (for our time of reſt is his time of muſrule, and when wee are ſleeping, then is he ſtirring,) ſets upon us when wee are moſt at eaſe, and with a certain ſtrange heavineſſe ſeemes to oppreſſe and ſmother us, when in the meane time that weight which ſo much oppreſſeth us, is laid on by our owne Imagination: and this ſometimes makes us crye out, as if wee were killed; other

others, according to *Lucretius*,

Struggle & grone as if by Panthers *torne*
Or Lyons *teeth, which makes them lowdly mourn.*
Some others seem unto themselves to dy.
Some clime steep solitudes & Mountains high,
From whence they seeme to fall manely down,
Panting with fear, till wak'd, and scarce their owne,
They feel about them if in bed they lye,
Deceiv'd with dreams, and nights Imagerie:

But the greatest trouble of all, is, that without any hope of remedy, they vainly strive and endeavour to shake off this shadow of heavinesse;

In vain with earnest struglings they contend
To ease themselves: for when they stir & bend
Their greatest force to do it, even themost
Of all they faint, and in their hopes are crost.
Nor tongue, nor hand, nor foot will serve their turne,
But without speech and strength within they mourne.

What more expresse Image can there be of

of Impatience lying heavily especially upon those, who drouse away their time in a vitious rest and Idlenesse? They are oppreſt, cry out, rage, and vainly resist, without any burthens but what their own fancy layes upon them. They feele the weight the heavier, the more they stirre it, without they shake it quite off. To refuse, or not willingly to undergoe burthens, is the onely burthen of Impatients. But if they would awake to themselves (which of necessity they must, for when can the will be more Rational, than when necessity is unreasonable) all these factitious weights and seeming heavinesse would quickly vanish: Force must not be used against Fortune, but Patience. This excells so much in strength, that it bears all: For it bears what ever it will, and for this very reason because it Wills. *Samson* carryed away the dores, the two posts, and the barre of the Gate of the City of *Gaza*; but this strength lay in his haire, like the locks of *Nisus* and *Pterelaus*. A miraculous strength; but weakly secured. The strength of Patience is more safely seated; It lyes not in a lock, which may be cut off by some *Dalilah*, or *Comethe*, or *Scylla*, or any womanish and fearfull hand. To *Will*, is the Sanctuary of its strength; by being willing it is

not

not onely enabled to bear, but alſo beareth. The backe and ſhoulder of Patience is the *Will*. This voluntary fortitude of the mind will do all its buſineſſe, without the help of outward Engines; It needs not the aſſiſtance of the Armes, nor the weak uſe of wiſhes. The ſtrength of Virtue is not external, but in it ſelf.

There remain alſo other neceſſary Indurances, though not to thoſe that ſuffer them allready, yet to others that may, or are about to undergoe them: For the preſervation of our Country & liberties we ought patiently to ſuffer even unto death. It is not too deare a rate to pay that debt wee owe to Nature, for the defenſe of Nature in our publick Perſons: To this we want not the Incouragement of examples. What ever hath been ſuffered heretofore, may be ſuffered now by us. But if thoſe preſidents rather cool, then provoke our Courage, why dare not wee ſuffer a little, ſeeing they ſuffered ſo much? To teach us this Virtue of Patience, and ſtrengthen our ruinous brittle condition, the motherly love and fatherly care of the eternal, Divine mind, did provide and diſperſe through certaine ſpaces and Intervalls of time (like knots for the ſtrengthning of a weak reed,) perſons of ſuch eminent Patience and Piety, as

as might by their examples ſuſtaine and beare up mankind, untill the *Antient of daies*, and Father of Immortality himſelf ſhould deſcend into this mortall life, and be born for Patience, and for death. In the meane time, that the populous World might not want a Glaſſe to dreſſe themſelves by, he ſent theſe to be the ſubſtitutes and forerunners of his mighty and inimitable Patience. The firſt he conſecrated to this dignity was *Abel*, in whom *Patience* (ſaith holy *Aldhelmus*) *was Original, as Sinne was in Adam.* God joyned Patience to his Innocence by a certain Original Juſtice or claim in him; but to the reſt of the Juſt it deſcends together with ſufferings, by right of Inheritance: to none more, to none better then to the Innocent. But now even by this, thoſe ſuffer moſt, that ſhould ſuffer leaſt, the good and the Juſt. But thoſe ſufferings are moſt ſacred, that are moſt unjuſt. *Adam* found out afflictions, and *Abel* Patience; the medicine preſently followed the diſeaſe. Evills were the Inventions of Sinne, Patience was the Device of Innocence. So that Patience as their peculiar Treaſure abounds more, and is more beloved by the Juſt, then by any elſe. But that Poſthume Cry of *Abel* proceeded not from Impatience: For God would

would not have taken to himself the cause of one dying discontentedly, and with Indignation; but as devout *Alexandrinus* saith, "Αβελ ὁ δικαιος, &c. *Abel the Just dying unjustly was the first of men that shewd the foundations of death to be ruinous; wherefore he being dead yet speaketh.* Death, whose right came by unrighteousnesse, laid ruinous foundations indeed, because ill-layd, upon the Just dying unjustly. It hath cause to grieve, that it erred so fouly in its first stroke, seeing it might have made a better beginning in wicked *Cain.* But there was *Divinitie* in it, that death taking possession of mankind by the Murther of the Just, might be justly exterminated and swallowed up in Victory by the undefiled *Virgin-Prince* of the Just, who for that end was born of a Virgin. *Ephrem* saith, *that death howled or lamented in her very beginning, which shewed what would be her end.* The *Hern* by instinct of Nature Chatters and mourns, before he becomes the prey of the *Falcon.* Death dyed by him, over whom she had no power. Only there is the night of death, where sin, where corruption lives.

Another tie of Constancy laid upon the World, after a convenient space, was *Job*, who retained his Patience after prosperity, and

and after Innocence. Patience is no where merrier, nor better contented with it self, then in the Innocent. Integrity and Fortune seldome lodge together. Adversity is the Whetstone which keepes it from rust, and makes it shine. No Virtues can subsist without troubles, which are their foode. They live not commodiously, where their Provision is farre from them: Wherefore holy and Just men have adversity alwaies (like a *Well*) at their dores. I shall take up then with that saying of *Eliphaz*: *Affliction comes not forth of the dust, nor doth trouble spring out of the ground*; but rather from Heaven; and comes oftner to holy and heavenly livers, then to Worldly and unrighteous persons.

After *Job*, and at a convenient distance from his time was *Tobiah* appointed, who instead of *Celandine*, made use of Patience to heal his Eyes: being blinded by the *Swallows*, he found a more pretious medicine then their *Herbe*, and his glory is more by bearing with the living, than burying the dead. This holy man also after Innocence, though not after prosperity, retained his Patience; untill at last the *Son* of God himselfe, after *Impassibility* and *Allmightinesse*, became wofully passible, and humbled himself to the death of the *Crosse*:

of

of so great an example was Patience worthy, and so necessary was this voluntary passion of God himselfe to our fatall necessity of suffering. By this mighty example of himself he hath sanctified Patience to be the *All-heal*, or Universal *Antidote* of Evills, and the Soveraign *Lenitive* of sorrowes. Divinely did one sing to the blessed *JESUS.*

Παυσίπονον νηπενθὲς ἐφυς, ἐυαλθες ὄνειαρ.

Thou the Nepenthe *easing griefe*
Art, and the minds healing reliefe.

At this secret Counsel of the Almighty, did the rude Instincts, or hallucinations rather of the old Heathens (proceeding, noe doubt, from their sense of Humane misery) blindly aime. They dreamt of some Son of God to be the great exemplar of Patience, and pattern of Virtue; but finding none, they made and proposed to themselves *Hercules* the Son of *Jupiter*, for a president of continuall Patience, Obedience and Virtue: about whose labours and atchievements, Antiquity hath mightily pleas'd it self with lies and Fables. This (indeed) they rightly apprehended, that labour or troubles are rather repugnant to, then unworthy of Divinity; they held them becomming Virtue, and withall necessary,

ceſſary, that they might adorne Patience with theſe two Jewells, the reward of ſuffering, and the dignity of the Sufferer. But the *Truth* of God hath now outdone the *Fictions* of men; It hath exceede all they did licentiouſly wiſh, but could not hope for. Our Patience is now ſufficiently inſtructed by the *SONNE* of God, who is the pleaſant remedy and *Panacea* of Evills. The bleſſed *JESUS* breathed nothing but Patience, nothing but mildneſſe in his life, in his Doctrine.

Theſe are the great examples which true *Chriſtians* ſhould follow; not thoſe of ſpurious Patience, and a narrow, heathen fortitude, which after it had born ſome Evills indeed, dyed at the root, and could not bear it ſelf. *Seneca* (otherwiſe in many things a very true, and ſometimes a Chriſtian Philoſopher,) propoſeth to his readers the example of *Cato*; but I utterly reject it; for he deſtroyed himſelfe, becauſe he could not ſave his Common-wealth. What Conſtancy was here, though in a ſtate that concern'd not his private happineſſe? or what manner of Conſtancy was that, which durſt not endure and hold out, but was overcome, not by irrecoverable, fallen affaires, but falling: Not collaſped and ruin'd, but tottering and doubtfull?

I confesse, it was a spectacle, which the Eye of God Intentive to his great and various works might behold with glory: and I confesse him a brave Heathen, Ill-disposed. But I see nothing glorious and excellent in him, nothing of true worth, but what I can find as wel in the most degenerate and womanish *Sardanapalus*. If wee look upon *Cato* amidst the publick ruines, wee shall finde him overthrowne and laid along, where an old wall stands up, no Enemy having touch'd him. A most unworthy man! (if he was a man,) to fall thus basely like a Woman; who at the noyse of any thing suddenly thrown down, casts her self to the ground, and squeaks though untouch'd, and far enough from danger. But thou wilt say, *Though all things became subject to one man, though his legions possest the Earth and his Navies the Seas, yea though Cesars own regiment was in the gates, yet* Cato *made his way out*. An honest voice, if it were not flattery: I tell thee he did not make his way, but sneakt and fled out most shamefully: His legs could not carry him off, and therefore hee ran away upon his hands. But it is all one, flye with which he will, it is a plain flight; his busie and searching fear, which in him (by reason of a sudden, unmanly astonishment) was

most

moſt Sagacious, ſhew'd him this poſtern or backdoor, which he moſt baſely fled out at. *But what could that man be afraid of, that had born ſo often the Aſſaults of Fortune?* He feared that very ſame Fortune: *How can that be,* (ſay'ſt thou) *ſeeing he had coped with her ſo long before?* For that valour let him thank his errour: He believed Fortune (according to her old vogue) to be ſtill inconſtant, he expected that the Tyde ſhould turne; but finding her obſtinate, and reſolved in earneſt to the contrary, he feared her laſt blow, and providing for himſelf by a moſt daſtardly tenderneſſe, did with his owne hands dreſſe and make a wound to his own liking. To be patient, or to ſuffer as wee pleaſe, is not Patience. He could bear the anger, but not the hatred and feud of Fortune. That is poore valour, that bears onely the flouriſhes and pickearings of an Enemy, but dares not receive his full charge. A weak man will for ſome time ſtand under a great burthen; but he that carries it through, and home, is the ſtrongeſt. *Cato* then was a moſt baſe, puſillanimous combatant; hee quitted his ground, and left Fortune in the field, not only unconquer'd, but untir'd, and flouriſhing with a whole Arme, which hee had not yet drawn bloud from: What Inconſtan-

ſtancy can be greater then his, who was more Inconſtant than Vertiginous Fortune? Or who more a Coward then he, that fled and ran away ſwifter and ſooner than her wheeles? To call *Cato* then either conſtant, wiſe, or good, is moſt unjuſt; nay more, it is an Injurie to mankind, to call him a man, who hath deſerved ſo ill of Wiſedome and men, by thinking that any *Cauſe*, or *Chance* in this World can be worthy of a wiſe mans death. I would he had read the Concluſion of *Theodorus*, not the diſſertation of *Socrates*! *Theodorus Cythereus* moſt truly affirmed, that there never can be cauſe enough for a wiſe man to caſt away his life; And he proves it by invincible reaſon: *For him* (ſaith he) *that contemns humane Chances, to caſt away his life becauſe of them, how contrary is it to his own Judgment, which eſteems nothing good, but what is Virtuous, nothing vitious but what is evill*? I wiſh, when he did read *Socrates*, that he had alſo underſtood him! for then he ſhould have heard him condemning that αὐτοχειρίαν, or mad refuge of ſelfemurther, and commanding him not to ſtirre out of his appointed ſtation without full Orders from the great Generall of life. Why then doſt thou cry up *Cato* for a great leader, who was a moſt

cow-

cowardly common Souldier, that forſook, his Charge, and betrayed the Fort intruſted to him by the *Prince* of Life? But here thou wilt reply, *that his laſt nights contemplation, juſt before he quitted it, was Immortality.* The end he did ſtudy it for, made it then unſeaſonable: And I know not (ſeeing he was but an Imperfect ſpeculator in the Doctrine of Immortality,) why hee ſhould be ſo haſty to try whither Eternity was periſhable, or not, by caſting away his own. He ſhould have expected it, as he did expect the change of Fortune, which till that night he alwaies eſteemed Mortall: He ſhould have prepared for it by makeing triall of his Conſtancie before Eternity. What praiſe then either of Patience, or Fortitude hath he deſerved? he did no more then the moſt effeminate, *Hemon* and *Sardanapalus.* O the glorious Act of *Cato* then, equall to his, that handled the *Spindles*! An Act of Women, *Evadne, Jocaſta,* and *Auctolia.* An Act of Whores, *Sappho* and *Phædra.* An Act of Wenches, *Thyſbe, Biblis, Phillis* and *Anaxarete.* An Act of Boyes, *Iphis* and *Damocles.* An Act of Doting, decrepit men, *Ægeus, Seſoſtris* and *Timathes.* An Act of Crazie, diſeaſed Perſons, *Ariſtarchus* and *Eratoſthenes.* An Act of Madmen, *Ariſtotle,*

Empe-

Empedocles, *Timagoras* and *Lucretius*. A rare commendation indeed for a wise man, to have done that which Whores, Wenches and Boyes, sick men and Madmen did, whome either the Impatience of their lust, or Fortune made Impatient of life. Whither thou wilt say, that *Cato* kill'd himself to fly from Fortune, or to find Immortality, thou canst in neither deny his Impatience either of Joy, or else of feare, and in both of life. I would he had been as patient now of life, as he was sometimes of thirst! That voice of Honour, upon the Sands of *Libya*, was his! where (the *Roman* Army like to perish with thirst) a Common Souldier that had taken up a litle muddy Water in his Helmet, presenting it to him, had in stead of thanks this bitter rebuke,

Base man! & couldst thou think Cato alone
Wants courage to be dry, &, but him, none?
Look'd I so soft? breath'd I such base desires,
Not proofe against this Libyc Sun's weak fires?
That shame and plague on thee more justly lye!
To drinke alone, when all our troops are dry.

Here

Here was a glorious *Voice*, and there followes it a more glorious *hand*:

For, with brave rage he flung it on the Sand,
And the ſpilt draught ſuffic'd each thirſty hand.

This manly Virtue he degenerated from in his laſt *Act*, and all his friends wiſely bending to the preſent neceſſity, hee onley broke. The people being all taken, he only fled. To ſee *Cato* a ſufferer in the publicke miſerie, had been a Publick comfort; they would have judged it happineſſe to have been unhappy with him. It is Honour to ſuffer with the Honourable, and the Tyranny of Fortune is much allayed, and almoſt welcome to us, when ſhee equally rageth againſt the good and Noble, as againſt our private ſelves. If, as he refuſed the remedy of thirſt, he had alſo rejected this ill remedy againſt misfortune, his glory had been perfect.

Wee muſt then be the Patients of life; and of this Patience (which I thinke the greateſt of any,) wee have two eminent examples in *Job* and *Tobiah*, who not onely provoked by Fortune, but by their wives alſo, defended their Calamities in the defenſe of life. For the other Patience in death

death (which is the leaſt,) the example of *Abel* ſufficed, deſigned by the wonderfull Counſell of God (untill the manifeſtation of his Son, that great *Arch-type* of Patience in life and death,) to ſuffer, though Innocent, a violent and unexperienced death, that the firſt onſet of fate (which was moſt furious,) meeting in him with an unconquerable Patience, might be ſomwhat tamed, and the weapons of death having their edge dulled in the firſt conflict, might afterwards be of leſſe terrour to mankind. Juſt *Abel* was the firſt that ſhew'd us the way of dying, when the name of death, as yet untri'd, was moſt formidable unto life; that he might teach man Patience in his death, and leave it to poſterity as a Medicine found out by him. But when men (by a ſad experience grown wiſe,) found out a greater Evill then death, which to religious men was this ſinfull life, and to the miſerable and Impatient their own lives; then were *Job* and *Tobiah* ſet forth the convincing examples of Patience in life, who endured a life more bitter than death, leſt by not enduring, they ſhould, to their miſery, adde ſinne. They taught the World that Patience was a better Medicine for Evills than death, and withſtood the opinions of the Lunatick

tick people. Falſely did *Euripides* (arrogating a laudable Title to death,) terme it

The greateſt medicine of Evills,
Κακῶν μέγιστον φάρμακον.

As if he in another place had not term'd it the greateſt of Evills. If death then be not its own Medicine, how can it be the Medicine of Evills? It is an Evill great enough, that it is not the Medicine of Evills; but that ſufficeth not, it is alſo the greateſt Evill. *Æſchylus* is in the like errour, for it is called by him

The Phyſician of incurable Evils,
πολλὰ μηχέτι κακῶν ἰατρός.

A moſt ridiculous appellation: How can that be the Phyſitian of incurable Evills, which is it ſelfe ſuch an incurable Evill as their owne *Machaon* could not reſiſt? Equally falſe is that of *Sophocles*,

The laſt Curer of diſeaſes is death.
Ἔσθ' ὁ θάνατος λοῖδος ἰατρὸς νόσων.

If death it ſelfe be a diſeaſe, which muſt, and ſhall be healed, how can it be the laſt curer of diſeaſes? But theſe men (after the Common manner of *Phyſicians*,) held the

cure of great Evills to consist in desperate remedies, as obstinate diseases are expell'd by strong and *Diaphoretick* Medicines: Health indeed is dear unto us, and death, I confesse, puts an end to all its diseases, and to all Medicaments too. It takes away the disease sooner and oftner then any other remedy; but these *Poets* themselves (as sick men say of their *Potions*) deny not but it is bitter.

Κακῶς ζῆν κρεῖττον ἢ καλῶς θανεῖν.

It is better to live ill, then to dye well, Saith *Euripides* himselfe in another place; such a good opinion had hee of death. It had beene but a sorry provision for mankind, if God had given us no other Medicine against Temporal Evills, but death. The cure of our miserable condition had been both imperfect and uncertain, and to our sad necessity there had been added necessarie despair, when the cure of small Evils had been by a greater, and the great Evill it self left incurable.

But (Glory to the blessed *Jesus*!) wee are both fully cured, and faithfully cared for! That which can cure all Evills, must be something that is not Evill; Therefore death cannot cure them, because it is an Evill; for God created it not, but it came into

into the World through the envy of the Divell: Good men hold it to be Evill, & the bad find it so. Thou wilt ask then, what is the Medicine of Evills? I answer, it is that, which is the Medicine that strengthens us to bear the violence, and the pangs of death; that which the very Enemies of it cannot deny to be good, I mean Patience: that which being made Evill by abuse, yet in that state hath been commended by men that were not Evil, by *Seneca* in his *Cato*, *Dion* in his *Melancoma*, and *Philo* in his *Pancratiastes*: So winning and attractive is the Virtue of Patience, that the very shadow of it procures reverence, and make the very abuse and corruption of it laudable. If then the *Counterfeit* of it could beautifie vice, and make it amiable even to wise men, what wonder is it, if the *Substance* be a protection and ornament to Virtuous persons? This is the Medicine which *Leonides* gave against death. Let those Titles therefore which death usurped, be vindicated by the right owner. Patience then is the best medicine of Evills; It is the cure of the Incurable, the last Physitian, the Ease in death, the mollifying Oyle, the gentle purge, the pleasant Potion, and that I may recover its right to another Title which death usurped from the pen of *Boetius*,

etius, It is a ſanctuary that lies alwaies open to the diſtreſſed. Laſtly, leſt I ſhould deny that, which even the envy of Fortune could not deny, *Patience* (as *Zeno* elegantly ſaid,) *is the Queen regent of all things*, yea of that rebellious changling Fortune. But let us adde to the certainty of the cure, the eaſineſſe of comming by the medicine: We need not ſend for it into *Forraign Regions*, nor dig it out of *Mines*, nor extract it out of the *Veines* of *Herbs*, or the *vital parts* of *beaſts*: Wee need not go for it to the *Apothecary*, nay I ſhall adde, wee need not wiſh for it; It is already in our cuſtody, a manuall *Antidote* that is alwaies about us, and in us, effectuall for all things, and ready for all men. It is a *Phyſitian* we need not call upon; not like death, that forſakes the wretched, and thoſe that earneſtly long for it, that hath no pitty upon teares, but keeps off,

——And will not hear the Crie
Of diſtreſt man, not ſhut his weeping
Eye.

Hitherto we have taken view but of one ſide of Patience, and that halfe of her which ſhe oppoſeth to *Evills*. Every part of her is lovely and excellent: and if we remove now from this Collateral ſtation to

a direct, we shall behold her intire beauty, and how well shee deserves of *good*. The *Sacraments* of this Virtue are two: *To suffer Evill: to do good*: Nobly doth she celebrate both; with her there is no Evill, without her there is no good. I think her the *Mart*, and *Mother-City* of all that is good. Every Virtue is a *Colonie* of Patience, planted and nourished by her. Virtues owe their Original to her, she is part of it, and in every one of them. She is their *holy fire*, their *Vesta*, and *Lararium*, or private Chappell; they are her *Nuns* or *Virgins*, what ever they have, either sacred or glorious, is from her: To the perfection of man there is nothing more necessary: For as *Brasse* must be first melted, and afterwards cast; so the hard and rigid matter of Virtues must be softned and dissolved by Patience, that man may become a glorious and living *Statue* of Divinitie. No marvell, that wee require labour and hardnesse in Virtuous persons, seeing wee expect it from *Smiths*; A certain Just Law of all the World hath exacted it to be the price of Virtue. Beare what thou wouldst not, and thou shalt enjoy what thou wilt. Labour is the good mans purse: Patience is his Gold: Onely an obstinate, sordid Idlenesse makes men poor, not onely in bo-

dy, but in mind alſo: Without Patience they cannot poſſeſſe their own Soules. Neither Nature, nor Virtue, nor Fortune (and this laſt thou wilt perhaps think ſtrange,) truſt us with their goods without this. Proſperity, when it is lent to man, diſpenſeth its treaſures to none ſo plentifully, as to the laborious: Without a blow it ſtroaks us not. The ſweet-meats it brings are not eaten, but in the ſweat of the face. It was truly ſaid of Fortune,

Give bread to the poor, but give him thy fiſts for ſauce.

Δὸς πτωχῷ ἄρτον, καὶ κόνδυλον ὄψον ἐπ' αὐτῷ.

The *Snake* will eaſily ſlip through our hands, unleſſe we graſp her with *Figleaves*, or ſome knotty, rough graſs; Fortune is very ſlippery, and without labour, and a ſtrong hand, ſhe will not be held. Honeſt gaine breeds moſt Joy, I ſhall adde moſt ſecurity, when it is gotten with moſt pain. Labour is the *earneſt* we give for after-Joyes, which are an addition, or conſequence rather, attending the other fruits of it. Though it goes before them, yet it is refreſhed with their following after; As hunger, which is a Natural ſauce, ſweetens the meat, and the Joyes of the eater, even before he eates: Wee look with moſt delight upon

those things which wee think to be our own, and we think them most, which wee have most labour'd for. Patience is a certain *Title* to possession, but labour gives the *Right*. The Mother loves those children best, and as most hers, which shee brought forth with most pain. *Hony* is gathered of *bitter herbes*; they that love not the bitternesse, must not eate of the Honey. *The drones* of *Attica* (saith *Tzetzes*,) *will not touch the hony of Hymettus, because it is gather'd of Thyme, which the Attic drone cannot endure to light upon.* The Noble *Xenophon* loved no glory, but that which was purchased by his owne Industry.

The glory of God himselfe is not without labour, which he hath shew'd unto us by his works, and amplified in particular natures according to his wisdome, for our example. Wickedly did *Hermogenes* think of that Supreme, eternally active *Mind*, esteeming him to rest, by reason of idlenesse and inefficacie, though elegantly refuted by *Afer* in these words, *his glory is the more in that he hath laboured.* God doth not onely looke upon, and rule the World, he made it also; And which of these, thinkst thou, is most worthy of glory? is it not to have made it? What is

more glorious then to have made glory? In the present *Sabbath* and solemnity of Gods rest, the workes which he hath made, declare his glory unto men, whose task also is, *to work*. Besides, this first curious draught of his Almighty hand contributes something to the perfect beauty of his immortal, last one; for the Divine Eye (reflecting upon this *proofe*,) will adorne that building of holinesse and glory with everlasting strength, and an inviolable, Celestial freshnesse. God made not man by a *Fiat*, as he did the rest of the Creatures, but fell to work himself, and like the *Potter* that first tempers, then fashions the Clay, he made him by makeing, not by speaking. That one royall creature capable of felicity, was consecrated for beatitude, and the Divine likenesse with the ceremony of labour: Here man was instructed, before he was made: he received the exemplar of living before he received life: Idlenesse was forbidden him, before he had the Power given him to be active. But when he gave him life, he gave him also with it another *Specimen*, or *Item* of labour, breathing into him, as if he had used respiration (which refresheth the laborious,) to shew man the use of his breath. All things that were created for the ser-

ſervice of mankind, were by the manner of their Creation (which was with a *Fiat*, or command,) taught to be obedient and humble: But man was firſt ordained for Dominion, afterwards for labour; And God himſelf, the Lord of all, labour'd in his Creation, that Hee might make him to be in love with his Ordinance, and that God (plotting as it were againſt himſelf,) might by that love of man be induced to love him the more, and to eſteeme him more his owne Creature then any other, becauſe he onely (like his Creatour) loved Activity, and the uſe of life. And this I believe is the meaning of *Xenophon*: *Labour* (ſaith he) *is a certain over-meaſure, or extraordinary favour of love.*

So glorious an Ornament is Patience, either in ſuffering, or elſe in doing, I believe in both (for Labour, without the good of Patience, is good of it ſelfe,) that for no other end, but to be thought temperate and wiſe, the *Pythagoreans* commended abſtinence, the *Stoicks* ſeverity, the *Cynick* exceeded to rigour, the *Gymnoſophiſts* to cruelty, and a face of madneſſe and deſpair. Every one of theſe adorned his *Hereſie* with Patience, and all the rude ſtatues they erected to wiſedom, were crowned

with

with this Virtue. *Edesius* being sent by his Father to traffick into *Greece*, quitted the *Merchant*, and turn'd *Philosopher*: His Father upon his return receiving him with stripes, and hee patiently bearing them, asked him, what he had learnt in the Schooles of the Philosophers? He answered, *To bear your anger dutifully*: With the same testimony did another Scholer of *Zeno* adorne the *Stoa*: but *Possidonius* was hardlier provoked then either; he was so tortured with bodily pain, as if the disease had maliciously laboured to confute his principles: but how far it prevailed, appeares best by his own words; *It is to no purpose*, (said he) *vex me as much as thou canst, thou shalt never make me give thee an ill word.* So carefull was he of the reputation of his Master. But *Dionysius Heracleotes*, not able to rule his passions, lost the repute of a Philosopher. So much doth that Majesty and tacite reverence wee admire in Virtue depend upon Patience.

Patience doth that for the private man, which their *life-guards* doe for *Kings*: It keepes him safe, and reverenc'd. It is the minds main-guard, that preserves the Authority of Virtue, and secures the Virtuous person, lest Evills should make him Evill. It is in the oppressed a certain tutelar Angel

gel, and the sacred Guardian of their Spirits from Affliction. Most appositely did *Halitargius* call Patience *the Conservatrix of our Condition.* O how great is the Glory of Virtue, whose Guard and attendant is Patience, the Queene of all things! She is not onely the Crown and Ornament of Philosophie, but the badge and Garland of the Christian warriour. She is not onely honour'd by the Impatient themselves, but by the furious and Salvage. *Abraames*, almost slaine and martyr'd by the *Indian* Infidels, did with this one weapon not onely resist, but overcome a whole City: And that with more expedition then *Cæsar*, and with better successe then *Alexander*; for to such admiration and reverence of his person did his patience drive them, that in the very midst of the storme his persecutors became suddenly calme, begging forgivenesse with teares, and with the generall consent of the people elected him for their Patron and President, whom a little before (having not seen this pearle of Patience,) they design'd for destruction and death. It was the Majesty of this Immoveable, Serene Virtue, that forced them to this miraculous Election, adjudging it of most royall Excellencie, and most worthy of Soveraignty.

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Leander told the Fathers, met at *Toledo*, that *Patience would either win, or overcome her adversaries. Solon* knew this: For being checkt by some standers by, because he suffered an uncivill fellow to spit upon him, he answered: *Fisher-men, that they may catch one whiting, suffer themselves to be dashed over with the fome and flowings of the Sea-waves; and shall not I do the like to catch a man?* Whither he catched him, or not, I cannot tell: But I am sure, that *John Fernandius*, a Servant of *JESUS CHRIST*, and a Fisher of men, catch'd a whole Kingdome with that very baite. Hee preaching to the *Indians* in the street, one barbarous Infidel, having gathered his mouth full of sordid spittle, came pressing through the crowd to the place where he stood, and delivered it just in his face; but he nothing moved therewith, and neither rebuking the Barbarian, nor discomposing his former gesture, persisted in his Masters businesse, and preach'd on: His Doctrine though powerfull, after the silent Rhetorick of this publick example, might for that time have beene well spared. Here was the foundation of the Churches of *Japan* and *Amangucia*: This very *Indian* (and none before him) becomming the first fruits of that region unto *CHRIST*.

So

So glorious a document of Patience made him envy our Divine Philosophy, that envy made him Ambitious, and his holy Ambition made him a Christian. So gainfull an Industry is Patience, and such a compendious Art of overcomming. Most wholsome is the advice of *Pimenius*: *Malice* (saith he) *never overcomes malice, you must overcome malice with goodnesse*: But if we could overcome one Evill with another, why will wee not reserve that Glory for Virtue? By such a bloodlesse Victory did *Motois* overthrow his Adversary; from whom he fled most valiantly, lest he should offend him; I do not say with his hands, but with his sight; for Patience hath no hands, but shoulders. His Adversary pursues: *Motois* had lockt himself up, & became his own prisoner, esteeming it guilt enough, that another could be angry with him: But hearing that his Enemy was come in (being only Impatient till he had shewed more Patience,) hee breakes open the door, bids him welcome, and like one that had offended, desires to be forgiven, and afterwards feasts him. This story I have touch'd upon, that thou maist see how powerfull an Instrument of tranquillity, and a quiet, happy life, Patience is, that makes peace to beare fruit in another

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mans soyl, and civilizeth forraigners. How fruitfull then is she at home, ? How prosperous a dresser of Virtues in himselfe is the patient man, that will not suffer the propagation of Vices in another?

But *Leander* said, that Patience doth either overcome, or else win her Enemies; I say, she doth both win and overcome: She wins men, and overcomes Fortune; nay, she makes her (though unwilling) a most officious servant of Goodnesse. The name of Patience is not an empty, titular Honour; it hath also very large and princely revenues for the maintenance of Virtue. That Fable of the Divine in holy *Maximus* is truth. He saith, *that wise men dwell in the shadow of a tree, which the more the people cut it, growes the more.* It strives, and vies with the *Iron*; or to borrow the *Poets* expression, θανατῶσ ζῇ, κὴ τομῇ φυεται,

It lives when kill'd, and brancheth when 'tis lopt.

His own *Mythology* is most elegant: *By this tree* (saith he) *is signified wisedom, which turnes misfortunes into Ornaments, trouble into Virtue, losse into gain, and scars into beauty*: For the Patient and wise liver, like the Serpent of *Lerna*, when he is most mangled, is most entire; he drinkes in

in fresh spirits through his very wounds, his courage is heightned by them, and his spilt blood, like dew, doth cherish and revive him,

Like some faire Oke, *that when her boughes*
Are cut by rude hands, thicker growes:
And from those wounds the Iron made,
Resumes a rich and fresher shade.

The benefit then wee receive from Patience, is twofold: It diminisheth the sorrowes of the body, and increaseth the treasure of the mind: Or to speak more properly, there is one great benefit it doth us, It turnes all that is *Evill* into *Good.* Most apposite to this, is that of *Nazianzen,*

Patience digesteth misery.

Concoction and Digestion of meats are the daily miracles of the stomack: they make dead things contribute unto life, and by a strange *Metamorphosis* turne Herbes, and almost all living Creatures into the Substance of Man, to preserve his particular *Species*: No otherwise doth Virtue by Patience (which is her stomack,) transform and turne all damages into benefits and blessings, and those blessings into it selfe.

ſelf. *Lupines*, or bitter Pulſe, if ſteep'd in water, will grow ſweet and nouriſhing: Patience doth macerate miſeries, to fatten it ſelfe with them. Certaine Divine Raies breake out of the Soul in adverſity, like ſparks of fire out of the afflicted *flint*. The leſſer the Soule minds the body, the leſſer ſhe adheres to ſenſibility, ſhee is by ſo much the more capable of Divinity, and her own Nature. When her Den of fleſh is ſecure and whole, then is ſhe in darkneſs, & ſleepes under it: When it is diſtreſſed and broken, then is ſhe awake, and watcheth by ſome Heavenly *Candle*, which ſhines upon her through thoſe breaches. The wounds of the Body are the windowes of the Soul, through which ſhe looks towards Heaven; *light* is her *proviſion*, ſhee feedes then upon *Divinity*. Sublime is that rapture of the moſt wiſe *Gregory*,

——Τροφὴ μία πᾶσιν ἐρίση
Δαίτυδαι μεγάλοιο Θεοῦ νόον ἠδὲ φαεινῆς
Ἔλκειν ἐκ Τριάδος σιλας ἄπλετον.——

——one food the beſt for all
Is to feed on the great Gods mind, & draw
An Immenſe light from the bright Trinity.

Death it ſelf, which the *luſt* of eating brought into the World *inedible*, or as

Zeno

Zeno ſaith, *indigeſtible*, is eaten, digeſted and tranſubſtantiated into life by Patience, begun in *Abel*, and perfected in *JESUS CHRIST*. So that now, that ſaying of *Pirrho*, who affirm'd, *that there was no difference betwixt death and life*, is no longer a *Paradox*; nor need we make uſe of that ſhrewd exaggeration of *Euripides*: *who knowes* (ſaid he) *but this which we call life, is death, and death life? we ſee, that men, when they are* (*as we ſpeak*) *alive, are then only ſick, but the dead neither ſicken, nor ſuffer any ſorrowes*: Certainly the death of a good liver is eternal life.

Every Action of a wiſe man is a certain emulation of Death; wee may ſee it expreſt in his patience. The Soul by this Virtue diſintangles, and frees her ſelfe from the troubles of Mortality: For the frivolous fleſh burning with *fevers*, or drown'd in *dropſies*, or any other diſeaſes, the attendants of corruption, which poſſeſſe and fill up the narrow Fabrick of Man; the Soul (as in great inundations, when the lower roomes are overflown) aſcends to the battlements, where ſhe enjoyes a ſecure, healthfull ayre, leaving the *ground-roomes* to the tumult and rage of the diſtemper'd *humours*. She aſcends thither, where griefe

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cannot ascend. *Carneades*, comming to visit *Agesilaus* grievously tormented with the Gout, and turning his back to be gone, as if impatient of the violence and insolencie of the disease (whose custome it is to shew litle reverence towards the best men, the prerogative of Virtue can give no protection to Nature,) *Agesilaus* pointing from his feet to his breast, calls him back with this Check, *stay* Carneades, *the pain is not come from thence hither*. Hee shew'd by this, that his mind was in health, though his feet were diseased, and that the pain had not ascended thither, where the Soule sate inthroned. At this height she hath two priviledges more then ordinary; she is lesse affected with the body, because at some distance from it; and hovers above griefe, because above sensibility; shee is nearer to God, and dresseth her selfe by his beames which she enjoyes more freely, as from a kind of *Balconie*, or refressing place, having onely a *Knowledge*, but no *Sense* of the bodies affliction. From this place she overlookes the labours and conflicts of the flesh, as *Angels* from the windowes of Heaven behold Warre, and the Slaughter of distracted men. One benefit more shee hath by Patience, that though shut up in the body, yet shee can have a tast of her glorious posthume

posthume liberty. Death looseth the Soule from the body, it breaks in sunder the secret bonds of the blood, that she may have the full use of her wings, and be united to Divinity. Patience, though it doth not quite loosen the chaine, yet it lengthens it, that she may take the aire, and walk some part of the way towards Home: Though it frees not the Soul from the body, yet it gives her liberty and dominion over it. He that is tyed up by a long Cord, is within the compasse allowed him untyed, and a free man. The Spirit of man incensed by adversities, and collected into it selfe, is by a certain *Antiperistasis* made more ardent and aspiring: *Fire* is never stronger, nor more intense then amongst *Water*; In the bosome of a cloud it breakes forth into thunder: So this Divine Spark, which God hath shut up in Vessels of Clay, when all the passages of pleasures are stopt, his raies (which before were diffused and extravagant) returne into it selfe, and missing their usuall vent, break forth with such violence, as carries with it sometimes the very body, and steales the whole man from passion and mortality. The *Levitie* of fire is of greater force, then the *Gravity* and Massinesse of Earth: His *Spirit* is unresistable, and the unknown force of it will blow

up

up the greatest *Mountains*, and the strongest *Castles* this earth affords.

Hitherto have I discoursed of outward *Evills*, I shall now consider the Inward, and how Patience is their Antidote. You have seen her Prerogative over Fortune, and reputed *Evills*, which are called *Evills*, because they seem to be so, not because they are so; as disgrace, grief, and poverty. All these are but fictitious *Evils*, which Custom and Humane error have branded with that injurious denomination: for in these contingencies there is no reall *Evill*, but the *Evill* of opinion; neither is any man miserable but in his own conceit, and by comparison. The glory of Patience would be but poor and trivial, if it could doe no more then take away, or beare with such frivolous and fictitious troubles as these: If it prevailed onely against *Evills*, which we do not suffer, but invent. Its true glory is, that it subdues true *Evills*: Not that it bears them, but that it removes them far from us: Not that it endures them, but than it abstaines from them: For truly to suffer *Evil*, is to do *Evil*, whose *Agent* alwaies the *Patient* is, by reason of a most ill impatience: But Patience is onely excellent, because it suffers not. This worst kind of *Evil* is therefore the greater, because

because when 'tis in acting, it is not seen; and were it not afterwards felt, there would be no place left for Virtue. This is the usuall method of Vice, a flattering, *Comical* entrance, and a *Tragical exit*. The force and malice of Evil Actions may be gathered by their Nature: They are so powerfully hurtful, that when they cease to be, they cease not to torment us: and so malignant, that while we act them, they flatter us, that being Acted, they may afflict us: While we are doing them, they conceal and deny themselves; but being done, they appear to our sorrow. Wherefore he that will lead a blessed, a joyfull, and a peaceful life, must make it his whole work, to do no work, but what Religion and Virtue shall approve of. What peace and security can he enjoy that will revenge himselfe, (what more would cruelty have?) according to his own lust? What life can he be said to live, that kills himselfe to please his inordinate affections? What joy can he have, whose troubled conscience is his continual Executioner, racking and tormenting him in the very embraces of smiling Fortune? No outward *Fomentations* will serve turne against that *Indisposition* to which *fevers* and *fire* are but *coolers*. We can provide against the violence of winter

winter and Summer-weather when and how we pleaſe: But the inward *heats* and *colds*, the raging *acceſſions* of the *Spirit* admit no cure. Patience, though Fortune ſhould aſſiſt her, will never heal the wounds of conſcience.

He that ſuffers by the guilt of Conſcience, endures worſe torments then the *wheel*, and the *ſaw*: As that heat which aſcending from the liver, and the region of the heart, doth diffuſe it ſelfe through the body, is greater then the united flames of the *dog-ſtar* and the *Sun*. What torturing invention of *Ameſtris*, *Pherotima*, or *Perillus* did ever ſo afflict diſtreſs'd wretches, as the fury of his owne Conſcience did torment *Oreſtes*, though freed from all men but himſelf? no Tyrant is ſo cruel as a guilty ſpirit: Not *Scylla* with his *priſon*, *Sinis* with his *Iſthmian pine*, *Phalaris* with his *bull*, *Sciron* with his *Rock*, nor *Faunus* in his *Inne*. The *Peluſians* when they punished *Parricides*, conceived no torture ſo anſwerable to the heynouſneſſe of the crime, as this inward Divine revenge; neither the [a] *Sack*, nor the *Limeons* [a] *Pliny mentions this punishment: the parricide after his apprehenſion, to augment the horror of his conſcience, was firſt whipt with rods dipt in the blood of his murthered parents: and afterwards together with a dog, an ape, and a cock,*

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(Creatures which shew litle reverence towards their sires) he was thrust alive into a strong sack, and so thrown into the Sea.

kil pleased them so much as this gnawing worm, the terrible and luctual excogitation of the wise *Father* of Nature. They ordered therefore, and enacted it for a Law, that the murtherer for three daies and three nights should be pent up in some narrow roome together with the naked body of the slaine, and be forced to look upon it, whither he would, or not; which was effected by putting him in such a posture, as permitted him not to look any way, but just upon the dead. The *Sicilian* Tyrant himselfe knew that conscience was a more cruell torment then the *bull* of *brasse*. This made him spare the most unnaturall and bloody offenders, that they might be tormented, not with scalding metalls, and glowing Iron, but by a damning conscience. The first penaltie for murther was conscience: The first Actor of a violent death was punished with life: He that first saw, and introduced death, was thought worthy of no other punishment, but the security of life, which he first shewed to be not secure: for it is a more mercilesse punishment then death, to have long life secured with a killing conscience. So he that brought

brought murther first into the World, was first punished with the terrourr of conscience: Which are then most torturing, when health and strength are the capital punishments. The *Protoplasts* themselves, the parents of death, and of mankind too, who gave us death before they gave us life, thought it a greater plague then death, to be still alive, and yet to be guilty of death? They would have fled to death, to flye from themselves. Apposite to this is that of *Marius Victor*,

——They faine would (if they might)
Descend to hide themselves in Hell. So light
Of foot is vengeance, and so near to sin,
That soon as done, the Actors do begin
To fear and suffer by themselves: Death moves
Before their Eyes; Sad dens, and duskie groves
They haunt, and hope (vain hope which fear doth guide!)
That those dark shades their inward guilt can hide.

Yousee now that conscience, even amongst [c]the *Pelusians*, was held a legal

[c] *The inhabitants of Pelusium, a town in the borders of* Egypt, *now called* Damiata; *It was built by* Peleus *the fratricide, from whom the Citizens descended.*

and

and politick punishment, that in *Phalaris* it was a Tyrannical devise, in *Cain* the Divine vengeance, and in *Adam* and *Eve*, the Justice of Nature. God, Nature, Reason, and fury it selfe (which in this case must not be defined madnesse,) do all beare witnesse, that selfe-condemnation, or the guilt of conscience is of all others the most bitter and avenging torment.

Adde to this, that the certainty of it is as infallible, and inevitable, as the extremity and fiercenesse of it are implacable: there was never any Tyrant so cruel, but would pardon some offender: There was none so severely inquisitive, but some might either escape from him, or deceive him: But the rigour of conscience permits neither favour, flight, nor fraud. It is utterly inexorable, and neither our feete will serve us to ran away, nor our hands to free us: whither shall a man ran from himselfe, from the secrets of his own spirit, from his life? No man can be an Impostour or dissembler with his own heart, no man can undo what he hath already done: to have sinned is the remediless plague of the Soul. It was a slow expression of *Victor*, that *Vengeance is near to sinne.* It is swifter then so: It is not *consectaneous*, or in chase of it, but *coetaneous* with it, and its *foster-*

sister : The punishment hath the same birth with the offence, and proceedes from it; It is both the *Sister*, and the *Daughter* of it: Wickednesse cannot be brought forth without its penalty: The breast that conceives the one, is big with the other, and when the one is borne, he is delivered of both. It is a fruitfullnesse like that of *Mice*, whose young ones are included the one in the other, and generate in the very wombe. Conscience, while man thinkes of Evil', even before he acts, doth rebuke that thought: so that the punishment is præexistent to the crime, though in the reigne of Virtue it is noiselesse and uselesse; as penal Lawes are dead letters, untill they are quickned by offenders. It is then in its *minority*, and without a *sting*, or else it is asleep, untill the Cry of Sinne awakes it. In the state of Evill, Conscience is the first and the last revenger: when smal offences are wiped out, enormous crimes like capital letters will still remain.

No man can find a Sanctuary to save *him* from *himself*. No evill doer can so fly for refuge, as to be *secure*, though he may be *safe*: Hee will be afraid in that place, where he thought not to fear: Though he fears not the friends of the murthered, yet he

he finds that within him, which makes him ſore afraid: He may eſcape the Executioner and the ſword, but he will be overtaken by himſelfe; and being ſafe, hee will be afraid even of his ſafety: Though he may find fidelity in his fellow-Tyrants, yet ſhall he find none in his own boſome, which is ever clamorous, and ſpues out blood and guilt. Nature deviſeth ſuch a puniſhment for evill doers, as that which tyed living Malefactors unto the putrid Carkaſſes of dead men, that the horrour and ſtench of them might afflict their ſpirits, and the quick fleſh be infected and devoured by the dead and rotten. The *puniſhment* ſticks faſt unto us after the *offence*, whoſe carkaſſe is terrour of Conſcience, Shame, and a gnawing remorſe, that feeds ſtill upon the faulty, but is not ſatisfied. The guilty perſon can have noe peace,

But night and day doth his owne life moleſt,
And bears his Judge and witneſſe in his breſt.

Adde to this, that Reaſon which in all other preſſures and misfortunes is the great Auxiliary and Guardian of man, is in an offended Conſcience his greateſt Enemy,

and imploys all her forces to his vexation and ruine.

Fortune therefore is not the onely cause of our contristation; we our selves do arm adversities, and put a sword into the hand of griefe to wound us with; we are sticklers against our selves. Evill Actions afflict more then Evill Fortune; We are not onely troubled that it was *Chaunce*, but that it was our *Choice*. It is the worst kind of misery, to be made miserable by our owne approbation. That evill which we procure to our selves, must needs grieve us more, then that which we casually suffer: Noe damage is so doleful, as a condemning conscience. Truly, I do believe, that the onely misfortune of Man is *Sinne*. And so very bad and mischievous a Cheat it is, that when it is most punished, wee think it most prospers; neither can Fortune be justly termed Evil, but when she is the Assistant of Evill men, and the surety for Evill doing. This permitted successe makes the affaires of the most unrighteous to be esteemed Just: This is a felicity like that of beasts, which we put into pleasant and well watered pastures, that they may be fed for slaughter. Against this true misfortune, as well as the false and seeming, Patience must be our Antidote; not by bearing, but by ab-

abſtaining from it. Patience in this Caſe muſt elevate it ſelfe, and paſſe into a virtuous anger and contempt of ſinfull proſperity: We muſt be pioufly impatient of all their proffers and poiſonous allurements; Impatient, I ſay, that we may patiently overcome them.

Therefore as I have formerly exhibited the *Art* of *bearing well* to be the onely remedy againſt Fortune: So now I ſhall demonſtrate to you, that the *Art* of *abſtaining well*, is the ſole medicine againſt theſe true and inward misfortunes: Differing diſeaſes muſt have different cures. Patience is the poyſon that kills Fortune, and the Balm that heales her ſtripes: but a ſacred impatience, or abſtinence from Sinne is the Antidote of Conſcience; and the *Baſis* or foundation of this holy impatience is tranſcendent and triumphant Patience. To mitigate or overcome Fortune is a trivial trick: Flattery will do it, if we can but deſcend to approve of, and commend all that ſhe doth. To preſerve the peace of Conſcience, wee muſt be rigid, and cenſorious: We muſt ſpeak home, and truly: We muſt examine before we Act, and admit of no Action that wil be a juſt cauſe but for to bluſh. The approaches of Fortune are abſtruſe: She moves not within the light of

Humane wiſedome; or if ſhe doth, the ſtrength of her Prerogative lies betwixt *Willingneſſe* and *Conſtraint*: It is a kind of *fatal fooling*: Man playes with his *Stars* untill they hurt him: But the cauſe of an evill Conſcience is within our view, and may be prevented by Counſell; For no man can Sinne againſt his *Will*, or without his *Knowledge*. One naile muſt drive out another: He that would avoyd damnation, muſt avoid alſo thoſe things which are damnable: He cannot grieve too much, that grieves only to prevent Eternal griefe. The helps we uſe againſt Fortune are *after-games*. But the *Salves* of Conſcience muſt precede the wound; the cure of ſpirituall diſeaſes is their *prevention*. In the affaires of this World the beſt man is the experienced: But in the diſtreſſes and affaires of Conſcience, he is the wiſeſt that is moſt ignorant. A noxious Knowledge is death, and every Sinner is a Fool. The wiſedome of *Doves* is innocence, and that which makes the *light* to ſhine is its *ſimplicity*. Light is a Type of Joy, and Darkneſſe of Sorrow: Joy is the fruit of innocence, and ſorrow of Sinne. The ſorrow we take for Fortune is hurtfull: Thoſe teares, like tempeſtuous droppings, if not kept out, will rot the houſe: But the ſorow for ſinne

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is healing. Penitential tears are the *Oile* of the Sanctuary: God gives them, and afterwards accepts them: they both cleanse us and cherish us. When *Marble* weepes, it washeth off the dust: Worldly teares are the waters of *Marah*; the tree that sweetens them, must be shewed by the Lord: The waters of the pool * *Bethesda* heal'd not, untill the *Angel* stirred them; without true remorse teares profit not: but if they have that Ingredient, they are showers which the Lord hath blessed, and must not be stopped, although they might. As courage, and a joyfull heart are the *ripe fruits* of innocence, so shame and sorrow are the hopefull *buds* and *primroses* of it. Contrition is the infancie of Virtue: Therefore that sadnesse must not be expelled which expelleth Vice. It is an invention of the Deity to destroy Sinnes: That they might be either unfruitfull, or fruitfull onely to their owne destruction: For this we have two instances from Nature, in the *Mule* and the *Viper*: Whereof the one is barren, and the other unhappily fruitfull. Nature is carefull that Evills may not multiply, or if they do, that they may not prosper. The *Mule* is barren, lest there should

* *the word in the He brew signifies*, the house of powring out; *which in a secret Allegorie may very well concerne man.*

should be an increase of Monsters. Apposite to this, is that saying of *Gregory Ceramenus*, Ἡ γὰρ κακία &c, *Evils* (saith he) *are denyed from God the power of propagating, as mules have not the faculty to preserve their kind by generating one another.* The *Viper* notwithstanding is a mother, but shee brings forth her owne destruction: The birth of her young ones is her death. So sorrow, that is the child of sinne, is the death of it also. Let therefore this saving destroyer of sins be made much off, let this godly sorrow be still cherished, and never rebuked: he that dryes up his teares, before he is cleansed, takes delight in his filthinesse, and like the lothsome drunkard, would sleep in his vomit: Penitent afflictions should never be resisted but by precaution.

Hee then that would not drink of this *Wormwood*, must be sure to refuse the *sugred venom* of sinne: No man is Evill for nothing. Every defect in life is occasioned by a defect of Patience: because we cannot endure to be constantly good: because we are impatient of continuall holinesse. Two Evills attend upon Sinners, the *Evill* of *sin*, and the *Evill* of *Punishment*, which is the *Evil* of *sorrow*: To escape the last, we must abstain from the first: wee must be either im-

impatient of the first, or else the patients of the last: Unlesse wee will suffer a litle to avoid offences, wee must suffer much after we have fallen into them. A short displeasure is better then a long torment: This previous Patience of abstaining, frees us from two subsequent Evils: The *pain* of *Conscience* untill we repent, and after that the *pain* of *Penitence*: These two are the *Appendants*, or retinue of every sinne; A seasonable, innocent forbearance is the *fense* against them both: one small griefe averts these two great ones: How wholesome and comfortable is that Patience which prevents sinne and sorrow, the Consequent of it? But Virtue, when it is most healthfull, is in the estimation of some reputed to be poyson: For no other reason do they reject it, of whome *Theodotus* elegantly sings,

Virtues faire cares some people measure
For poys'nous works, that hinder pleasure.

This Patient abstinence from Evill is the Mother of holy Joy, it keeps the mind pleasant and serene: What is there, or what can there be more beneficial, or delightfull to man, then a pure, innocent conscience, where all the *Virtues* (like bu-

busie *Bees*) are in constant action, as in a fair, *flowry field*, or rather in *Paradise*? where all is Divine, all Peacefull, nothing polluted, no feare, no distraction. In this state, as *Theophanes* saith, *The wise man is adorned with a Godlike Conscience, and a mind becomming the very Deity.* What is there more joyful, then to be master of such a Power, as cannot be violated by Tyrants and Torments? It was a golden and Victorious saying of *Tiburtius*: *Every punishment is poor, when a pure Conscience keepes us company*: For as the guilty can receive no comfort: So the Innocent cannot lose his Joy. The Joy of Conscience is Natures recompence, the coalescent reward, or fruite of integrity, an entailed happinesse, the native blandishment of life, and the minds mighty purchase: What happier gaine can be, then to rejoice alwaies, for what wee have done but once? or what greater damage then an unrighteous gain? It was bravely said by *Chilo*, *that the heaviest losse was to bee chosen before base gain*: That will grieve us but once, the other alwaies. The losse of temporal goods will trouble us but for a time, but a lost Conscience will torment us Eternally. What greater liberty can there be, then not to fear any thing? And

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what can he be afeard of, that is not frighted by the guilt of his own ſpirit? when *Periander* was asked, *what liberty was*? he anſwered, *A good Conſcience.* And another ſaith, that

Man ſhould with Virtue arm'd, and hearten,d be,
And innocently watch his Enemy:
For fearleſſe freedom, which none can controule,
Is gotten by a pure and upright Soul.

Sinne makes remiſſe and c wardly ſpirits to be the conſtant ſlaves of miſery: what liberty, yea, what joy can he have, or what dares he do,

Whoſe guilty ſoul with terrours fraught, doth frame
New torments ſtill, and ſtill doth blow that flame
Which ſtill burns him: nor ſees what end can be
Of his dire plagues, and fruitful penalty?
But fears them living, and fears more to dye.
Which makes his life a conſtant Tragedy.

Therefore to preſerve the mirth and peace of Conſcience, righteous, or honeſt Actions are mainly conducing, and ſhould be

be alwaies our imployment; for this is the appointed *task* of man, and it is his *mysterie* too. The *hand* is the best *Sacrifice*. The Antient *Portugals* used to dedicate to their Gods the right hands of their captives; but offer thou thine own, and not anothers. To be onely without Vice, is a vitious commendation: Nay, it is not commendable at all, but self-indulgence, or a flattering of our owne corrupt inactivity. To such a passe is man come, that he is not ashamed to do lesse for Virtue, then the vitious will do for Vice. It is a most poore and sordid glory, to be onely not numbred amongst the bad: It is a base degree of praise, to be reputed onely not base. To be without Vice, is not to be good: Not to be vitious, and to be Virtuous, are two things. To refrain from Evill, is scarse not Evill, especially if we proceed no further: For to be able to be good, and not to be throughly so, is, if not Evill, a neighbourhood to Evill. True praise consists not in a bare abstinence from Evill, but in the pursuance & the performance of good. It sufficeth not therefore that we doe nothing which may *afflict* us, but we must withall doe something that may *exhilarate* us. This we must remember, that to do good is one thing, and to become good is another; Although we cannot

not become good, unlesse wee doe good; But we become good, not because we have done good works, but because we did them well. Discretion, which considers the manner of doing good, orders the Action so excellently, that oftentimes there is more goodnesse in the *manner*, then in the *Action*: What will it availe us to do good, if it be not well done? It is to write faire; and then to poure the Inke upon it. Actions cease to be good, unlesse well acted, they are like excellent *colours* ill-layed on. The more glorious thy intention is, the more carefully thou must manage it. Indiscretion is most evident in matters of importance: One *drop* of *Oyle* upon *Purple*, is sooner seen, then a whole *quart* that is spilt upon *Sack-cloath*.

The *Ermyn* keepes his whiteneſſe unstained with the hazard of his life: Hee values himselfe at a most sordid rate, that esteems lesse of *Virtue*, then this beast doth of his *skin*; that prefers a foule life to a fair death, that loves his blood more then his honour, and his body more then his Soule. *Ennius* saith, *that the way to live, is, not to love life*. Life is given us for another cause, then meerly to live: he is unworthy of it, that would live onely for the love of life; the greatest cause of life is Virtue: what more

more absolute madnesse can there be, then to make life the cause of sin, yea the cause of death,

And for lifes sake to lose the crown of life?

What greater unhappinesse, then to dye eternally by refusing death? The Virtuous youth *Pelagius*, rather then he woul d lose his Innocence, suffered the most exquisite and studyed torments of that impure Tyrant *Habdarrhagmanus*: He suffered many deaths before he was permitted to dye: Hee saw his limbs, his hands, and his sinewes cut in sunder, and lying dead by him, while he yet lived. This preservation of their *honour* some chast *beauties* have paid dearly for. It cost *Nicetas* his tongue, *Amianus* his Eye, Saint *Briget* her face, *Apollonia* her teeth, and *Agatha* her breasts: The lovely *Cyprian Virgin* paid her life for it.

Nature even for herself doth lay a snare,
And handsome faces their own traitours are.

The beauty of Chastity is best preserved by deformity, and the purity of life by a contemptible shape.

The *Shoomaker* is carefull of the neatnesse of a *shooe*, which is made to be worn in dirt

durt and mire: And ſhall man be negligent to adorn his Soul, which is made for Heaven, and the ſervice of the deity? Every artificer ſtrives to do his worke ſo, as none may find fault with it; And ſhall we do the works of life perfunctorily and deceitfully? All that makes man to be reſpected, is his worke, as the fruite doth make the Tree: and a good work can never be too much reſpected. Keepe thy ſelfe alwaies in reſpect by doing good: Thy own dignity is in thy own power: If thy works be good, thou ſhalt be accounted good too; If better then any, thou ſhalt be acknowledged for the beſt. Man is the *effect* of his own *Act*, he is made by thoſe things which he himſelf makes: Hee is the work of his own hands. A rare priviledge, that permits men, and impowers them to make themſelves: Thou haſt leave to be whatſoever thou wouldſt be. God would not limit thy happineſſe: He left thee power to encreaſe it, to poliſh and beautifie thy ſelfe according to thy own mind. Thy friend, or thy neighbour cannot do it: Thy owne good muſt be thy owne induſtry. Virtue, becauſe ſhe would be croſſe to Fortune, is not adventitious. It is our great happineſſe, that this great good muſt not be borrowed. *Bleſſed be that Divine mer-*

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cy, which hath given us means to be saved without the assistance of our neighbours, who have endeavoured to damn us! That almighty hand which first Created man in the Image of his Creatour, finished him not, but left some things for him to doe, that he might in all things resemble his maker. It is one thing to be an *Idol*, or *Counterfeit*, and another to be a *lively Figure* and *likenesse*: There are many *Coppies*, which are not assimilant to their *Originals*, like *Pictures* that have not so much as an *ayre* of those *faces* they were drawn by. To the *Politure* and *sweetning* of the Divine *Image*, there are some *lines* expected from thine owne hand. If some expert Statuary, suppose *Phidias* himselfe, should leave unfinished some excellent peece, like that Statue of *Minerva* at *Athens*, and out of an incurious wearinesse, give himself to some obscure and Artlesse imployment, or to meere Idlenesse, wouldst not thou much blame and rebuke him for it? And canst thou deserve any lesse, if by a loose and vitious life thou wilt either totally deface the Image of God in thy selfe, or else leave it unfinished? Doest thou think that God is maimed, seeing thou doest leave his Image without hands,

I mean, without good works? Doſt thou think that he is blind, ſeeing thou doſt extinguiſh, or put quite out that diſcerning light and informing wiſdome which hee hath given thee? Hee that doth not integrally compoſe himſelf, and will not carefully ſtrive for perfection, would repreſent God to be imperfect, and a Monſter. *Virtuous manners* (ſaith holy *Maximus*) *are types of the Divine goodneſſe, by which God deſcends to be repreſented by man, aſſuming for a body thoſe holy habits, and for a ſoule the Innocent dictates of wiſdome in the ſpirit, by which he makes thoſe that are worthy, to become Gods, and ſeals them with the true character of Virtue, beſtowing upon them the ſolid riches of his infallible and immortal Knowledge.*

Work then while it is day, while it is life-time; work and ceaſe not: Finiſh this expectation, this great ſpectacle, not of men onely, but of God and Angels. Remember that the rewards and applauſe of this World are but a *Paint* of eternity: The ſolid and permanent glory is given in Heaven, *When every man ſhall have praiſe of God.* The *Limbner* is carefull to beautifie and ſhew his utmoſt skill in that *peece*, which hee knowes to be intended for judicious eyes: Thou art not to paint, but really to make

make a living Image of the Divine mind, which also must be examined and judged by that searching eye, from which nothing can be hidden: have a care that no *ill mixture*, nothing *disproportionable*, nothing *uneven* or *adulterate* may be found in it. The presents we offer to the true God, must be true and solid works, not the fictitious oblations of *Jupiter Milichus*: Why wilt thou delight in a maimed Soule, or which is worse, in a Soul whose best part is dead? Thou hadst rather have a member cut off, then hanging dead by thee: Thou wouldst then onely wish for its company, when it would be no hindrance to thee. And canst thou endure the immortal Soul to be sick of death, to be sick in his best part, in the head? wilt thou suffer thy mind to drowse, to be paralytical and senseless, never thinking of God, nor of doing good? In such a *liver*, the beauty of his immortal part is crusted over with an incurable leprosie; and reason, which is the Soules *Countenance*, is most ingloriously ecclipsed. The Task of life is to labour, and the Sacrament of the Soule is to work rationally. Idlenesse is a *Parenthesis* in the *line* of life: When we do nothing, wee do not live.

Slothfullnesse is a dead *Existence*, a kind

kind of *sleep* when we are *awake*: That life is empty, that is not filled with the care of living well. It was truly said by *Possidonius, that one day of a learned mans life, was more pleasant, then all the years of the unlearned*: One houre, one minute well spent, is to be preferred before a sinfull, voluptuous *for-ever*. *Time* is a sacred thing: it flowes from Heaven, it is a thred spun from thence by the motion and circumvolution of the spheres. It is an emanation from that place, where eternity springs. The right use of it, is to reduce it to its Original: If we follow time close, it will bring us to its Fountain. It is a *clue* cast down from Heaven to guide us thither. It is the younger brother of eternity, the one must be sought in the other. It hath some assimilation to Divinity: it is partly knowable, and partly not: Wee move in it, and wee see it not: It is then most invisible; when most present. If we be carefull of it, the benefit is ours: If wee neglect it, we cast away our selves. Hee lives not at all, that lives not well: And hee that lives ill, shall dye worse: Hee suffers a living and sensible death: It is death, because it wants the fruit of life; and it is sensible, because it is with losse and punishment. Many ill livers comfort themselves with a vain conceir, that

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the ſtate of death is ſenſeleſſe: But Vice and Idleneſſe are more malitious deaths, they carry with them the penalty of ſenſe: They are fertill in evills, and barren of good, like a curſed ground that bringes forth nothing but thornes and thiſtles.

You expect *grapes* from your *vines*, & *corn* from your *Fields*, but no Fruit at all from your ſelves: Were you made to be good for nothing? for ſhame be your own *dreſſers*, *Manure* your ſelves, and *prune* your vain and noxious affections. *Man* himſelf is his own pretious *Soile*, his own fruitfull *field*, and thriving *Plant*: let him that expects fruits from extraneous things, taſt firſt of his own. *Good workes* are the *apples* of this Heavenly *Plant*. The *Vine* and the *Field*, though they bear not for themſelves, pay their annual proventions. If they had beene left to their firſt fruitfullneſſe before the *Curſe*, they had exceeded in a moſt uberous, ſpontaneous fertility; if they ſhould yeild nothing now, they would be good for nothing. Man bears fruit for himſelfe, and may bear as much as he pleaſeth: Wilt thou then keepe backe thy own proviſion? Wilt thou pine thy ſelfe? or by burying thy talent in the duſt, be an enemy to thy own ſoule, and envious towards others?

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Virtue in my opinion is like to *Musick*: it pleaseth most of all the Virtuous man himself; and it pleaseth also the vitious, whose Conscience doth force him to admire that in others, which he neglects in himselfe. *Musick* delighteth both the *Musician*, and the unskillfull. *Musick* built the Walls of *Thebes*; and *Virtue* must build the new *Hierusalem*. Musick and Virtue are the performances of the *hand*, and the Cordials of the *mind*. Every lover of Virtue is *Musical*, that is so say, he is pleased with the suffrages of his own Conscience, and solaced with the Celestiall flights of his pure Spirit: Hee loves the works of Virtue (not to gain the peoples applause,) but for Virtues sake, whose beauty and power are best seene in her workes. Honesty is one of the liberal *Arts*, it is a trade of Conscience, not of gaine. Craftsmen shew their skill in their works: The *Sculptor* in his *Cuts*, the *Painter* in his *limnings*, and the *Goldsmith* in his *Plate*. To do something, not the manner of doing it, is their care: Their worke may be well done, though negligently, and without much *Art*. The *Limner* may give a *stroke* in hast or anger, which neither Judgement, nor curiosity can ever match. *Giotto's* circle, though drawn per-

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functorily, surpassed the most elaborate peeces of other *Artists*. Virtue alone makes no use either of errour or chance, and this she doth meerly to oppose Fortune. In virtuous actions, if wee erre in doing, though we do good, yet the worke of Virtue is not well done. In other *Arts*, one *Exemplar*, or *Act* may serve to shew the Artificers skill, though he should never work more: But it is not so in Virtue; As we cannot know a skillfull *Musician*, unlesse he plaies upon some *Instrument*; so Virtuous men are not manifested untill they *Act*: He that will give any *proofe* of himselfe, must needs be active; but to be so once, is not activity.

Virtue is a most usefull thing, and the use of it dyeth not after it is used: For allthough all the actions of man are transitory, yet when they proceed from Virtue, they are permanent. I advise thee therefore to be permanent, yea to be immortal. Care not for those things which the World esteems to be enduring, as Gold, and the Wealth of Fortune; those will make them wings and fly away, when thou doest least look for it. Care thou for those things which the people, and their Hypocritital rulers value not, because they believe them to proceed from a sheepish and rewardlesse

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tamenesse, and not from *grace*, and the secret dispensations of the God of peace. Care, I say, for Righteousnesse and Innocence; Care that thy Actions be upright: These are the treasures which the World believing to be transient, shall find one day to be truly solid and permanent. Thou hast read somtimes that advice of the Apostle, *Redeem the times*: That is to say, what thou doest well at one time, thou shalt have it at all times: Thy good Actions, wherersoever thou goest, will bear thee company: They are Companions of a most rare fidelity, and will leave thee neither in the hour of death, nor after death. When our friends cannot follow us, then do our good works travell with us, they are then our best friends, and overcome our foes. Envy it selfe is appeased with death, it falls off with the body. Malice knowes no posthume persecution, and the glory of Virtue in that *state* is above the reach of her Enemies: though they may disturb our temporal rights, they are too short to oppose our claime to immortality: The onely peaceful possession of the dead, is his good life, and righteous dealings: what wil it avail the rich oppressours of this World, to have their Carkasses buried in the abundance of their treasures, unlesse they mean by it, to restore

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that unto the Earth which was digged out of her bowells? Gold and Silver are no ransome for unrighteousnesse. Virtue alone, which survives death, is the refreshment of the dead: He cannot be afeard to dy, who is assured of a better subsistance after death: Their dissolution is onely fearful to those, who lose all by it, and their life to boot. The Posthume Inheritance of man is his righteousnesse and integrity, which death takes not from him, but puts him in possession of them. Thou maist gather, that good or Virtuous works are proper and necessary to the Soul, out of mans natural desire of fame, and that innate appetite of immortality which is planted in his Spirit: Nature desires nothing which is not rational, and her perswasions, even when they degenerate, strain, and point at some primitive delights, and innocent priviledges which she was free to before her corruption. All secular glories dye with the body, goodnesse only is above the power of death: That faire part of life is kin to the Supreme good, and death cannot hurt it; yea it is secured by death, which kills envy, and frees the virtuous both from the malice of their Enemies, and the possibility of failing in themselves.

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Therefore the beſt imployment for man (if he will conſider either his own benefit, or the approbation and liking of nature, which aimes alſo at immortality) is the work of *virtue*, yea far better then the work of *reaſon*. Many, while they ſtudy the reaſon of virtuous works, paſſe by virtue it ſelf. By a fruitleſs ſtudy how to do good, they loſe their time, and doe none at all. *Theorie* is nothing ſo beneficial as *Practice*. It is a true ſaying that *Jamblichus* cites out of *Pythagoras*; *Every good thing conſiſts of ſubſtance and uſe, and not of meer knowledge*. To be good, is to doe good. The knowledge of a skilfull *Phyſitian* profits not the *ſick*, unleſſe he falls to practiſe, and gives him ſomething towards his cure. Learned *Aphoriſms* heal not the diſeaſed, but bitter *Medicines*. That Soul which can reaſon ſubtilly, and diſcourſe elegantly, is not ſaved; but the Soul which doth good works: Knowledge and Faith without actual Charity are both dead.

Neverthelſſe there is amongſt men a certain covetouſneſſe of Wiſdome and Knowledge, as well as of Money. The acquiſition pleaſeth them, but they will not ſet it out to uſe. As Uſurers hoard up their mony, laying it out neither in pious works, nor for their own neceſſities, but ſuffer it to

lye under rust and darknesse: So some Learned men neither practise those excellent rules of Living which they have learnt, nor will they impart them unto others: They study stil more curiosities, being in the mean time incurious of their salvation. I will say of them, as *Anacharsis* said of the *Athenians*, *They know no use of money but to count it*. There is no man poorer then the rich miser, and none more unlearned then the unpractised. Nature is contented with mediocrity: The World hath many things in it which humane affairs have no need of. Virtue also is perfected in few precepts: Though we fill the world with our Writings, it is not our *Volumes* that can make us good, but a *Will* to be so. Book-men write out of no other design, but to reform and civilize Mankind: They make several Assayes, numerous attempts, and then renew them. The *Dice* run not well alwaies, the last cast may carry more then all the former. Therefore to stir up and incline the *Will* to goodnesse, many things are necessarie; but to be good there is nothing needfull but *willingnesse*. We suffer our selves to be cheated by hope; we trust that when we have gathered so much knowledge as we covet, then we shall do all that we can desire. O foolish and vain procrastination!

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Alchuvius terms it a *Palſie*, I am ſure it is a *madneſſe*. We ſtay like that fooliſh Beggar for a Meſs from the Kings table, and in the mean time ſtarve. We care not to uſe this preſent life which is our own, but ſtudy the ſecrets of another, which as yet is not ours. We would learn Myſteries, and ſome things that are either out of our way, or elſe beyond it. Chriſtians ſhould neither wander, nor ſit down, but goe on; *What is that to thee? follow thou me.* Content is a private ſphere, but wants nothing, and is ever calme. They that ſtudy the world are (of the two) the worſt Speculators. Popular, politick perſons live alwayes by events: Their ambition and firieneſſe makes their lives uneven, and uncertaine: innocent, and undiſturbed *habits* are the companions of Humility. Giant-ſpirits, though they may flaſh ſometimes with faire *thoughts*, have alwaies dark and ſtormy *affections*. Men, or the moſt part of men, are like *Swans*, whoſe *feet* though ever in a living *Bath*, are alwaies *black*; but their *wings* and *doune*, which keep above thoſe ſtreames, are pure *white*. That part of our lives which is ever *padling* with the *current* of Time, is foul and defiled; but that which ſoares above it, is fair and holy. Worldly buſineſſe is the Soules Idleneſſe.

Man, ordained to be *King* of the Worlds Republick, had been a meer Cypher, if without *Soul-imployment*. He had been created to no *end* without this *Aime*. If he for whom all things were made, will not endeavour to ſecure himſelf being made, he was made in vain. An ornament to the World he cannot be: He was not made with any great gaity, & his decaies are both numerous and haſtie. If to be ſeen only, were the duty of created things, the *Stars* ſhould have been onely fixt, and not moving. Stop (if thou canſt) the courſe of the *Sun*, his reſtleſſe and vaſt circumvolution: As motion makes him bright and lively (for hee rejoyceth to run his race) ſo ſtanding ſtill, and ſlothtfulneſſe would make him ſad and ſullied; the beauty of the *Firmament* would be darken'd, the freſhneſſe of the *earth* would fade, and the whole *family* of *Nature* miſſing thoſe cheriſhing beames, would pine and decay: *Rivers* would fall aſleep, *Minerals* would prove abortive, and the mourning world would waſt away under darkneſſe and ſterility. But the *Sunne* though he ſhould not move, would not be uſeleſſe; his very ſight is beneficial. Hee is the created light of the viſible world, a *marvellous veſſel*, and *an ornament in the high places of the Lord*. But man for whom

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all these things were made, without he b- active and serviceable to his own Soule, is good for nothing. There is nothing more pleasant, nothing more peacefull, nothing more needfull then an industrious, *Wise man*, and nothing more impertinent, and uselesse then the sluggard. The *rest* of the mind is the *motion* of Virtue, and the *idlenesse* of the idle is the *disturbance* of his Spirit. He that doth nothing, is of lesse use, and by much worse then nothing it selfe. Wouldst thou be reduced into that unnaturall *Vacuity* of *not being*, which is without form and void? Cease to do good, and it is done. The fruitlesse tree must be cut down: Doest thou ask why? That it may not be; yea, that it may be nothing, and not cumber the ground. *Annihilation* is more profitable then a fruitlesse *being*. In this *Family* of Nature, every one hath his *task*; None may be idle. The best and the Noblest are the most laborious. Consider *Heaven*, the first Exemplar of agility; the brightest and the most active *Elements* are the next to it, and above them move the *Stars*. *Fire* is the *Suburb* of *Heaven*: The *Earth* which is cold and dull, like an *Iland* lies most remote, and cut off (as it were) from the *neighbourhood* of *light*. Nothing hath commerce with *Heaven*, but what

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is pure: he that would be *pure*, must needs be *active*: Sin never prevailes against us, but in the absence of Virtue, and Virtue is never absent, but when wee are idle. To preserve the peace of Conscience, wee must not feare sufferings; if the hand of man wound us, God himselfe will cure us: But if wee wound ourselves by resisting him, the hands of all his creatures will be against us, because *ours* was against *his*.

Having now taught you how to master *Adventitious*, *Personal Evils*, and to prevent the *Evils* of *Conscience*; It orderly sollowes, that I should teach you how to subdue and triumph over *Publick Evils*, or *National Calamities*. The sufferings of just persons wound the heart of a wise man, when his own cannot grate upon it. Fortune, that could neither hurt him by force, nor by fraud, drawes blood from him through the sides of others. The righteous liver is troubled more with the losses of his neighbours, then with his own. Hee whose patience could not be overcome by *passion*, lies open and naked to the assaults of *compassion*. The life of the wise man is the most pretious and profitable, he lives not only for himself, but for others, and for his Country: The safety of the imprudent is his care, as well as his own: Hee is not

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onely their compatriot, but their patriot and defender. Excellent is that rapture of *Menander*,

——True life in this is shown,
To live for all mens good, not for our own.

He onely truly lives, that lives not meerly for his own ends. To live is not a *private*, but a *publick* good: The Treasure of good living is diffusive. The *Civil Guardian* lookes to the goods of his *VVards*: but the wise man is the naturall *Tutor* of the people, and lookes to the publick good, and to the *aged* as well as those that are in their *Minority*. It will therefore be worthy our paines, to consider and enquire how such men should carry themselves in popular and grand mutations; Whither they should change their *Nature*, or their *Manners*, or retain them both, when both fortune, knaves and fooles are most changing. In National alterations, a wiseman man may change his outward carriage, but not his inward: His mind must be dry and unmoved, when his Eyes flow with teares: Hee must bestow a compassionate, Fatherly look upon the afflicted, and those that are soe weak, as to believe that temporal sufferings can make them miserable. But neither his tears, nor those that he bewailes, must

work ſo far upon him, as to break his inward peace by admitting of *fear*, or *hope*, or the *deſire* of *revenge*; and though hee himſelf ſtands in a ſecure ſtation, from whence he can both diſtreſſe & defeat Fortune, yet muſt he helpe alſo to redeem others; he muſt take the field with his Forces, and ſet upon her with open valour, *doing good* (*as Tzetzes* ſaith) *to all men, and aboliſhing every where the power of Fortune.* If hee finds that the breſts of others are too narrow to entertaine Royall Reaſon, hee muſt labour by Stratagems, by Manuductions, and inducing circumſtances to incourage and ſtrengthen them; Hee muſt not leave them, untill he hath ſecured them. *Antiſthenes* ſaid, *that a good man was a troubleſome burthen.* Who but inſipid wretches, that have no feeling of their miſery, will aſſent to this poſition? A good liver is troubleſome to none, but to the bad, and he is by ſo much the more pretious and deſirable. That wound which makes the patient ſenſeleſſe; is more dangerous then that which ſmarts and grieves him. But if their miſery when it is made apparent to them by the good man is thereby diminiſhed, and they acknowledge themſelves to have been made ſo by their own vain opinion; it is juſt that they con-

confesse Virtue to be healing, and that by her meanes they found helpe from a strangers hand, when their own were infirm and helplesse. O Virtue, the great *lenitive* of man-kind! Yea of those who are thine Enemies! Thy hand heals him, that would hurt thee,

As Egypts *drought by* Nilus *is redrest,*
So thy wise tongue doth comfort the oppreſt.

Yea, the Evill by whose association thy purity was never defiled, thou dost helpe by the good. In every virtuous man I hold that saying to be true, which *Venantius* spoke of the great Captain *Bonegissus*: *His hand restores, his Counsel secures: whom Fortune rejects or casts out of her armes, he taketh up and guards them in his.* And hence I am induced to differ in my opinion from *Philo*, about that saying of the *Jews* Law-giver, *that a wise man hath heavy hands.* What wonder is it if they be so, seeing the imprudent, the afflicted, and the disconsolate, who are grievous and heavy to themselves, do all depend and hang upon his armes, like Infants upon their mothers?

To help these hangers on, he must needs be bowed, and by speaking faire to their

grievances, begin to redress them. This is the property, or rather the prerogative of the constant and wise man; Hee can descend safely from the Sphere of his owne happinesse to mingle with, and to comfort the miserable. Noe man by standing still can rescue one that is carryed away by a violent torrent, and ready to be drowned; nor if he also be overcome by the same stream, can he save the other. It is one thing to be thrown down, and another to be bowed down. He that would not be thrown down, must look to the liberty of his *Will*, and not submit it to Fortune. But to restore, or raise up others, it is necessary that he must bow. No man can take up a Child that is fallen, but by bending himselfe: To cure the ill-affected, we must in some things incline to their affections. Comfort is a *potion* of that nature, that heals not the sick, without an appearance of the same *indisposition* in the very *Physitian*: The *patient* will otherwise suspect that for *poyson*, which is meant for his *health*. Hee that is ill-affected, wil be unwilling to believe that another which is not so, can have any skill to cure him: And he that labours with the same disease, can neither cure others, nor himself. Therefore he that would minister comfort unto the distressed, must of necessity

cessity have his *will* above the Tyranny of Fortune, he must have a mind that is invulnerable, and yet seem to be very tender and sensible of her lightest strokes. It is one thing to be subject to these affections, and another to rule them: To be had of them, and to have them. He that would loose others, must not be bound himselfe. When *Musnianus* observed a Troop of horse, that was under his command, to *halt*, and make a stand, expecting some *Omen* from a bird that had suddenly pitched before them, he bent his bow, and riding up to the front of the Troop, shot at the bird, and killed him: Then laughing at their folly, he told them, *that there was but litle advice or help to be expected from such irrational creatures, that were not onely ignorant of the destiny of others, but could not foresee their own ill luck.* Wee must look first to our own safety, afterwards to others: The hand of the helper should make the first *assay* upon himself: He that experimentally knowes, he can *swim*, is fi to save another that is in danger to be *drowned*.

But when I speak of tendernesse, and a seeming complyance with the weaknesse of others; I mean not dissimulation. I allow a community of tears, but not of the *cause* of tears. Let the miserable bewail their misery,

ſery, and let the wiſe man mourne with thoſe that mourn, becauſe they mourne amiſſe, not becauſe they ſuffer. Let him not mourne for the power of Fortune, but for the weakneſſe of man. When a friend of *Solon* found him weeping, hee told him, *That tears were not the potion againſt Fortune, and would therefore profit nothing; I know it well* (ſaid *Solon*) *and that is it which I Lament.* He bewailed the tears of others, not the cauſe of their tears: That is it which a wiſe man (the enemy and the avenger upon Fortune,) may juſtly bewail, to ſee men weep, when weeping availes not. He is troubled, not becauſe they ſuffer, but becauſe they will not be comforted; yea, becauſe they will not be men: He thinkes not that it is Evill to ſuffer worldly afflictions; Nay, hee knowes it is good, but he knowes withall that worldly ſorrowes ſlay the Soul. This is the conſideration that calls forth his tears: Hee wiſely diſtinguiſheth, that man is not made miſerable by any *outward accidents*, but by his own *opinion*: For no man is made unhappy, becauſe he *exiſts*, or *is*, but becauſe he thinks himſelfe to be ſo: The wiſe man bewailes a greater *Evil* then the *Evil* of misfortune, and that is the *inability* of ſome men to beare *Evil.* Hee

mourns

mourns not becauſe they are *Patients*, but for their *impatience*. The true or reall *Evil* which he knowes to be in them, is their ignorance of falſe or reputed *Evills*. That which cauſeth him to weep, is their cauſeleſſe weeping. He that diſguiſeth his conſtancie thus, diſſembles not. I make not a wiſe man to be impaſſible, but enduring and compaſſionate, yea the *Patient* of compaſſions: Though I exempt him from the *crowd* and *populacie*; I place him not above *Humanity*: Though he is no *peere* of the *Multitude*, yet he *deſcends* to pitty them: But we doe not therefore diſturb his peace and ſerenity, becauſe he is mercifull and condoling; but becauſe it is his expectation, his deſire. He is not ſtormy, nor treacherous, nor baſe, but courteous, liberal and happy; he is in all eſtates maſter of himſelf; he is kept freſh and pleaſant by the ſecret Joyes and vivifications of an unoffended Conſcience. It was well ſaid by the *School-Divine*; *That the tears of the righteous were the ſmiles of their Soules.*

Gregory Nazianzen commended his Brother *Ceſarius* for his honeſt diſſimulation with the diſſembling Court. He was inwardly an *Anachorite*, and outwardly a *Courtier*. In publick and ſplendid affaires

affaires (which are more ſeducing and inconſtant then private,) this policie is neceſſary: Wee ſhould alwaies have a ſnare ready for them, that we may eſcape theirs. In the downright blowes of Fortune, that is, in our own domeſtick loſſes, We ſhould be ſineere and naked; we ſhould put on nothing but our native complexion, and a ſerene mind. In this Caſe, wee ſhould be ſo undaunted, as to looke upon upon Fortune, and overcome her without any weapons, we ſhould ſet naked upon her, not onely without defenſive armes, but without cloaths. In the dangers of others, we muſt deal otherwiſe; wee muſt uſe all means to ſecure them: Wee muſt deal with Fortune as ſhe deals with us, by diſguiſes and ſtratagems: All her *wares* are but *gilded clouds*, a *Superficiall waſh*; they are not that which they ſeem to be; to be true to our ſelves, wee muſt be falſe to theſe, wee muſt not truſt them. Shee cannot require more from us, or better, then what ſhee gives: Her *Good*, and her *Evill* are both counterfeits, and he that diſſembles with them, offends not. The riches of this world are not ſound within: Wee may not for their ſakes corrupt our Soules, and be made like unto them. Let the peace of Conſcience ſhine within, upon a white

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and undefiled Throne, though wee look mournfull and ragged without. No Man deals better, or more justly with this World, then he that lends her his *face*, but keeps his *heart*. This is the Nature of the World, to give us a fair *looke*, and an empty hand. Consider thy selfe: How often hast thou been that Creature, which thou didst not seem to be? All the accoutrements of Fortune, all her pomp, and the transitory course thereof, when laid out with the best advantage, seemes to me but a *Stage-play*. Her most glorious favourits passe by like *Whifflers*, which carry Torches in their hands onely to shew the deformity of their vizards: They hasten away, and like

To speedy posts, bear hence the Lamp of life.

All the glory of this World, hath darknesse, and treachery in it. It passeth gloomily by us, like high-way-men that traverse the road with veiled faces: hee that will be even with this Counterfeit, must clap on a vizard too, and by an honest dissimulation, preserve himself.

In the funeralls of our friends, our kindred and benefactors, wee may moderately mourne; but we must not lose our Patience,

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nor that Christian peace, which is the golden fruit of faith and hope. The great mercy of God hath so provided, that *Evill* when it sets upon us, is but an apparition; there comes good presently after it. To live well, we have in our selves more then enough: we need not any extraneous help; our very desiring of it, makes us miserable. So excellently best is our condition, that the blessed life is ours *gratis*, but misery we must hunt after. The happy life needes neither riches nor wishes; Misery cannot be had without *desiring*, and it is never given without Covetousnesse, which is the price paid for it. Wee suffice of our selves for a happy life; why not for meere life, which is something lesse? shall we think our selves poor, because we abound with the means of happinesse? As long as the batteries of Fortune cannot shake the *mind*, nor make the *wil* to fly into shivers; the *heart* is whole, and our *peace* is secure: Her musters and preparations seem formidable but to children only: Take off the helmet, or vizard of *Evil*, and underneath it, you will find *good*: Hast thou lost a friend that took care for thee like a mother, and furnished the like a Father? that very losse is an occasion of greater gain, though at first it appears not. Parents sometimes to sport with

with their Children disguise themselves: The Child at the first sight is dejected, but having taken off the Masque, he findes his Mother: He laughs, kisseth and embraceth her, and if shee comes again in that dresse, he fears her not. Who would not be astonished at that furious Army of Evils, which fought against holy *Job*? It was a sad sight to see a Father, after the losse of his Children, and substance, to lye languishing under the Tyranny of a devouring Ulcer. And where? upon a dunghill, the very sink of uncleannesse and corruption. But this frighted him not: Hee was so farre from thinking it an *Evil*, that he played with the worms, and made that, which his friends esteemed for vengeance and misery, to be his meditation and mirth: Hee was sure that he was innocent, and retaining his integrity, he could not misse of joy. He saw through that *Crust* and *Scab*, the sure mercies of God: His beautifull and healing *hand*, shined through that lothsome *Veyle*. He desired not the comforts of his kinred, nor his friends: he said to *corruption*, *thou art my Father*, and *to the worms, you are my Sisters*. This was onely a *shel*, or seeming *Evil*; but the *kernel*, or substance that lay within it, was solid and reall *good*. As Children deal with *nuts*, so

good

good and wise men deal with *Calamities*; they break the *shell*, and eate the *kernell*: both the *Good* and *Evill* of this World have their *fucus*, and outside: Hee that knowes that, and knowes how to take it off, is a knowing man, and knowes how to use them.

This lesson Saint *Paul* taught the Citizens of *Corinth*. *Let them that weep* (saith he) *be as though they wept not: and they that rejoyce, as though they rejoyced not: And they that buy, as though they possessed not.* He allowes onely an illusive and seeming commerce with the World: Hear his *reason*, and you will acknowledge his *Justice*: *The fashion of this World* (saith he) *passeth away*, or is transient and deceiving: That which men call *fruition* in this World, is but *face-acquaintance*: All temporall possession is but a *looking on*, the things themselves passe away. They are still in a Cryptical, unperceived motion, when we suppose them to be fast lockt, and fettered in our armes: They creep from us like a *mist* or *smoke*, which in confused and silent *Evolutions* steales out at the top of the chimney, after it hath fouled it within.

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All worldly things, even while they grow, decay,
As smoke doth, by ascending, wast away.

Saith *Dionysius Lyrinensis*. The Apostle would have us to put on the same disposition, and to be even with this great deceiver by a like deception. Let us give it but a glimpse, and halfe a face, as it gives us but a transient and flattering salute. Let us weep and not weepe, rejoyce and not rejoyce, use it and not use it. This wee can never *Act* handsomly without personating, or rather mocking this Arch-cheat. When our Eyes flow with tears, we must keep our Consciences smiling and pleasant: Wee must have *Heraclitus* his face, and *Democritus* his heart. The forehead is the *Index* of the mind; but the Soul of the just must *shine*, when his face is most *clouded*. Wee must not give our strength unto the World, that is to say, we must not seriously affect it: In all our negotiations with it, we must stand at a distance, and keepe our affection for him, who must be loved with all the heart, with all the strength, and with all the Soul. Saint *Paul* (when he made use of this expression,) had respect, I believe, unto the *rites* of the *Roman Theater*, the *Comick* and *Tragick Lawes* of their

their *Poets*, which together with their Government, were dispersed into all civill climates: He applied to the various representations, suddain changes and successive showes of the *Stage*, where *Truth* moved in *disguise*, and the serious travels of the Sons of Men, were by *Masquers* and personating *Counterfeits* solidly Acted: Where the short flourish of humane affaires did wither by degrees, and ended in a sad *Catastrophe*, while the *Poets plot* upbrayded the vanity of *States-mens* policie. The *World* is a meer *Stage*; the *Master* of the *Revels* is *God*; the *Actors* are *Men*; the Ornaments and flourishes of the *Scenes* are honour, power and pomp; the transitory and painted *Streams* of Mortality, which passe along with the *current* of time, and like *flowers*, do but onely appeare, when they stay longest: Hee that enjoyes them most, doth but *smell* to them, and the shortest fruition permits as much.

What else was the Majesty of the *Assyrian* Empire, but a tractitious, vanishing apparition, a slight *Flash* of transient glory? It shot by like a falling star, and was presently succeeded by the *Medes* and *Persians*: after them came the *Macedon*, and last of all the *Roman*. The Kingdomes of mortall men are not Immortal: they are no

no better then their Rulers. Where is *Ninus* now, where is *Semiramis*, *Cyrus*, *Darius*, *Alexander*, *Antipater*, *Ptolomie*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Octavian*, and *Tiberius*? Where now are these Patriarchs of ambition, these weak roots of the *Assyrian*, *Median*, *Persian*, *Macedonian*, *Asian*, *Egyptian*, and *Roman* greatnesse? What is become of these *Primats* of pride, these eldest Sons of Fortune, these prosperous disturbers of mankinds peace, before whom the world became dumb, like a *Sparrow* before a *Kite*? what a deep Silence! What a thick darknes is now drawn over them! Nothing remaines of them but their names, and the bare *Skeleton* of glory: Their onely *boast*, is, that they have been: Our onely *Knowledge*, is, that they are vanished. Nay, it is most certain, that we [a] know not all their names; those we are acquainted with, are not many: so ruinous a thing is humane glory, though held by mortal men to be immortal. They are deceived: It leaves neither *Reliques*, as their *bodies* do; nor *Inscriptions*, like their *Sepulchers*. The glory of men is more mortal then their Carkasses. Their bones remain after their Funerals, after the fire, & the

[a] *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona multi; sed omnes Illachrymabiles urgentur, ignotique longâ nocte, carent quia vate sacro.*

Executioner; And their teeth may be seen, when they can neither snarle, nor bite. But their fame is edible, it is devoured by time without *Fire*, yea, without *Aire*; for by not reaching posterity, it becomes dumb, and missetth their tongues, by whose speaking it lives. All the felicity of men is a dream, it comes on they know not how, and when it vanisheth, they cannot so much as discern its Back-parts. If these recorded *Empires*, these famous *Yoaks* and *Burthens* of the World came so suddenly to nothing; what will be the lot of these *petty fetters*, these *leaden manacles* that we are bound with? If those massie and mighty *weights* were so clearly blown off; what will become of these *loose Packes*, which have nothing to balasse them, but feathers, but chaffe and motes? Those universall *Monarchies* founded upon the principall *Cities* of the World, whose *Colony* was the whole Earth: Those *Cities* whose *bulwarks* did threaten the Clouds, whose *Armies* and *Fleets* made the *Earth* to tremble, and the *Seas* to grone: whose *Lawes* (like *Oracles*) were held sacred and unalterable; found no security against the *Arm* of God, which tears the *Crowne* from the *Head*, and the *Scepter* from the *right hand* of the *Lawgiver*. *He considers*

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in his dwelling place, like a clear heat upon herbs: he appoints the things that are to come: He sifteth the Nations with the Sive of Vanity: He blowes upon them, and they wither, and shall not be planted. And why think you then that these dry and fading leaves shall flourish for ever? All temporall triumphs have their date: they passe away in a sure and uninterrupted course, and when they begin to decay and unloade themselves, then they are swiftest. All the pomp of this World, is but gilded emptinesse; a nine daies blossome, whose beauty drops into the same Mould from whence it sprung. It is the Consciousnesse of their delusion, that makes these worldly honours fly from us so fast; lest if they should stay long, wee should discover their Cosenage; the *discoverer* then would be ashamed of his *dotage*, and the *discovered* would blush at his *deceit*.

Therfore Saint *Paul*, in these versible and transitory fashions of the World, would have us to personate *Stage-players*, who when they weep, grieve not; when they buy, they possesse not; when they command, they are without authority. Seeing the World is but a *play*, and a *fable*, hee would not have us to *act* in earnest. Players *Act* the lives of others, not their owne:

I wish that we could do so too. Excellent is that advice of the *divine*,

To live a stranger unto life.

Why should I be troubled with the affaires of others, more then with their *Agues* or *Feavers*? he that lives without the *Affections* of this life, is master of himself, and looks upon all things, as *Spectators* do upon *Stage-playes*, who are without *passion*, because without *Interest*. The *Actors* care not how the *Scenes* varie: they know, that when the *Play* is ended, the *Conquerour* must put off his *Crown* in the same *Ward-robe* where the *Fool* puts off his *Cap*. Take this wholsome Counsel of resting quiet in the *degree* appointed thee, not from the mouth of *Musonius*, *Teletes*, or *Epictetus*, who adviseth thee to be a *Pantomime*, or *shifting Masquer* in these worldly *Enterludes*, but from the mouth of Saint *Paul*, that great *Doctour* of the *Universe*.

Let every man wherein he is called, therein abide with God.

That Supreme, Eternall mind is the master and deviser of this worldly *Drama*: Hee brings on the *persons*, and assignes them their *parts*. Art thou called to be a servant?

be

be not troubled at it: Hath he ordained thy life to be ſhort? deſire not to have it lengthned: If poor, deſire not to be made rich. What *part* ſoever he hath appointed for thee, be contented therewith, and Act it faithfully. It is thy duty to repreſent the *perſon* thou wert choſen for, and not to chooſe; that is the prerogative of thy great maſter. If it be his will, that thou ſhouldſt *Act* a begger, a ſick man, or an afflicted, let it be thy care to *act* it well, and to meddle with no other action. The *ſtageplayer* is not commended, becauſe he *acts* the *part* of a *Prince*, but becauſe hee *acts* it well, and like a *Prince*. It is more commendable to *act* a foole, a begger, or a mourner to the life; then to *act* a King, or a Philoſopher fooliſhly. In the beginning, the midle, and the end of thy Courſe, keep thou to thy *part*. The beſt way of *acting* is to make thy *heart* conſentaneous to thy *tongue*, thy *deeds* to thy *words*, and thy *converſation* to thy *doctrine*. In all the tumults and combuſtions of this World, keepe conſtant to thy *ſtation*; comfort the *afflicted*, and envy not the *wicked*; deſpiſe not the *one*, and flatter not the *other*: remember thy *Creator*, and forget not thy end.

Gloria tibi mitiſſime Jeſu!

OF LIFE and DEATH.

THE People think Life to be the greateſt *good*, and Death the greateſt *evill*. They are mightily deceived: And as in the leaſt bleſſings, ſo in this, which is the greateſt, they greatly erre. For Life, if thou liveſt not well, is the greateſt evill; and Death, if thou dyeſt not ill, is the greateſt good; and dye ill thou canſt not, unleſſe thou liveſt ill. A life that is not good encreaſeth evils and wickedneſſe; and the death of the good ſets an end to afflictions and miſeries. Thoſe that are ſick of the *Jaundis*, judge the ſweeteſt honey to be the moſt bitter: So evil men eſteem Death to be evill, becauſe of their evill conſcience; but Death is not ſo to any, but to thoſe onely, whoſe evill lives end in the evill of endleſſe death. This controverſie I ſhall decide with ſuch reaſons as muſt not be numbred, but weighed. If we look upon *Philoſophy*, it takes part with Death, and is this

the first that marcheth into the field against this popular error. It teacheth us that this hideous nothing, this imaginary fear of the multitude should be alwayes contemned, and sometimes desired. How many wise men hath this contempt of Death made Immortall? For those, who by a continual remembrance of death, did compose and regulate their lives, are now by the memory of their virtuous lives vindicated from death. *Socrates* perfected his wisdom by his willingnesse to dye; *Pythagoras* by his gentlenesse; *Anaxagoras* dyed merrily; *Calanus* resolutely; hee would not stay to be tamely besieged by her, but sally edout, and took her. he surprized death and all of them despised her. No definitions we can give will suffice to make Death odious, every one will make it desirable. Whither you consider what Death is, or what are the effects, or consequents of it; whether the *evil* or the *good* attending it; or whether Death it self be a meer *evill* or meer *good*, all make for it. For though it should be an *evill*, yet the good

* *One of the* Indian Gymnosophists, *who feeling himself a little sick made a great Bonefire, and in the presence of* Alexander *burnt himselfe therein.* Alexander *a little before asked him,* What he would have? *hee answered*, I shall see thee shortly. *Which fell out, for he dyed at* Babylon *few days after.*

that

that comes by it exceeds that *evill*; and being evill, it cannot be ſo great an *evill* as all thoſe *evils* it puts an end to.

What one thing hath Life that is deſirarable? Contentions, and obſtinate, buſie miſeries, whoſe frequency and number hath made them leſſe feared then Death, which comes but once: Whoſe aſſiduity, or daily malice to afflict us, hath by a long cuſtome made us not valiant, but ſenſleſſe and blockiſh. *Orpheus* defined Life to be *the penalty of Soules*; and *Ariſtotle* added, *That it was a puniſhment like to that, which tied the living to the dead, mouth to mouth, and breaſt to breaſt.* The pure and eternal Soul is tyed to the putrid and waſting carkaſſe. If God ſhould now ſuddenly create a man, giving him withall in that very inſtant the perfect and free uſe of his mind, and ſhould then bring before him all Mankind (as he did all living creatures before the firſt man) and ſhew him in this mixt multitude ſome weeping and ſighing; ſome without eyes to weep; ſome without hands; others without legs; ſome ſick and languiſhing; others eaten up with horrid, impure ulcers; ſome begging; others quarrelling; ſome plotting treaſon, and waſhing their hands in innocent blood; ſome old and decrepit, quivering, trembling, and leaning upon ſtaves; ſome

diſtracted,

distracted, and bound up in chains; others plundered, tortured, murthered, and martyred; their murtherers in the mean time pretending Religion, Piety, and the Glory of God: And after all this outward *Scene*, should so enlighten his eyes, that he might discover another inward one, I meane their secret thoughts, and close devices, their tyranny, covetousnesse, & sacriledge varnished outwardly with godly pretences, dissembled purity, and the stale shift of liberty of Conscience: Is there any doubt to be made, think you, but after such impious, and astonishing spectacles, he would quickly repent of his existence or being, and earnestly desire to be dissolved again, that he might rest in peace, and not be cast into this hospital, and valley of villanies which we call the World. It is for this cause, that wise Nature is so slow and niggardly in her dispensations of reason and maturity unto man, lest a sudden perfection should make us loath her, and lest the necessary evils of life understood in grosse, and upon our first entrance into life should discourage us from undergoing those miseries which by degrees, and successive conflicts we more willingly struggle with. *Abner* the *Eastern* King, so soon as his son was born, gave order for his confinement to a stately and spatious Castle, where he should be de-

licately brought up, & carefully kept from having any knowledg of humane calamities; he gave speciall command that no distressed person should be admitted into his presence; nothing sad, nothing lamentable, nothing unfortunate; no poor man, no old man, none weeping nor disconsolate was to come near his Palace. Youthfulnesse, pleasures, and joy were alwaies in his presence, nothing else was to be seen, nothing else was discoursed of in his company. A most ridiculous attempt to keep out sorrow with bars and walls, and to shut the gates against sadnesse, when life is an open door by which it enters. His very delights conveigh'd displeasure to him, and grief by a distast of long pleasure found way to invade him. So constant is pleasure in inconstancy, that continual mirth turns it into sadnesse. Certainly though *Abner* by this device might keep all sorrows from the presence of his son, hee could not keep them from his sense: Hee could keep out, and restrain external evils, but could not restraine his inherent affections. His son longed; this made him sad in the very midst of his joyes. And what thinkst thou did he long for? Truly, not to be so cumberd with delights. The grief of pleasures made him request his father to loose the bonds of his miserable felicity. This

suit

ſuit of the Son croſt the intentions of the Father, who was forced to give over his device to keep him from ſadneſſe, leſt by continuing it, he ſhould make him ſad. He gave him his liberty, but charged his attendants, to remove out of his way all objects of ſorrow: The blind, the maimed, the deformed, and the old muſt not come near him. But what diligence is ſufficient to conceal the miſeries of Mortality? they are ſo numerous, that they may as ſoon be taken out of the world, as hidden from thoſe that are in the world. Royal power prevailed leſſe here then humane infirmity; for this laſt took place in ſpight of the firſt. The *Prince* in his Recreations meets with an old man, blind, and leprous; the ſight aſtoniſheth him; he ſtartles, trembles, and faints, like thoſe that ſwound at the apparition of a Spirit; enquires of his followers what that thing might be? And being inwardly perſwaded that it was ſome fruit of humane life, he became preſently wiſe, diſliked pleaſures, condemned mirth, and deſpiſed life. And that his life might have the leaſt ſhare here, where Fortune hath the greateſt, he rejected the hopes and blandiſhments of life, yea that which is to many the price of two lives, his Kingdom, and royal Dignity: He laboured with all diligence to

live ſo in the world as if he had been dead, that by avoyding ſin, the cauſe of ſorrow, he might be, though not ſafe, at leaſt ſecure. If this ſingle accident made him ſo much offended with life, what (think you) would he have done, had his liberty been univerſal, and unbounded? What if he had ſeen the inſide of thoſe ſtately Tombes wee build for the worms to eat us in, where they feed upon ſuch fat oppreſſors as have been fed here with the tears and pillage of the oppreſſed? What if he had narrowly ſearched every corner of the world, and ſeen thoſe neceſſary uncleanneſſes in which the birth of man is celebrated, in which this miſerie is inaugurated, by the paines of the Mother, and the cries of the Infant? What if he had entred into their bedchambers and boſomes, where ſome ſit weeping, others wiſhing; ſome ſurfeited and ſick with fruition? where ſome mourn for their wives, others for their children; ſome pine and ſtarve with want, others are full and vomit; ſome are troubled with lack of neceſſaries, and others are as much vexed with abundance and ſuperfluity? What if after all this ſearch, and wide diſquiſition he could not have found one houſe without ſome misfortune, and none without tears? What if he had been admitted

into

into the breasts of all those, whom either domestick, hidden griefs, lingring diseases, worldly cares, or an insatiable covetousness is ever tormenting? Perhaps thei sight of so many evils had driven him to a refusall of life, in which we doe so dye with miseries, and by which miseries doe so live in us; at least he had earnestly wished and groaned for some means of redemption from so miserable a bondage. If any had brought him the joyful news of liberty, and affirmed that some were already made free, he had certainly envyed them very much, and would have been impatient to know the means. But when it had been told him that the device and release was death, I do not onely think, but I verily beleeve that he had both approved of it, and would have sought for it more then for hidden treasure. He had judged it not onely desirable and convenient, but necessary, and the greatest felicity, and favour that the living could expect.

If some solitary travellour, shut up in a wilderness, and surrounded with wild beasts, should on the one side see a *Tiger* making towards him, on the other a *Lyon*, and from some third place a scalie, winding *Serpent*, or a *Basilisk*, which kils with his very looks,

Whose hissings fright all Natures monstrous Ills,
His eye darts death, more swift then poison kils.
All Monsters by instinct to him give place,
They fly for life, for death lives in his face;
And hee alone by Natures hid commands
Reigns Paramont, *and* Prince *of all the sands.*

If these, with a thousand more, as *Bears*, *Leopards*, *Wolves*, *Dragons*, *Adders*, and *Vipers* were gathered together about him, and ready to seize upon him, what would not he give to be freed from the violence and rage of such destroyers? What greater felicity could he desire, then to be redeemed from such an horrid and fatall distress? And is it a lesser blessing to be delivered from greater evills? We are surrounded with calamities, torn by inordinate wishes, hated by the world, persecuted, prest, and trodden upon by our enemies, disquieted with threatnings, which also torture and dishearten some; for in pusillanimous dispositions fear makes words to be actions, and threats to be torments. Death is a divine

vine remedy which cures all these evil Death alone is the cause that temporal miseries are not eternal. And I know not how that came to be feared, which brings with it as many helps, as the world brings damages. Danger it self is a sufficient motive to make us in love wth security. Death only secures us from troubles: Death heals, and glorifies all those wounds which are received in a good cause. When *Socrates* had drank off his *potion* of *hemlock*, he commanded that sacrifices should be offered to *Æsculapius*, as the *Genius* of *Medicine*. He knew that Death would cure him. It was the *Antidote* against that poysonous *Recipe* of the *Athenian Parliament*. Tyranny travels not beyond Death, which is the Sanctuary of the good, and the *Lenitive* of all their sorrows.

Most ridiculous were the tears of *Xerxes*, and worthily checkt by his Captain *Artabazus*; when seated on the top of an hill, and viewing his great Army (wherein were so many hands as would have served to overturn the world, to levell mountains, and drain the seas, yea to violate Nature, and disturb Heaven with their noyse, and the smoak of their Camp) he fell to a childish whining, to consider in what a short portion of time all that haughty multitude, which now trampled upon the face of the earth, would

would be layd quietly under it. He wept to think, that all those men (whose lives notwithstanding hee hastned to sacrifice to his mad ambition) should dye within the compasse of an hundred yeares. The secular death, or common way of mortality, seemed very swift unto him, but the way of war & slaughter he minded not. It had been more rational in him to weep, because death was so slow and lazie, as to suffer so many impious, inhumane souldiers to live an hundred years, and disturb the peace and civill societies of Mankind. If as hee saw his Army from that hill, he had also seen the calamities and mischief they did, with the tears and sorrows of those that suffered by them, he had dried his eyes, and would not have mourned, though he had seen death seising upon all those salvages, and easing the world of so vast an affliction. He would not have feared that, which takes away the cause of fear: That is not evill, which removes such violent and enormous evills. If I might ask those that have made experiment of life and death, whither they would chuse (if it were granted them) either to live again, or to continue in their state of dissolution, I am sure none would chuse life but the wicked, & those that are unworthy of it; for no pious liver did ever repent of

death,

death, and none ever will. The Just desire not this life of the unjust, which (were it offered them,) they would fear it more, (now being at rest,) then ever they feared death, when they lived. The story runnes that *Stanislaus* the *Polonian*, a man of marvellous holinesse and constancy; had the opportunity to put this *question*; and the *respondent* told him, that *he had rather suffer the paines of dissolution twice over again, then live once*: He feared one life, but did not fear to dy thrice.

Having this Solution from the experienced, it is needless, and fruitlesse to question the living. If Soules were *Praexistent*, as one *Origen* dreamt, as *Cebes*, *Plato*, *Hermes*, and other *Philosophers*, the great Fathers of *Heretick*s, have affirmed; Wee might have reason to conclude, that they would obstinately refuse to be imprisoned in the wombs of women, and wallow in Seminal humours. What if it were told them, that they must dwell nine monthes in a thick darknesse, and more then nine years (perhaps all the years of their sojourning) in hallucinations, and the darknesse of ignorance? what if the paines, the exigencies, the hunger and thirst they must endure, before they can be acquainted with the miseries of life, were laid before them?

The

The Infant while he is yet in the womb, is taught necessity. Quest for foode makes him violate that living Prison, and force his way into the World. And now comes he forth, (according to the Sentiment of *Hippocrates*,) to seek for Victualls; the provision which proceeded from his Mother, being grown too little for him. But he comes from one prison into another, and breaks through the *first* to enlarge his own, which he carries with him: But if the Soules thus incarcerated (like Prisoners through a grate) might behold the various plagues and diseases of those that are at liberty, as *Palsies Passions* of the heart, *Convulsions*, *Stranguries*, the *Stone*, the *Gout*, the *Wolfe*, the *Phagedana*, and an hundred other horrid incurable *Evils*, such as *Pherecides*, *Antiochus*, and *Herod* were tormented with, or that fearful sicknesse of *Leuthare*, which was so raging and furious, that she did eat her own flesh, and drink her blood in the extremity of the pain: Or if they might see those Evills, which man himselfe hath sought and found out for himself; as emulations, warres, bloodshed, confusion, and mutual destruction; Is there any doubt to be made, think you, but they would wish themselves freed from such a miserable estate; or that their intellectuall light were

quite

were quite extinguished, that they might not behold such horrid and manifold calamities. *Plato* imputed the *suspension* of Reason in Infants, and the *hallucinations* of Childhood to the terrour and astonishment of the *Soules*, which he supposed *them* to be possessed with, because of their sudden translation from the *Empyreal light*, into the darke and grosse prisons of flesh, and this inferiour World; as if such a strange and unexpected change (like a great and violent fall,) had quite doated them, and cast asleep their intellectuall faculties. *Proclus* assisted this conjecture of *Plato*, with another argument drawne from the mutability, and the multitude of Worldly Events, which in the uncertaine state of this life, the Soules were made subject unto. Adde to this, that the merriest portion of life, wihch is youth, is in both sexes bedewed with tears, and the flowers of it are sullied, and fade away with much weeping, and frequent sadnesse. Children also want not their sorrowes: The *Rod* blasteth all their innocent joyes, and the sight of the School-master turnes their mirth into mourning. Nay that last *Act* of life, which is the most desirable to the Soul, I mean old Age, is the most miserable.

The

The plenteous Evills of frail life fill the old:
Their wasted Limbs the loose skin in dry folds
Doth hang about; their joynts are numm'd and through
Their veines not blood, but rheumes and waters flow.
Their trembling bodies with a staffe they stay,
Nor doe they breath, but sadly sigh all day:
Thoughts tire their hearts; to them their very mind
Is a disease; their Eyes no sleep can find.

Adde to these usuall infirmities, the confluence of adventious maladies: For all the former distempers and corruptions of life gather themselves together, and make head in old age; when the inward strength, and expulsive power of Nature is decayed, when wee are almost dead, then do they revive and rage most of all. Rivers are no where more full, nor more foule then towards the Channell-end. But this generall decay I acknowledge to be a great benefit, because it drives away all voluptuous and unseemly delights from the aged, that their Soules may be lively and in health, when the hour of dissolution comes. And indeed it is necessary, that griefes and unpleasantnesse should lay hold upon age, because men (who are alwaies unwilling

to think of dying,) may be thereby weaned from the delights of life, and learn to dye before the day of death. Seeing then, that the temporal life is in all its portions so full of misery, it is not irrational to conclude, that Soules (if they were *praexistent*,) would be very unwilling to submit to this sad Bondage of flesh and blood. Nor do I wonder that *Isis*, in his *sacred Book*, writes, that the Soules, when they were commanded to enter into the bodies, were astonished, and suffered a kind of *Deliquium*, or traunce; and that they did hisse and murmure, like to the suspirations of wind. *Camephes* sets down their complaints: Τί ταῖς δυσήραις ἡμῖν ἀπρεπὲς ὅτως πέπρακται, &c. *Miserable wretches! in what have we so foulely trespassed, what offense so heinous and worthy of so horrible a punishment have we committed, as to be shut up and imprisoned for it, in these moist and cold carkasses? Our Eyes from henceforth shall not behold the Divine spirits, for wee shall onely peepe through two small Spheres made of grosse and corrupt humours. When we look towards Heaven, we shall have onely the liberty to grone for the presence of our Creatour, but see him we may not; for we shall see then by a Secondary light, which is the light of the lower World, and*

not be permitted to use our own discerning light, &c. *We shall hear our* Kinred *rejoycing in the air, and mourn that we are not partakers of their liberty*, &c. *But thou great Father and maker of Spirits, who doest dispose of all thy works as it pleaseth thee, appoint we beseech thee some terme to our sad bondage, and let this punishment passe quickly over us, that we may be restored again to our celestiall liberty, to behold (without obstruction) the perfect beauty of all thy works*, &c. They comforted themselves with the thought of the bodies dissolution, and petitioned before their captivity, that their inlargement might be hastned: when they were excluded from the heavenly life, there was no greater blessing then the death of the body, which sets an end to the earthly. Hee that loves death, hates a transitory corrupt condition, and he that hates his own life here, shall keep it unto life erernall.

I do verily believe, that to him that throughly considers it, no part of life can be desireable. It is altogether so full of sorrowes; It is a peece weaved of calamities and troubles, yea, life it selfe is its owne vexation. As those that travell in rough, uneven and mountainous roades are alwaies gasping and weary, which makes them fit down

down often, to recover their ſpent breath, and refreſh themſelves, that having reach'd the brow and crown of the hill, they may walk onwards with more delight, and be at leaſure to feed their Eyes with the beauteous proſpect, and freſhneſſe of thoſe green & flowry plaines which lye extended before them: So this troubleſome and tumultuous life hath need of death, for its eaſe and repaſt, as a ſtate in which it doth repaire and ſtrengthen it ſelfe againſt the fair Journey and progreſſe of eternity. Frail and weary life cannot laſt, and hold out untill the *Indiction* of immortality; So long a journey cannot be performed without ſubſiding; A reſting place muſt be had: Death is the *Inne* where we take up, that we may with more chearfullneſſe ſet forwards, and be enabled to overtake, and to keep company with eternity. Nay, ſo fraile is life, that it cannot expect, or ſtay for the day of death without ſome prevening recreations: It travells by Stages, and Periodical Courſes, where it breathes, and gathers ſtrength againſt the next motion. As tyred travellours make frequent Pauſes in the very Roade, and cannot ſtay for the refreſhment of lodging; So life, by reaſon of the importunity, and the multitude of humane troubles, cannot endure or hold out

till it reacheth the *Inne*, which is death; but is driven to rest in the shade upon the way-side: for sleep (the shadow of death) is nothing else but a reparation of weary and fainting life. So much more excellent then life is death, that life is driven to be sustained by so many deaths, that is to say, the mortal life is necessarily preserved by sleep, which is the usher & *Masquerade* of death. Reedes, because they are very weak and brittle, are strengthned with distinct knots or joynts, which makes their length firme, and keepes them from cleaving: So life, if it were not refreshed and mantained still by successive, set allevations of certain prolusions of death, would fall asunder and vanish upon its first appearance.

Hitherto we have discoursed of life, let us now consider death, and compare it with life. If death in its shadow and projection be the recreation of life, how delightfull will it be at home, or in it self! Wearinesse is a preparative which makes rest pleasant: That *Recipe* which succeedes bitternesse, must needs be sweet. *Charidemus* used to say, *That through all temporal things there was a chaine drawne, whereof one link was* pain, *and the other* pleasure: *That these succeeded one another, and so* (said he) *after great sorrowes there*

there come greater joyes. What greater ſorrowes can there be, then the ſorrowes of life? There is therefore no greater pleaſure then the pleaſure of death, which ſu cceed thoſe great ſorrows. *Phalaris* ſaid, *That men held life to be pleaſant, becauſe they ſuſpected death to be grievous and irkſome.* He ſpeaks after the ſenſe of the people, and abuſeth life, not eſteeming it to be good, but becauſe he thinks death to be Evill. I ſhall croſſe his ſaying, and inferre that death ſhould be eſteemed pleaſant, becauſe wee are ſure that life is painfull: But there is an appearance of ſomething like errour, becauſe we ſee many here, that paſſe through their whole lives without any troubles or diſcontents. That felicity is rare and adulterate, and happens moſt commonly to thoſe that deſire it not: look not upon thoſe few which eſcape in this ſtorme, but upon thoſe which are drowned: theſe laſt are innumerable, thought it is thought otherwiſe, becauſe they are ſunk into the bottom, and cannot be ſeen.

Admit not, I beſeech thee, for a teſtimony againſt Death, thoſe ejulations and tears which darken Funerals, and make foul weather in the faireſt faces. Opinion makes the people compaſſionate, and they bewail not the party that is dead, but their owne

frailty

frailty. Call not for evidence to the teares of ſtrangers, becauſe thou knoweſt not whence they flow; but call for it to thine own, for none of us is happy or miſerable but in his own ſenſe which makes us any thing. What reaſon haſt thou to think life better then death, becauſe others mourne when thou dyeſt, who when thou wert born, didſt weep thy ſelfe? It is madneſſe to judge our ſelves miſerable, becauſe others think ſo. The ſolemnities of death are contrary to the ceremonies of life. At the birth of man others laugh, but he himſelf weeps. At his death others weep, but ſurely hee rejoyceth, unleſſe his ill life hath made his death deadly. Nor muſt thou think that his joy is either little or none at al, becauſe it is not manifeſted unto thee: Thou mayſt lye watching by the ſide of one that dreams of Heaven, & is converſing with Angels, but unleſſe hee tells it thee when he is awaked, thou canſt diſcover no ſuch thing while he ſleepes. The Infant that is born weeping, learns to laugh in his ſleep, as *Odo* and *Auguſtine* have both obſerved: So, he that bewailed his birth with tears, welcomes the ſhadow of his death with ſmiles: He preſaged miſeries to follow his nativity, and beatitude his diſſolution. Weeping is natural; tears know their way without a guide: Mirth is

rude

rude, and comes on ſlowly, and very late, nor comes it then without a ſupporter and a leader: It muſt be taught, and acquired. Weeping comes with the Infant into the world; Laughing is afterwards taught him; the Nurſe muſt both teach, and invite him to it. When he ſleeps, then he ſips and taſteth joy; when he dies, then he ſucks and drinkes it. Mourning and grief are natural, they are born with us; Mirth is ſlow-paced, and negligent of us: The ſenſe of rejoycing (if we beleeve *Avicenna*) comes not to the moſt forward child till after the fortieth day. Men therefore weep at thy death, becauſe it is an experiment they have not tryed; and they laugh at thy birth, becauſe the miſeries of thy life muſt not be born by them. Thou onely art the infallible diviner of thy own frail condition, who refuſeſt it with teares, which are the moſt proper expreſſions of unwilling, & conſtrained nature.

But as the ceremonies of Life and Death are contrary, ſo he that is born, and he that dyes, have different events. Death to ſome ſeems to deſtroy all, but ſhe reſtores all: By diſcompoſing things ſhe puts them in their order: For he that inverts things that were before inverted, doth but reduce them to their right Poſiture. The Funeral rite of the *Tibitenſes* (who are certain *Eaſt-Indians*)

is

is to turn the inside of their garments outward; they manifest that part which before was hidden, and conceale that part which before was manifest; by which they seeme, in my opinion, to point at the liberty of the soul in the state of death, and the captivity of the body, whose redemption must bee expected in the end of the world. This inversion by death is reparation, and a preparative for that order wherein *all things shall be made new*. Most true is that saying of the Royal Preacher, Ἀγαθὸν ὄνομα ὑπὲρ ἔλαιον ἀγαθόν, καὶ ἡμέρα τοῦ θανάτου ὑπὲρ ἡμέραν γενέσεως. *A good name is above precious ointment, and the day of death is better then the day of ones birth.* But thou wilt ask, To whom is the day of death better than the day of his nativity? It is in the first place to him that dies; True (thou wilt say) if he be a just and holy man; Yea (say I) though he be wicked. Who doubts that there can happen in all their lives a better day to the just and honest, then the day of death, which frees them both from seeing, and from feeling the miseries which are in this world? As for the unjust, it is most certain, that no day can be more beneficiall to them, then that which sets an end to their impieties, tyranny, perjury, and sacriledge. To deny a sword to one that would

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murther himſelf, is benevolence; to deny money to a Gameſter that would preſently caſt it away, is courteſie; and to deny life to thoſe that would uſe it to their owne damnation, is Mercy, and not Judgement. But to whom beſides theſe is the day of death better then the day of life? Certainly to God Almighty; becauſe in that day when the wicked dye, his Juſtice on them, and his Mercy towards his own are conſpicuous to all, and acknowledged by all. And to whom elſe? Not to ſpeak of the rich and ambitious, It is good to all men, to the whole Creation, and to Nature it ſelf: For in that day the fair order and prerogative of Nature is vindicated from the rage and rape of luſtfull, intemperate perſons: It becomes conſtant, conſonant, and inviolable, by putting off thoſe groſs veſtiments wch make her productions ſubject to the aſſaults and violence of man, who is the moſt perverſe and ſhameleſſe defacer of Gods Image in himſelf, and the moſt audacious and abhominable contemner of his Ordinances in his works, by uſing them to a contrary end, and quite different from that which their wiſe Creator made them for.

But let us not conſider the goodneſſe of death by thoſe evils onely which it freeth us from, but by the bleſſings alſo which it

brings along with it. Their ſoules are by ſome men leſs valued then Fortune and temporal power; Some caſt away their lives to winne a Crowne, yea the Crowne, and the Kingdome of another. They plot to forfeit a Crown of Eternall glory, by uſurping a tranſitory one: They murther their owne ſoules by ſhedding the blood of ſome innocent perſons, permitted to be overcome by men, that they might have power with God, and prevail. Shall the ſhort ſoveraignty and ſway of ſome ſmall corners and ſpots of earth be compared to the everlaſting triumphs in the Kingdom of Heaven? The death of the ſufferer is in this caſe the moſt gainfull; the more he loſeth by it upon earth, his gain is by ſo much the greater in heaven. The ſhorter our ſtay is here, our time above (if reckon'd from the day of our death) is the longer, but hath no end at all; and the more our ſufferings are, the greater ſhall our glory be. *Hegeſias* the *Cyrenian*, when he praiſed death, promiſed not theſe bleſſings of Immortality, but onely an end of temporall miſeries; and yet he did ſo far prevail with his Auditors, that they preferred death to life; they contemned the one, and ſo luſted after the other, that they would not patiently expect it, but did impatiently long for it; they fel upon their own

ſwords,

swords, and forced death to come on, by turning life out of doors before her lease was out; and had not *Ptolomie* by a special *Edict* silenced his Doctrine, he had robbed him of more subjects then ever War or the Plague could have taken from him. Before the blessed *Jesus* had made his entrance through the veile, and opened the way to heaven, the reward of righteousnesse and sanctity was long life, the peculiar blessing of the *Patriarchs*: It was a favour then not to appear before *perfect purity*, a *Judge* of infinite, and all-seeing *brightnesse*, without an *Advocate* or friend to speak for us, in the strength and heat of irregular youthfulnesse, when not so much as time had subdued or reformed the affections; but now because Christ is gone thither before, and hath provided a place for us, the greatest blessing, and highest reward of holynesse is short life, and an unseasonable, or a violent death: For those harsh *Epithets* (which are but the inventions of fearfull, and sinful livers) are swallowed up of immortality, & an unspeakable heavenly happinesse which crowns and overflowes all those that dye in *Christ*. Wee consider not those blessings which death leads us to, and therefore it is, that we so frequently approve of our most frivolous, wordly wishes, and sit weeping

under the burthens of life, because we have not more laid upon us. A certain groundlesse suspition, that death is evill, will not suffer us to believe it to be good, though the troubles of life make us complement, and wish for it every day. This foolish fear and inconstancy of man, *Locmannus* (one of the most antient *Sages* of *Persia*, and admitted also into the Society of the *Arabian Magi*,) hath pleasantly demonstrated in the *person* of an *Old man*, loaded with a great burthen of *Wood*; which having quite tyred him, he threw down, and called for *death* to come and ease him: Hee had no sooner called, but *death* (which seldome comes so quickly to those that call for it in earnest,) presently appeared, and demands the reason, *why he called? I did call thee* (said he) *to help me to lift this burthen of wood upon my back, which just now fell off.* So much are we in love with miseries, that we fear to exchange them with true happiness: we do so doate upon them, that we long to resume them again, after wee have once shaked them off; being either faithlesse and wavering, or else forgetfull of those future joyes, which cannot be had without the funerall and the death of our present sorrowes.

What man distrest with hunger, if hee

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ſate upon ſome Barren and Rockie bank, bounded with a deep River, where nothing could be expected but Famine, or the Fury of wild beaſts; and ſaw beyond that ſtream a moſt ſecure and pleaſant *Paradiſe*, ſtored with all kinds of bearing Trees; whoſe yielding boughes were adorned and plenteouſly furniſhed with moſt fair and delicate fruits; If it were told him that a little below, there was a boate, or a bridge to paſſe over, would refuſe that ſecure conveyance, or be affeard to commit himſelf to the calm and perſpicuous ſtreames, chooſing rather to ſtarve upon the brink, then to paſſe over, and be relieved? O fooliſh men! For Gold, which is digged out of the *Suburbs* of Hell, we truſt our ſelves to the raging and unſtable Seas, guarded with a few planks, and a little pitch; *where onely a Tree* (as *Aratus* ſaith) *is the partition betwixt death and us*: And after many rough diſputes with violent perills, and the ſight of ſo many more; wee periſh in the unhappy acquiſition of falſe happineſſe; the Sea either reſiſting, or elſe puniſhing our covetouſneſſe. But to paſſe into our Heavenly Country, into the boſome and embraces of Divinity, into a Realm where Fortune reigns not, wee dare not ſo much as think of it. Who after long baniſhment,

and a tedious pilgrimage, beir.g now come near to his native Country, and the house of his Father, where his Parents, his brethren, and friends expect him with longing, would then turn back, and choose to wander again, when he might have joy, when he might have rest? God the *Father* expects us, the blessed *Jesus* expects us, the mild and mourning *Dove* doth long and grone for us: The holy Virgin-mother, the Angells our friends, and the Saints our kindred, are all ready to receive us. It is through death that wee must passe unto them: Why grieve we then, yea, why rejoyce wee not to have this passage opened?

But let us grant that death were not inevitable, yea, that it were in the power of man, and that every one had a particular prerogative given him over destinie; So that this greatest *Necessity* were the greatest freedome, yea, that man could not dye, though he desired death: Yet in this very state, would hee be troubled with *Fortune* and *Hope*. He would be a fool that would not venture to dye, to enjoy true felicity: That would choose rather to live alwaies in the changeable state of most unchangeable and lasting miseries, then to put an end to them all by dying once. It is madnesse

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to feare death, which (if it reigned not upon the Earth) wee would both desire and pray for. It was wisely adjudged by *Zaleucus*, that death ought to be publickly proclaimed, though men had been immortall. Had death been arbitrary, and at every mans pleasure, I believe we had esteemed it as desireable as any other joy; now because it is Imperial, and above us, let it not seem too much, if wee grant it to be tollerable. It was absurdly said by one, *that death was a necessary Evill, and ought therefore to be patiently born.* His *Inference* was good, though from a bad *Principle*: Death is rather a necessary good: And if necessity makes Evils to be tolerable, there is more reason, it should make good so. Death because it is good, should be made much of; and wee should rejoyce that it is necessary, because that makes it certain. How great a good is that, by which it is necessary that we be not miserable! Which frees the captive without ransome, dismisseth the oppressed without the consent of the oppressour, brings home the banished in spite of the banisher, and heales the sicke without the pain of *Physick*: Which mends all that Fortune marred; which is most just; which repaires and makes even all the disorders and inequalities made by time and

chance; which is the bleſſed neceſſity that takes away neceſſary Evills? He had erred leſſe, if he had mentioned a neceſſity of bearing life patiently, whoſe more proper definition that ſorry proverbe is; for it caſts us into neceſſary Evills againſt our will, and is the cauſe that wee willfully meddle with Evills that are unneceſſary. It is a diſcreet method of nature, that infuſeth the Soules into the body in ſuch a ſtate that is not ſenſible of their captivity, leſt they ſhould murmur at the decrees of the great *Archiplaſt*. What wiſe man that were neare the terme of his appointed time, if he were offered to have life renew'd, would conſent to be born again, to be ſhut up in fleſh, & fed for nine months with excrementitious obſcenities, to bear all the ignominies of Nature, all the abuſes of Fortune, to reſume the ignorance of Infancie, the feares of Childhood, the dangers of youth, the cares of manhood, and the miſeries of old age? I am of beliefe that no man did ever live ſo happily, as to be pleaſed with a repetition of paſt life. Theſe Evills which with our owne conſent wee would not have reiterated, wee are driven into without our conſent: They are neceſſarily inferred, that they may be willingly borne, to ſhew the neceſſity of Patience.

ence. Wee are born on condition, that wee must dye. Death is the price or reward of life: It is the Statute-law of mankind, and that ought to be born as a publick good, which (were it not already enacted) would be the spontaneous petition of all men. Certainly if life were without the *Jubile* of death, it were just to refuse it, as a servitude which hath no year of release.

Let us now clearly prove, that death is not Evill, out of her assimilation and conformity to those things, which are most excellently good. None leade a better life, then those that live so, as if they were dead, *Rom. Chap. 6. ver. 7. For he that is dead, is freed from Sinne.* Therefore that which is the exemplar of goodnesse, cannot be Evill: The onely true praise of the living, is to assimilate death: He is the most commendable liver, whose life is dead to the World, and he is the most honest that lives the least to it; whose Soul listens not to the body, but is at a constant distance from it, as if they were dissolved; or though it sojournes in it, yet is not defiled by it, but is separated from sensuality, and united to Divinity. What is the reason (thinkest thou,) that the Divine *Secrets* are revealed to men most commonly in their sleep; because that similitude of death is

most pleasing to God. Life is a wild and various madnesse, disturbed with passions, and distracted with objects; Sleepe (like death) settles them all; it is the minds *Sabbath*, in which the Spirit, freed from the Senses, is well disposed and fitted for Divine intimations. The Soul is then alive to it selfe, while the body reigns not, and the affections are ecclipsed in that short *Interlunium* of the temporall life.

Philosophie, or humane Knowledge is nothing else but a Contemplation of death; not to astonish or discourage men, but first to informe, and then to reform them: for the fruit of Philosophy is Virtue, and Virtue is nothing else but an imitation of death, or the Art of dying well, by beginning to dye while we are alive. Virtue is a certain *Primrose*, a *prolusion* or *Assay* of dying. Therefore that by which man becomes immortall and eternall is the *preface*, and the *Inchoation* of death. This is the main drift of *Philosophy*, to make life comfortable by conforming it unto death, and to make death immortality by regulating life. Death is intollerable to him only that hath not mortified his desires, while he yet lives; but expects to swallow up death, and all the powers of it at once; that is to say, in the hour of death. We cut our meate,

and

and feed on it by bits, left we ſhould be choaked by ſwallowing it whole; ſo death, if it be aſſayed and practiſed by degrees, will be both pleaſant in the taſt, and wholſome in the digeſtion; if we mortifie one affection to day, and another to morrow. Hee that cannot carry a great burthen at once, may carry it all by portions. *Philoſophy* acts the part of death upon the Stage of life: it kills ſenſuality, and makes death moſt eaſie to be born by teaching us to dye dayly. What can be more grievous then death unto him, who together with his own, feeles the paine of a thouſand other dying cupidities? We faile not to bewaile the loſſe of one thing, whither honour, pleaſure, or a friend: How much more when we looſe all at a blow, and looſe eternal life in one ſhort minute? The Soule of the wiſe man frees her ſelfe from the body in an acceptable time, ſhe caſts off the delectations of the fleſh, and the cares of this World while it is day-light, that ſhee may enjoy her ſelf, and be acquainted with God before the night comes. She finds by experience, that her forces are more vigorous, and her light more diſcerning, when ſhe is not ſullied with Earthly negotiations, and the groſſe affections of the body; ſhe finds that covetouſneſſe, love and feare

permit

permit her not to ſee the truth, and that the affaires of the body are the *Remora's* of the Spirit: and therefore ſhe concludes, that he muſt neglect the cryes of the fleſh, and be attentive onely to the voyce of God; and upon theſe conſiderations, ſhee ſhakes off that Bondage; ſhe deſerts the familiarity and conſultations of blood, that ſhe may adviſe with, and diſcerne the moſt clear light of truth; ſhe caſts off pleaſures, by which even Spirits are made ſubject to ſenſe and pollution. The truth is moſt pure, and will not be manifeſted, but to the pure and the undefiled: Therefore all the ſcope and the end of Virtue is, to ſeparate the Soul from the body, and to come as near death as poſſibly may be, while wee are yet alive. This is the cauſe that wiſe men do ſo much love and long for death, at leaſt they fear it not. How can he feare death, who by dying paſſeth into the life of the bleſſed? Who hath already delivered himſelfe from more feares and inconveniences then death can free him from? Yea from thoſe dangers which make death fearfull? Who before his dying day, hath diſarmed and overcome death? Shall he that all his life-time deſired to be ſeparated from the body, repine at the performance and fullfilling of

it? It were most ridiculous, if hasting towards home, thou wouldst refuse the helpe of another to convey thee thither with more speed, and be angry at thy arrivall in that Port, whither thou didst bend thy course since the first day thou didst set forth. There is no man that seeking for a friend, will not rejoyce when he hath found him. No man will be angry if another perfects what he did begin, but was not able to finish. Nature by death perfects that which Virtue had begun in life, and the endeavour dies not, but is continued, and thrives by a necessary transplantation. While he yet lived, he denyed himselfe the use of the body, because it hindred the course of the Soul; and the body dying, he doth but persist in the same just denyall. It is a greater pleasure to want, then not to use what wee doe not want.

This *Correlation* of *Death* and *Virtue* I shall exhibite, or lay out to your view, by a discussion of those honours which each of them procures. As Virtue by the Consideration of death, ordereth and preserves her Majesty; so by imitating death, she obtaines the reverence and admiration of all: What more reverend thing can wee labour for, then that, which by our reverence of it, makes the worst livers to be re-

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puted not bad? As those who are Evill, are loath to believe themselves to be such, because of an innate reverence due from every man to Virtue, which makes them love the repute of Excellencie, though not inherent, and rejoyce to be accounted good of themselves, or in their own esteem, though they be evill, taking pleasure in that self-deception: So those who have beene vitious in their lives (out of the reverence wee owe to death,) wee dare not speak evill of when they are once dead; Nay, it is not civil, nor pious, to mention the dead without commendation, either by *praise*, or else by *prayer*, & our *Christian well wishes*, as if they had been most deserving in their lives. So powerfull is the Majesty of death, that it makes the most contemptible, venerable. Those we most envie while they live, we speak well of when they are dead. Excellent is that observation of *Mimnermus*,

Against the Virtuous man we all make head,
And hate him while he lives, but praise him dead.

Envy pursues us not beyond the grave, and our honour is not free and secure til we are layd in it. That humble and quiet *dust*

stops

ſtops the lying and malicious mouth. *Socrates* foreſaw that his *draught* of *hemlock* would (after his death) make his very enemies his worſhippers: He ſaw his *Statues* erected by the ſame *decree* that did caſt him downe: And what was the *motive* (thinkſt thou) that made his enemies worſhip him dead, whom they perſecuted living? There is amongſt the people a ſecret tradition that whiſpers to them, that *thoſe who are freed from the miſeries of this life, live happily in another world.* Now happineſſe even in their opinion is worthy of honour; therefore the honour or veneration which death exacts, is a certain tribute, or a debt rather that is due to happineſſe; and if for this thou wilt adviſe with thy *Ariſtotle*, he will not deny it. The *Lacedemonians* beſtowed the *Olympick* palms and honours (which whoſoever won in his life time, he was accounted moſt happy) upon all that dyed, without exception, or extenuation; adorning the *ſtatutes* of ſome, and the *tombes* of all with the green and flouriſhing *Laurel*, eſteeming every one of the dead as happy as the moſt fortunate Victor that lived. The antient *Romans* held the greateſt honour of the living to conſiſt in the renown of their dead Anceſtors: They judged him to be highly honoured, that

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was enjoyned by any dying persons to perform some extraordinary service for them, as an Embassie, or some other weighty negotiation: And * *Callistratus* in his first book of *Questions* affirmes, *That Embassadors so employed are the most honourable; because that the suffrages and election of dying men is most venerable, as being then upon the borders of immortality, and discerning more then those who are yet in the midst of life, and more in the clouds of thick-sighted humanity.* That honour is the greatest which is done us by the honourable. Nor is this glory of death a *Relative* of the Soul only; Looke well upon the body, that provision of the worms, a frail and perishing object, but ful of Majesty. We are nothing so moved, nor doe we so gravely compose our selves at the presence of a King, as at the sight of a dead body. With how much awfulnesse doth it lye along! with what a secret mysterious command doth it check all about it! It is a silent, abstruse *Philosopher*, and makes others so too: Nor is it onely venerable, but sacred, and the *Depositum*, and *Index* of an almighty Restauratour. The honour of Sepulture is a part of Religion.

* *One of the Counsellors of Alexand. the great.*

Now, if it be argued that goodnesse consists

consists onely in utility, or benefits, it follows that nothing is good, but that which profiteth: Death then is the best, and the greatest subordinate good of all; for the death of others benefits those that see it, and their own death is most profitable to those that mind it. The *Lamæ* (who are the Priests of the *Tebitenses*) are in this point the most excellent Philosophers in the world: When they prepare to celebrate prayers, they summon the people together with the hollow, whispering sounds of certain Pipes made of the bones of dead men; they have also Rosaries, or Beads made of them, which they carry alwayes about them, and they drink constantly out of a Skull: Being asked the reason of this Ceremony by *Antonie Andrada*, who first found them out; one that was the chiefest amongst them, told him, that they did it,

The pipes of death used by the Lamæ.

Ad Fatorum memoriam.

They did therefore pipe with the bones of dead men, that those sad whispers might warn the people of the swift and invisible approach of death, whose *Musick*, they termed it, and affirmed it to be the most effectuall of any; That the Beads they wore did

did put them in minde of the fraile eſtate of their bodies, and did in prayer-time regulate and humble their thoughts; That a conſtant commemoration of death was as beneficial to the Soul as devotion, & therefore they carryed them alwaies about them as the powefull *Memento's* of their approaching departure out of the Land of the living. To this he added, that their drinking in a skull did mortifie their affections, repreſſe pleaſures, and imbitter their taſt, leſt they ſhould reliſh too much the delights of life; Laſtly, he added that this conſtant repreſentation of death, was an Antidote againſt all the ſinfull Exceſſes and deviations of man. With the ſame Medicine they ſecured themſelves from other iniquities: When they were to ſwear concerning any thing, they laid their hands upon certain *Images* ſet with the bones of dead men, by which ceremony they were put in mind of the laſt Judgement, and the Account which the *dead* and the *Quick* muſt give in that great, that impartiall and cenſorious day. Certainly this was no barbarous, but a very humane and elegant *Philoſophy*, which taught men to ſeaſon, and redeeme all the daies of their lives, with the memory of the one day of their death. Admirable was the memory of

of *Mithridates*, who was master of two and twenty Languages, and could readily discourse in every one of them; and no lesse happy was that of *Cyrus*, *Themistocles* and *Seneca*; but a constant memory of mans miseries, and his death exceeds them all. As the rootes of the tree in the Ile of *Malega*, upon that side which lookes towards the *East*, are an Antidote or preservative, but those which spread *Westward* are poysonous and deadly: So the *Cogitations* of a Christian, which are the *Roots* by which hee stickes to Heaven (for every Christian is a *Tree* reversed,) when they look towards the *West*, or setting point of life, are healing and salutiferous; but those which reflect still upon temporall things, and his abode in this World are destructive and deadly. Nature doth every minute commend unto us this memoriall of death. *Hermes* in his *sacred book* contends, that respiration was given to man, as a sign of that last efflation, in which the Soul parts from the body. Wee should therefore as often as wee breath, remember death, when we shall breath our last, when the Spirit shall returne unto him that gave it. Our whole life is nothing else but a repeated resemblance of our last expiration; by the emission of our breath we doe retaine

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it; and (as I may say) spin it out. God gave it not *continual* and *even*, like fluent *streames*, or the calme and unwearied *Emanations* of light, but refracted and shifting, to shew us that we are not permanent but transitory, and that the Spirit of life is but a *Celestial Gale* lent us for a time, that by using it well, we may secure it Eternally. Another *Hermetist* adviseth us, *Adorare relliquias ventorum*, to make much of, and to honour our Soules, which are the *breathings*, and last *dispensations* of the still fruitful, and liberal creator: This we can never do but by a frequent study of our dissolution, and the frailty of the body. Of such an effectuall goodness is death, that it makes men good before it comes, and makes sure of Eternity by a virtuous disposing of time. Thinke not that evill, which sends from so far the beams of its goodnesse. There is no good liver but is a debtor to death, by whose lendings, and premunitions we are furnished and fitted for another world.

The certainty of it, and the incertainty of the time and manner, (which is the onely circumstance that seemes to offend us,) if it were seriously considered, deserves to be the most pleasing & acceptable; for amongst all the wondrous Ordinances

of

of Divine providence, there is none more Excellent for the Government of man then death, being ſo wiſely diſpoſed of, that in the height of incertainty it comprehends and manifeſts an infallible certainty. God would have us to be alwaies good, to keepe in his likeneſſe and Image: Therfore it is his will, that we ſhould be alwaies uncertaine of our moſt certain death. Such is his care of us, leſt the knowledge of a long life, and a late death ſhould encourage us to multiply our tranſgreſſions, as the notice of a ſwift diſſolution might diſhearten and aſtoniſh us. But being left now in a poſſibility of either, we are taught to live ſoberly, and to expect the time of our change in all holyneſſe and watchfullneſſe. The poſſibility of dying ſhortly, doth leſſen the cares of life, and makes the difficulties of Virtue eaſie. Bondage and Slavery (if it be but ſhort,) is to thoſe that ſuffer it the lighter by ſo much: And a large allowance of time makes us ſlow to Virtue, but a ſhort portion quickens us, and the incertainty of that very ſhortneſſe makes us certaine to be good. For who would weep, and vexe himſelf for worldly proviſions, if he certainly knew that he ſhould live but one month? and how dares he laugh, or be negligent of his Salvation, that knowes

not

not whither hee ſhall live to ſee one day more, yea, one hour? The incertainty of death makes us ſuſpect life, and that ſuſpition keepes us from ſinning. The world was never fouler, nor more filled with abominations, then when life was longeſt, when abuſed Nature required an Expiation by waters, and the generall ſubmerſion of her deteſtable defilers. *Theophraſtus* did unjuſtly to raile at Nature, and condemne her of partiality, when he envyed the long life of ſome *plants* and inferiour *creatures*, as the *Oake*, the *Hart*, the *Ravens*; ſome of which live to *feed* and *flye* up and down in the World above *five hundred* years. He quarrelled with the wiſe diſpenſations of Divinity, becauſe a ſlight *ſuite* of feathers, and a renew'd *dreſſe* of greene leaves could weare out a building that lodged a rationall Soul, and the breath of the Almighty. Both his *wiſh* and his *reaſon* were erroneous: He erred in deſiring long life, and in judging happineſſe to conſiſt in the multitude of yeares, and not the number of good workes. The ſhortneſſe of life is lengthned by living well: When life was reckond by centuries, the innumerable ſins of the living ſo offended God, that it repented him to have made impenitent man: Thoſe that ſinned

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out of confidence of life he punished with sudden destruction. That long-liv'd generation had made the world unclean, and being polluted by their lives, it was purged by their deaths. He shorten'd afterwards the lease of life, reducing it to an hundred and twenty years, that by the diligence of frequent death, he might reform the past disorders of long life, and prevent them for the future, teaching both sexes to amend their lives by giving them death for their next neighbours. So beneficiall is death, so much profits the certainty of it, and as much the incertainty: The ignorance of the day of death is in effect the same with the knowledge of it; the first makes us watch, lest it come upon us unawares; and the last (though it might name the day to us) yet could it not arme us better against it, perhaps not so well. This incertainty of dying, certainly secures us from many errors; it makes us prudent, provident, and not evill. Death therefore is a device of the Almighty, and a wise instrument of divine policy. *Zaleucus* so highly approved of it, that he was about to enact and proclaime a Law for dying, had he not found it already published by the edict of Nature: And in his Preface to those Laws made for the *Locrenses*,

ensens, he warns them, Τὶ δεῖ δὲ πρὸ ὀμμάτων τὸν καιρὸν τοῦτον, &c. To have alwayes before their eyes that time, which is to every one the end of life, because a hearty repentance for all former injuries seiseth upon all men that thinke of death, and an earnest desire or wishing, that all their actions in life had been just. Wherefore it is expedient that in all our dealings and thoughts death should act a part, and be our familiar counsellor, ever present with us; so shall we be carefull to doe all things virtuously and justly. Death then is most necessary to govern mankinde, because the memory of it keeps us in awe, and conformable to virtue. All Commonwealths that follow the method of Nature, must approve of this Law of *Zaleucus*, and death in all their consultations should guide their lives.

Certainly in the Government of the rebellious Generation of Man, Death hath been the most awfull Engine of the Deity; without this stern he guided them not: When man was immortall, God saw it necessary to preserve his immortality by death; he injoyned the Law of Abstinence to *Adam*, under the penalty of dying, which is continued still by the same artifice of death, lest iniquities should be immortall,

tal,& wickedness should escape punishment: by the patience and submission of his only Son to death he restored dead men to life, he conferred upon him all his lost honours, renewd and confirmed his old prerogative, and together with the salvation of his Soule gave him a sure promise, that his body allso should be made Immortal; but in all these favours, and after full reconciliation, he would not remove death, but continued it still, and the incertainty as well as the certainty of it. This divine devise of death so pleased God, and was so necessary for the good of man, that though by the merits of his dying Son he changed all the former things, blotting out ordinances, abolishing Ceremonies,& opening the gates of Heaven to all believers, yet would not he Exterminate death. It was out of his mercy that he refused to abrogate it, that while corruption reigned, death also might reign over it, lest this poyson should want its Antidote. We have therefore no just cause to complain of death, which is an Invention conducing to our great good, and the incertainty of the time (though it most vexeth us) is notwithstanding the most beneficial Circumstance that attends it. The time of life is certainly known,& there is but one entrance

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to the light of this World: The Ceremony of dying is not formal; It keeps not to one time, nor one manner, but admits of all times, and many manners. Life comes into the World but one way, but hath many waies to go out. It was the benevolence of God to open so many doors to those that flye for refuge. One way is more then enough to find out dangers, but to escape them, many are but necessary. Death is not a burthen of seaven or nine monthes, but life must have time before it sets forth. And what are the first encounters of it? Tears and Bonds. It cannot avoyd Evills, and it is afeared to bear them; therefore it delaies time, and when it cannot lurk any longer, it comes forth Crying. Death leads us forth to joy and liberty: Therefore it stayes not, it seeks no corners nor protractions. Nor doth death free us onely from suffering Evills, but keeps us also from doing any: To be good every day, thou must dye dayly. The incertainty also of the time of death, and the manner of it, like a busie Monitour, warnes thee to do good, and to be good at all times, and in every place, private or publick: And the inevitablenesse of it takes away all Excuse or pretensions for thy impreparation.

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The Glory of death, is also much augmented by its facility, in redressing the difficulties of life. It is not without the Divine counsel, and a speciall priviledge that the Soule of man is so easily parted from the body; the life of beasts is more tenacious, and will suffer much indignitie and fury before it leaves them. There is no living creature more fraile, none more weak then man; the lightest stroke fells him; the Soul is very nice, and will quickly cast off the body if it persists but in the least indisposition. A single hair killed *Fabius*, and a Grape *Anacreon*; these contemptible instruments destroy'd them as effectually as the thunderbolt did *Esculapius*. *Coma* dyed as easily as he could wish, and *Baptista Mirandulus* as he could think: His Soule quitted his body without any grudging, without a disease, without poyson, without violence, or any fatall mischance. No door can keep death out, it defeats life with its own weapons, and kills us with the very Cordials and comforts of it. Perhaps no kind of death is more violent then that which sets upon us with the forces of life, because it kills when life is most vigorous and pleasant. Their owne wishes have destroyed many: And life hath oftentimes perished by her own contrivements. *Clidamus*

was killed with honour, *Diagoras* with joy, *Plato* with rest, and *Philemon* with laughter. This last is both a merry, and a frequent destroyer, and freed *Sicily* from one Tyrant. Death also makes use sometimes of our very virtues to exanimate us: Shame killed *Diodorus*, and the Mother of *Secundus* the Philosopher dyed with blushing, and an excessive modestie. Life is a fraile possession, it is a flower that requires not rude and high winds, but will fall in the very whispers and blandishments of fair weather. It is folly to labour to retain that which wil away; to fly from that which will meet us every where, yea, in the way we fly, is a vain and foolish industry. Whither we seek death or avoyd it, it will find us out: Our way to fly, and our very flight end both in death; by hasting from it, we make haste to it. Life is a journey, whose end cannot be mist; it is a steady ayming at dissolution: Though we fetch wide Compasses, and traverse our way never so often, we can neither lengthen it, nor be out of it: What path soever we take, it is the Port-roade to death. Though youth and age are two distant *Tropicks* of life, yet death is as near to the one, as to the other: And though some live more,

and

and ſome leſſe, yet death is their equal neighbour, and will viſit the young as ſoon as the old. Death is a Croſſe, to which many waies leade, ſome direct, and others winding, but all meet in one Center: It matters not which thou takeſt, nor whither thou art young or aged: But if thou beeſt young, thou maiſt come ſooner thither, then the old, who is both doting and weary. It was neceſſary that a Sanctuary being provided for the diſtreſſed, the way to it ſhould be eaſie, pervious, and at an indifferent diſtance from all parts. Good ſhould be diffuſive, and the gate that leads to it, muſt be without doors and bolts. The entrance into this life, is narrow and difficult, it is difficultly attained, difficultly retained, and lyes alwaies in the power of another. Every man may take life from us, none can take death. Life is ſubject to the Tyranny of men, but death is not; life makes Tyrants, and death unmakes them. Death is the ſlaves prerogative royall, and the Sabbath of the afflicted. *Leo Iconomachus* the Emperor, made the birth of both ſexes tributary: but death never paid taxation. It was not lawfull in his reigne to get Children without paying for them; every Infant ſo ſoon as borne, was to give

him contribution, they paid then the Excise of life. Death onely frees us from these Impositions of Tyrants.

And wilt thou then condemn liberty, and that maturity of death by which it ripens every age? wilt thou the divine liberality blame, because thy life is short, or may be so? thou hast no reason to find fault with the years already given thee, because thou shalt not have more: thou mayst as well quarrel with Nature, because she made not thy dimensions larger, and thy body heavier by eighty or a hundred pounds: he that measured thy proportion, measured thy time too: and too much of this last would have been as troublesome and unweildy as too much of the first: for

Long life, oppreſt with many woes,
Meets more, the further ſtill it goes.

Death in every age is seasonable, beneficial, and desirable: It frees the old man from misery, the youthfull from sin, and the infant from both. It takes the aged in the fullnesse of their time; It turnes the flowers of youth into fruit; and by a compendious secret improvement, matures infancy, leading it into the Gate of Heaven, when it cannot go one step upon Earth, and giving it the wings

wings of a Dove to flye, and be at reſt, before it can uſe its feet.

To theſe paſt arguments of the goodneſſe of death, I ſhall adde another. Death in the old world, (before the manifeſtation of God in the fleſh,) was the publick index, or open ſigne of hidden divinity. It is the gift of God, who gives nothing but what is good. The Divell playing the Ape, and labouring to imitate the Inimitable *Jehovah*, did by aſſerting death to be the greateſt good, mainly fortifie thoſe abominable rites and honours conferred upon him by his blind worſhipers: When they petitioned him for the greateſt bleſſing that the Gods could give to man, he (by the permiſſion of the true God whom they had deſerted) would within three daies ſtrangle them in their beds, or uſe ſome other inviſible meanes to ſet an end to their daies. Thus he ſerved *Triphonius*, *Agamedes*, and *Argia* for her three Sons: This miſerable mother requeſted of him, that hee would give the beſt thing to her children, that could be given to men: her petition was granted, and within a very ſhort time they received that which ſhe thought to be the worſt, namely death. So great is the ods betwixt ſeeming to be, and being really:

betwixt opinion and truth: yea that death which we judge to be the worst, I meane the immature, is oftentimes the best.

What greater good had deckt great Pompey's *Crown*
Then death, if in his honours fully blown,
And mature glories he had dyed? those piles
Of huge successe, lowd fame & lofty stiles
Built in his active youth, long, lazie life
Saw quite demolished by ambitious strife:
He lived to weare the weake and melting snow
Of lucklesse Age, where garlands seldom grow.
But by repining fate torne from the head.
Which were thence, are on another shed.

Neither could I ever grant that the death of Infants and Children, though commonly bewail'd as unseasonable, were the parents misfortunes, but the courtesies rather, and mercies of the almighty. To omit *Amphiaraus*, and other Ethnick instances; I shall make use of a true and Christian History, which in these later years, was the great admiration of King *Philips* Court. *Didacus Vergara*, a most noble hopefull youth, adorned with all those vertues which beautifie a blooming life, was famous in the

the mouths of all good men, and as deare in their hearts. But what was the reward (thinkest thou) of his virtuous life? An immature and almost a sudden death; So that it is not to be doubted, but it was a divine favour. Being to go into bed, he spoke to his sister, O what manner of night will this be unto me! I beseech you, deare sister, furnish me with some candles, and leave one to burn by me. About midnight he suddenly called, so that all the familie was awaked, and got up; to whom he told that he should dye that night; and desired them to send presently for his Confessour. They all imagined that he had been troubled with some dream, especially his Father, a most renowned Physitian, when he felt his pulse to beate well and orderly. But notwithstanding all this, they omitted not to send for his Confessour, who was *Gasper Pedroza*: He (as if touched with some Divine presension) was at that dead time of the night awake, and being come to the sorrowfull Father, he told him, that *Didacus* was expected in another World before day, that the Virgin-Queene of Heaven had revealed so much to him; and that hee would be gone as soon as the Sacraments could be administred unto

him. It fell out just so: For those sacred solemnities were no sooner ended, but he was dissolved, as if he had stayed onely for that spirituall refection to strengthen him in his Journey. He left this dark and low World towards the first breakings of the day, and ascending to eternity upon the wings of the morning. He might have past from thence with lesser noise, and in a shorter time; but he expired more solemnly then so; and yet without weary accessions, and the Tyranny of sicknesse: He stayed for the saving institutions of his redeemer, the businesse that detain'd him so long, was Heaven, and not the tumults of a tyring and obstinate dissolution; all this proves it to have been the hand of God, and not an unfortunate, sudden death; the precise Actions of the deity must be attended with unusuall circumstances.

Whome God doth take care for and love,
He dies young here, to live above.

There is room enough for life within the compasse of few years, if they be not cast away: Think not that to last long, and to live long is the same thing: every one

one that hath ſtayd long upon earth, hath not lived long.

Some men find fault with death, becauſe no experiment can be made of it, without an abſolute diſſolution: they would dye twice, to trye what kind of ſtate it is, that they may be fitly furniſhed againſt the ſecond time, when they muſt dye in earneſt. But this is madneſs, and were it granted them, the good they pretend would not be performed. For he that will caſt away one life without preparing for death, wil not fear to hazard another; deſperate malefactors will take no warning by reprieves. Beſides, what benefit would there be by dying twice, ſeeing that of neceſſity they muſt live twice too, and ſo be twice miſerable, if not twice impious? It is ſtrange, that theſe men who fear death, and adjudge it to be evill, ſhould deſire to have it doubled, and that which, by their good will, they would not taſt once, they will beg to chew and ſwallow downe twice; whereas if death were an Evill, it would be ſo much the leſſer by comming but once. The miſeries of life are nothing ſo civill; they are inſtant, importunate, and outragious; they will reinforce themſelves, and ſet upon us twice or thrice,

yea,

yea, a thousand times. Death is more modest, she wearies us not as long as wee are well: When our disorders have turned the harmony of life into discord and noise, then shee comes to cast those murmurers asleep, and to give the Soul peace: He is no troublesome guest that comes but once. But it were a great happinesse, thou wilt say, if men did experimentally know what it is to dye: Truely this Felicity is not wanting: Death is a most admirable, ingenious Excogitation: Though we dye but once, yet do not we dye at once: We may make, yea we do make many assaies or tryals of dying: Death insinuates it selfe, and seizeth upon us by peecemeals; it gives us a tast of it self: It is the Cronie, or Consort of life: So soon as we begin to be, wee begin to wast and vanish; we cannot ascend to life, without descending towards death: Nay we begin to dye before we appeare to live; the perfect shape of the Infant is the death of the *Embryo*, childhood is the death of Infancie, youth of Childhood, Manhood of youth, and old age of Manhood. When we are arrived at this last stage, if we stay any long time in it, and pay not the debt we owe, death requires interest; she takes his hearing from one,

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his sight from another, and from some she takes both: The extent and end of all things touch their beginning, neither doth the last minute of life do any thing else, but finish what the first began. We may know also what death is, by the apparition or Image of it. We see it, and make tryal of it assiduously: we cannot act life one day, but wee must act death at night: Life is a Terrace-walke with an Arbour at one end, where we repose, and dream over our past perambulations. This lesser rest, shewes us the greater; the Soule watcheth when wee sleepe, and Conscience in the Just as well as the unjust will be ruminating on the works of life, when the body is turned into dust. Sleepe is nothing else but death painted in a night-peece; it is a prelibation of that deepe slumber, out of which we shall not be awaked untill the Heavens be no more: We go to bed under a Scene of Stars and darknesse, but when we awake, we find Heaven changed, and one great luminary giving light to all: We dye in the state of corruption, errours, and mistinesse: But wee shall be raised in glory, and perfection, when these clouds of blacknesse that are carried about with diverse winds, and every Enemy of truth

truth ſhall vaniſh for ever, and God alone ſhall be all in all. We affect ſleepe naturally, it is the reparation of man, & a laying by of cares. The Coppy cannot match the pattern: if we love ſleep then, why ſhould wee hate the Idæa of it; why ſhould we feare death, whoſe ſhadow refreſheth us, which nature never made, nor meant to fright us with? It was her intention to ſtrengthen our hope of dying, by giving us the fruition of this reſemblance of death; leſt we ſhould grow impatient with delay, ſhe favour'd us with this ſhadow and Image of it, as Ladies comfort themſelves with the pictures of their abſent lovers. There is no part of life without ſome portion of death, as dreames cannot happen without ſleepe, ſo life cannot be without death. As ſleepe is ſaid to be the ſhadow of death; So I think dreams to be the ſhadowes of life, for nothing deceives us more frequent then it: When we ſhal be raiſed from death, we ſhal not grieve ſo much becauſe the joys of life were not real, as becauſe there were none at all. It was ſaid by one, that he had rather dream of being tormented in Hell, then glorified in *Paradiſe*: for being awaked, he ſhould rejoyce to find himſelfe in a ſoft featherbed, and not in a lake of

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unquenchable fire: But having dreamt of Heaven, it would grieve him that it was not reall. *Paracelsus* writes, that the watching of the body is the sleep of the Soul, and that the day was made for Corporeall Actions, but the night is the working-time of Spirits. Contrary natures run contrary courses: Bodies having no inherent light of their own, make use of this outward light, but Spirits need it not. Sunbeams cannot stumble, nor go out of their way. Death frees them from this dark Lantern of flesh. *Heraclitus* used to say, that men were both dead and alive, both when they dyed, and when they lived: when they lived their Soules were dead, and when they dyed, their Soules revived. Life then, is the death of the Soule, and the life of the body: But death is the life of the Soule, and the death of the body.

I shall return now to prosecute the Commendations of death, because it comes but once. Death (like the Phœnix) is onely one, lest any should be ill. That which comes but once, is with most longing looked for, and with most welcome entertained. That poor man, the owner of one Ewe, nourished her in his bosome, she did eate of his meat, and drank out of his Cup,

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as *Nathan* exemplified. The Father that hath but one Son, hath more cares, then he that hath many; so should we be more carefull to provide for death which comes but once, then for the numerous and daily calamities of life: By providing for that one, wee turne the rest all into so many joyes. Whatsoever is rare, whatsoever is pretious, it is single, and but one. There is nothing so rare, nothing that is comparable to a good death. But it is not the universality or diffusivenesse of it that makes it so, but the contempt and the subduing of it; his death is most pretious, by whom death is contemned. Dissolution is not a meere merit, but a debt we owe to nature, which the most unwilling must pay. That wisedome which can make destiny to be her servant, which can turne necessity into virtue, Mortality into Immortality, and the debt we owe to nature into a just right and Title to eternall glory, is very great. What greater advantage can there be, then to make Heaven due to us, by being indebted to nature, and to oblige Divinity by paying a temporal debt? *Clemens* called them *Golden men*, who dyed thus; that is to say, when it was necessary to dye. They made necessity their free will;

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when either the publick liberty, the prerogative of reason, or the word of God called for their sufferings: For though death be a debt due to Nature, yet in these causes, Nature doth willingly resigne her right, and God becomes the Creditor. If we pay it unto him before the time of pure resolution, Nature is better pleased with that anticipation, then if we kept our set day: He is the best debtour, that paies before the time of payment. The day of payment by the Covenant of Nature is old age, but the good man paies before the day. If the nobleness of thy mind will not incite thee to such a forward satisfaction; let the desire of gaine move thee, for the sooner thou payest, the more thou dost oblige. Hee that suffers an immature death for the good of his Country, for the sacred lawes, or the vindication of the truth of God, and not for his owne vain glory, doth free himselfe from the Natural debt, and doth at the same time make God his debtour, and all mankind? To a man that dyes thus, all men are indebted: God owes him for the Cause, and men for the effect: The last doth at least set us an example, and the first improves the faith, and gives life to Charity.

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Adde to this, that this great good of a passive death, is a voluntary imitation of the Son of God, who laid down his life for the life of the World: And it is also done without our industry; this great virtue, this glorious perfection requires not our care and activity to bring it about. This death is most pretious and the best, because it is executed by others, and not by our selves: To suffer death, not to dye, is glorious. If prisoners break their chaines, it is neither their glory, nor their security, but augments their Guilt, and hastens their condemnation: So he that violates his own body, and makes way for the Soul to flye out with his own hands, is damned by the very Act: but if another doth it to him, it is both his Salvation and his Crown. The heathens esteemed it no honour for Captives to have their bonds loosed: It was their freedome, but not their glory. When the judge himself did break off their Chaines, that they accounted honorable. By this Ceremony did *Vespasian* and *Titus* acknowledge the worth of *Joseph* the *Jew*: This vindicated his integrity: By cutting his bonds with their Imperial hand, they freed him both from captivity and disgrace. *Titus* said, that if they would break off his

his fetters, and not ſtay to take them off, his honour would be ſo perfectly repaired by it, as if he had been never bound, nor overcome. The ſame difference (in point of honour) is betwixt the naturall death and the violent: betwixt dying when wee are full of daies, and the death which Tyrants impoſe upon us, when we are mangled and grinded by their fury. This honour is then greateſt, when the body is not diſſolved, but diſtorted and broken into peeces. Certainly the beſt men have ever periſhed by the violence of Tyrants; nature (to preſerve her innocence) being very backward and unwilling (as it were) to take away ſuch great and needfull examples of goodneſſe. Treachery and violence were ordained for the juſt in the death of *Abel*; who dyed by the wicked. This better ſort of death was (in him) conſecrated to the beſt men; thoſe perſons whom Nature reſpects, and is loath to medle with, envy laies hands upon: Whom the one labours to preferre, the other plotteth to deſtroy. Nor deals ſhe thus with the good only, but with the eminent and mighty too: thus ſhe ſerved *Hector* *Alexander* and *Cæſar*: the goodlieſt object is alwaies her aim. When *Thraſybulus* the Aſtrologer told *Alexander*

lexander the *Roman*, that he ſhould end his daies by a violent death, he anſwered, that he was very glad of it, for then (ſaid he) I ſhall dye like an Emperour, like the beſt and the greateſt of men, and not ſneak out of the World like a worthleſſe, obſcure fellow. But the death of theſe *Glorioli* was not truly glorious: I have onely mentioned them, becauſe that a paſſive death (though wanting religion) hath made their honour permanent. That death is the truly glorious, which is ſeald with the joy of the ſufferers ſpirit, whoſe Conſcience is raviſhed with the kiſſes of the Dove: Who can look upon his tormentour with delight, and grow up to Heaven without diminution, though made ſhorter on Earth by the head.

This is the death which growes pretious by contempt, and glorious by diſgrace: Whoſe ſufferer runs the race ſet before him with patience, and finiſheth it with joy. We are carefull that thoſe things which are our own, may be improved to the utmoſt; and why care wee not for death? what is more ours then mortality? Death ſhould not be feared, becauſe it is ſimply, or of it ſelf, a great good, and is evill to none but to thoſe that by living

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ill make their death bad: What ever evil is in death, it is attracted from life. If thou preſerveſt a good Conſcience while thou liveſt, thou wilt have no feare when thou dyeſt, thou wilt rejoyce and walke homeward ſinging. It is life therefore that makes thee fear death: If thou didſt not fear life, if life had not blaſted the joyes of death, thou wouldſt never be afraid of the end of ſorrowes. Death therefore is of it ſelf innocent, ſincere, healthfull, and deſirable. It frees us from the malignancie and malice of life, from the ſad neceſſities and dangerous errours we are ſubject to in the body. That death, whoſe leaders are Integrity and virtue, whoſe cauſe is Religion, is the *Elixir* which gives this life its true tincture, and makes it immortal. To dye is a common and trivial thing, for the good and the bad dye, and the bad moſt of all: but to dye willingly, to dye glorioufly is the peculiar priviledge of good men. It is better to leave life voluntarily, then to be driven out of it forcibly: let us willingly give place unto poſterity. Eſteem not life for its own ſake, but for the uſe of it: Love it not, becauſe thou wouldſt live, but becauſe thou mayſt do good works while thou liveſt. Now the

greateſt

greateſt work of life is a good death. If life then ought to be leſſe eſteemed then good works, who would not purchaſe a good death with the loſſe of life? why ſhould we be afeared of politick, irreligious Tyrants, and an arm of fleſh though guarded with ſteele? Nature it ſelfe threatens us with death, and frailty attends us every hour: Why will we refuſe to dye in a good cauſe when 'tis offered us, who may dye ill the very next day after? let us not promiſe our ſelves a ſhort life, when our death aſſures us of eternal glory.

But if it were granted that death were neither good nor honourable, but evill and fearfull, why will not we take care for that which we fear? Why do we neglect that which we ſuſpect? Why, if it be evill, do not wee arme and defend our ſelves againſt it? we provide againſt dangerous contingencies, we labour againſt caſuall loſſes, and we neglect this great and enevitable perill. To neglect death, and to contemn death are two things: none are more careſull of it, then thoſe that contemne it; none feare it more then thoſe that neglect it; and which is ſtrange, they fear it not becauſe they have neglected it, but they neglect it, when they fear it: they dare not

prepare

prepare for it, for fear of thinking of it. O the madneſſe and Idleneſſe of mankind! to that, which they adjudge to be moſt Evill, they come not onely unprepared, but unadviſedly, and without ſo much as forethought. What mean we, what do we look for? Death is ſt ill working, and wee are ſtill idle, it is ſtill travelling towards us, and we are ſtill ſlumbering and folding our hands. Let us awake out of this darke and ſleepy ſtate of mind, let us ſhake off theſe dreams and vain propoſitions of diverſe luſts: let us approve of truth and realities, let us follow after thoſe things which are good; let us have true joy made ſure unto us, and a firm ſecurity in life, in death.

Sickneſs and death, you are but ſluggiſh things,
And cannot reach, a heart that hath got wings.

FINIS.

THE WORLD CONTEMNED,

IN A Parenetical Epistle written by the Reverend Father

EUCHERIUS,

Bishop of *Lyons*, to his Kinsman

VALERIANUS.

Love not the World, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. 1 Ioh. 2. 15.

They are of the world, therefore speake they of the world, and the world heareth them. Chap. 4. vers. 5.

If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. Ioh. 15. verse 18.

If ye were of the world, the world would love his own, but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therfore the world hateth you. ver. 19.

Remember the word that I said unto you, the Servant is not greater than the Lord: if they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you: If they have kept my saying, they will keepe yours also. v. 20.

London, Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, at the *Princes Armes* in St *Pauls* Church-yard. 1654.

THE WORLD

CONTEMNED,

IN A

Paenetential Epistle written by

the Reverend Father

EUCHERIUS,

Bishop of Lyons, to his Kinsman

VALERIANUS.

Advertisement.

HEribert Ros-weyd *published this peece at* Antwerp 1621. *It is mentioned by* Gennadius cap. 63. De Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis; *and* Erasmus (*long before* Ros-weyd's *Edition*) *writ some Notes upon it. The Author* Eucherius *was a* Roman *Senatour, but being converted to the Faith, he left the* Senate, *and lived in a poor* Cell *by the river* Druentium, *where his Wife* Galla *died. His two daughters,* Consortia, *and* Tullia, *having learnt* Christ, *continued both in the Virgin-life*, & signorum gloriâ claruerunt. *He sate Bishop in the chair of* Lyons (*as I find him placed by* Halvicus) *in the year of our Lord* 443. *Some will have him a Century lower, but that difference weakens not the certainty of it. The peece it self (in the Original) is most elaborate and judicious, and breaths that* togatam elegantiam *which in most of the* Roman *Senatours was not more acquired, then natural. What this* Valerian *was (more then our Authors Kinsman, by whose pen his name lives) is not certainly known. Some will have him to be* Priscus

Valerianus, *the Prafect, or Deputy of* France, *mentioned by* Sidonius Apollinaris: *Others are willing to let him passe for that* Valerian, *whose* Homilies *now extant were published by* Sirmondus. *But as it is not determinable, so is it not material: This we may safely conclude, that he was a very eminent, noble* Personage, *and one that followed too much after temporal* pomp, *and the* powers *of this* world; *though neither of them could lend him so much* light, *as would keep him from* obscuritie. *To bring down these top-branches,* Eucherius *layes the* Axe to the root of the tree, *by shewing him the* vanity, *and the* iniquity *of* riches *and* honours, *the two grand inticements of* popular spirits. *And this he doth with such powerfull and clear reasons, that to virtuous and peaceful minds he hath renderd them not only* contemptible, *but* odious. *Much more might have been spoken against them, but* (*seeing the* Age *we live in*, *hath made all his* Arguments, Demonstrations) *he hath in my judgement spoken enough.*

H. V. S.

Eucherius

EUCHERIUS

to his Kinſman

VALERIANUS, &c.

THEY are happily linked in the bond of blood, who are held together by the bond of love. And for this gift (which is deſcended upon us from the Father of lights,) both you and my ſelfe may greatly rejoyce: Whom love as well as kindred hath united, and thoſe two faire obligations have betrothed in one entire affection. One of them wee tooke from the Fathers of our fleſh, and the other from our private diſpoſitions. This double tye by which (love binding us on the one ſide, and blood on the other,) we are mutually knit together; hath inforced me to inlarge my ſelfe in this Epiſtle with ſome exceſſe more then uſuall; that I might commend unto your Conſideration the Cauſe of your owne Soul, and aſſert the work of our profeſſion

to

to be, that Supreme beatitude which is onely true, and capable of those things which are Eternal.

And indeed your own pious propension is not repugnant to the profession of holy living, who already by a forward felicity of manners have in some points prevented, and met with many things which are taught unto us by sacred learning: So that by the meanes of provident and discreet Nature, you seem unto me to have seized upon many duties of Religion; as the Concessions and Indulgences of our good God towards you, whose gift it is, that the Divine wisedome should partly find in you, and partly conferre upon you the riches of his Kingdome.

But although (by the hands of your Father, and Father in law,) you have been allready advanced and seated upon the highest pinnacles of temporall honours, and are still adorned and surrounded with illustrious titles descending from them both; Yet I desire, and long to find in you a thirst of greater and far higher honours, and shall now call you not to Earthly, but Heavenly honours, not to the dignities and splendour of one short age, but to the solid and enduring glories of eternity: For the onely true and indelible glory is, to be glorified in Eternity.

I ſhall therefore ſpeak unto you, not the wiſedome of this World, but that ſecret and hidden wiſdome which God ordained befor the World unto our glory. I ſhall ſpeake with much care and affection towards you, and with very little reſpect or animadverſion of my ſelfe; for I have in this attempt conſidered more, what I wiſh to ſee perfected in you, than what I am able to do in my ſelf.

The firſt duty of Man ordained and brought forth into this World for that end, (my moſt dear *Valerian*!) is to know his Creatour, and being known, to confeſſe him, and to reſigne or give up his life (which is the wonderfull and peculiar gift of God,) to the ſervice and worſhip of the giver; that what he received by Gods free donation, may be imployed in true devotion, and what was conferred upon him in the ſtate of wrath and unworthineſſe, may by an obedient reſignation make him pretious and beloved. For of this ſaving opinion are we; That as it is moſt certain, that we came forth firſt from God, ſo ſhould we believe it, and preſſe on ſtill towards him: Whereupon we ſhall conclude, that he onely, rightly and divinely apprehends the purpoſe of God in making man, who underſtand it thus, *That God himſelf made us for himſelf.*

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It is then our best course, to bestow our greatest care upon the Soul; So shall that which is the first and highest in dignity, be not the lowest, and last in consideration. Amongst us *Christians*, let that which is the first in order, be the first cared for; let Salvation which is the chiefest profit be our chiefest imployment. Let the safeguard and the defense of this, take up all our forces; let it be not only our chiefest, but our sole delight. As it surpasseth all other things in excellencie, so let it in our care and consideration.

Our Supreme duty is that which wee owe to God, and the next to it appertaines to the Soul. And yet these two are such loving correlates, that though every one of them is a duty of Supreme consequence, and such as by no means we may presume to neglect or omit, yet cannot wee possibly performe any one of them without the other. So that whosoever will serve God, doth at the same time provide for his own Soul; and he that is carefull for his own Soul, doth at the same time serve God. So that the state of these two soveraign duties in man, is by a certain compendious dependencie and co-intention rendred very easie, while the faithfull performance of the one, is a perfect consummation

tion of both: For by the unſpeakable tenderneſſe and mercy of God, the good wee do to our own Soules, is the moſt acceptable ſervice and ſacrifice that we can offer unto him.

Much Phyſicall curioſity, much careand many ſtrict obſervations are beſtowed upon the body; much pain it undergoes in hope of health; and deſerves the Soule no Medicine? If it be but fit and neceſſary, that diverſe helps and means of healing are ſought for the body, for the recovering onely of a temporall and tranſitory health, is it not unjuſt that the Soul ſhould be excluded, and be ſuffered to languiſh and putrifie with deadly and ſpirituall diſeaſes? Shall the Soul onely be a ſtranger to thoſe proper and pretious remedies ordained for it by the great Phyſitian? Yea rather, if ſo many things are provided for the body, let the proviſion for the Soul be far more abundant: for if it was truly ſaid by ſome, that this *fleſhly frame is the ſervant, and the Soul the Miſtris*, then will it be very undecent and injurious, if we ſhall preferre and place the ſervant before the Miſtris. It is but a juſt claim, that the better part ſhould require the better attendance; for with conſtant and intentive diligence ſhould wee look on that ſide, where the

greater

greater dignity and our most pretious treasure is laid up. It is not agreeable to reason, and it takes from the honour of our imployment, that we should subject it to the unworthier party. The flesh being allwaies inclined to vitiousnesse, drawes us back to the Earth, as to its proper center and Originall: But the Soul being descended from the Father of lights, is like the sparks of fire still flying upwards. The Soule is the Image of God in us, and the pretious pledge of his future munificence. Let us imploy all our innate forces, and all outward Auxiliaries for the preservation of this: If we manage and defend it faithfully, wee take care for, and protect the intrusted pledge and purchased possession of God. What conveniencie can wee have to build, unless we do first of all lay the foundation? but to him that hath design'd a superstructure of true blessings, the fundamentall must be Salvation. And if hee hath not laid that foundation, upon what can the Consequences he hopes for be builded? how shall he be filled with the Increase of those remunerations and afterblessings, that wants the first fruits, and denies the rewarder? what portion can he have in the joyes of Eternity, that will be wanting to his own Salvation? How can

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he live the life of the blessed, that wil not rise from death? or what will it benefit him to heape up temporal provision, and the materials of this World; when he hath stored up nothing for the comfort of his Soule? Or as our Lord *JESUS CHRIST* hath said, *What is a man profited, if hee gain the whole World, and lose his own Soul*? There can therefore be no cause for sparing and laying up, where it is manifest, that the Soul is already lost; where Salvation is forfeited, what gaine or profit can be hoped for? Or wherein shall the true treasure be laid up, or wherewith shall he receive it, when the Soules pretious vessell, and the storehouse of Eternal joyes is utterly ruined and broken? let us therefore while we have time, labour for true riches, and make earnest haste to that holy and Heavenly commerce, which is worth our looking and longing after.

Eternall life may be obtained in a very few daies: Which daies though they should be blest with an inoffensive and untainted holinesse of life, yet because they are but few, are to be lightly esteem'd of: for nothing can be rich in value, which is but short in duration: Nor can that procure any long or durable joyes, whose time of existence or abode is narrow and transient. The short

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Accommodations of this life have but short effects. It seems therefore but just unto me, that to the joyes of this present life (if it hath any) we should preferre the true and indubitable joyes of that which is everlasting. For the felicity we enjoy here, is at best but temporal, but the other is eternal; and the fruition of a transitorie, uncertaine happinesse is but a frailty and accident; but the possession of inviolable and never ending joyes, is triumph and security.

It is clear then, that the Eternal life is most blessed; for what other thing can be named, or thought upon, that is more happy then everlasting life? As for this present short life, it is so very short, that it is withall most miserable. It is prest and assaulted on every side with surrounding, inevitable sorrowes, it is distrest with many evill defects, and tost to and fro by secret and penal accidents. For what is there in all the whole World that is so uncertain, so various, and so replenished with troubles, as the course of this life? Which is full of labour, full of anguish, fraught with cares, and made ominous with dangers: which is distracted with violent and suddaine mutations, made unpleasant with bodily distempers, afflicted with thoughtfullnesse,

and

and mentall agonies, and lies naked and open to all the Whirlwinds of time and Chance? What benefit then, yea, what reason have you to turne aside, and run away from Eternal joyes, that you may pursue and follow after temporall miseries.

Do not you see, my dear *Valerian*, how every one that is provident (even in this life,) doth with plenty of all necessaries furnish that cottage or field, where hee knowes he shall reside? and where he abides but for a short time, his provision is accordingly, where he intends a longer stay, he provides likewise a greater supply? unto us also, who in this present World (being straightned on every side) have but a very short time, are Eternall ages reserv'd in the World which is to come; if so be that wee competently provide for an Eternall state, and seeke onely what is sufficient for the present, not perversely bestowing the greatest care upon the shortest and smallest portion of time, and the smallest care upon the time of greatest and endlesse extent.

And indeed I know not, which should soonest, or most effectually incite us to a pious care of life Eternal, either the blessings which are promised us in that state of glory, or the miseries which we feel in this pre-

present life. Those from above most lovingly invite and call upon us; these below most rudely and importunately would expell us hence. Seeing therefore that the continuall Evills of this life, would drive us hence unto a better, if we will not be induced by the good, let us be compelled by the Evill: Both the good and the bad agree to incite us to the best, and though at difference amongst themselves; yet both consent to make us happy. For while the one invites us, and the other compells us, both are sollicitous for our good.

If some eminent and powerfull Prince having adopted you for his Son, and copartner, should forthwith send for you by his Embassador; you would (I believe) break through all difficulties, and the wearisome extent of Sea and Land, that you might appear before him, and have your adoption ratified. God Almighty, the Maker and the Lord of Heaven and Earth, and all that is in them, calls you to this adoption, and offers unto you (if you will receive it,) that dear stile of a Sonne, by which he calls his onely begotten, and your glorious Redeemer. And will you not be inflamed and ravished with his Divine love? will you not make hast, and begin your Journey towards Heaven, lest swift de-

destruction come upon you, and the honors offered you be frustrated by a sad and sudden death?

And to obtain this adoption, you shall not need to passe through the unfrequented and dangerous Solitudes of the Earth, or to commit your selfe to the wide and perillous Sea: When you will, this adoption is within your reach, and lodgeth with you. And shall this blessing, because it is as easie in the getting, as it is great in the consequence, find you therefore backward or unwilling to attain it? How hard a matter to the lukewarme and the dissembler will the making sure of this adoption prove? for as to the faithfull and obedient it is most easie, so to the hypocrite and the rebellious, it is most difficult.

Certainly, it is the love of life that hath inslaved us so much to a delectation, and dotage upon temporal things. Therefore do I now advise you, who are a lover of life, to love it more. It is the right way of perswading, when we do it for no other end but to obtain that from you, which of your owne accord you desire to grant us. Now for this life which you love, am I an Embassadour; and intreat that this life which you love in its transient and momentary state, you would also love in the

Eter-

Eternal. But how, or in what manner you may be ſaid to love this preſent life, unleſſe you deſire to have it made moſt excellent, perfect, and eternally permanent, I cannot ſee; for that which hath the power to pleaſe you when it is but ſhort and uncertain, wil pleaſe you much more, when it is made eternal and immutable: And that which you dearly love and value, though you have it but for a time, will be much more deare and pretious to you, when you ſhall enjoy it without end. It is therefore but fit, that the temporall life ſhould look ſtill towards the Eternal, that through the one, you may paſſe into the other. You muſt not rob your ſelfe of the benefits of the life to come, by a crooked and perverſe uſe of the preſent. This life muſt not oppoſe it ſelfe to the damage and hurt of the future: For it were very abſurd and unnatural, that the love of life ſhould cauſe the deſtruction and the death of life.

Therefore whither you judg this temporall life worthy of your love, or your Contempt; my preſent argument will be every way very reaſonable. * For if you contemne it, your reaſon to do ſo, is, that you may obtain a better: and if you love it, you

+ An excellent Dilemma.

you must so much the more love that life which is eternall.

But I rather desire, that you would esteem of it, as you have found it; and judge it to be (as it is indeed) full of bitternesse and trouble, a race of tedious and various vexations; and that you would utterly forsake and renounce both it, and its occupations. Cut off at last that wearisome and endlesse chain of secular imployments, that one and the same slavery, though in several negotiations. Break in sunder those cords of vain cares, in whose successive knots you are alwayes intangled, and bound up, and in every one of which your travell is renewed and begun again. Let this rope of sands, this coherencie of vaine causes be taken away: In which (as long as men live) the tumult of affairs (being still lengthen'd by an intervening succession of fresh cares) is never ended, but runnes on with a fretting and consuming sollicitousness, which makes this present life, that is already of it selfe short and miserable enough, far more short and more miserable. Which also (according to the successe or crosnesse of affairs) lets in divers times vain and sinfull rejoycings, bitter sorrows, anxious wishes, and suspitious fears. Let us last of all cast off all those things which make this life in respect

of

of their imployment but very ſhort, but in reſpect of cares and ſorrows very long. Let us reject, and reſolutely contemn this uncertain world, and the more uncertain manners of it, wherein the Peaſant as well as the Prince is ſeldom ſafe, where things that lye low are trodden upon, and the high and lofty totter and decline. Chuſe for your ſelf what worldly eſtate you pleaſe: There is no reſt either in the *mean*, or the *mighty*. Both conditions have their miſeries, and their misfortunes: The private and obſcure is ſubject to diſdain, the publick and ſplendid unto envy.

Two prime things I ſuppoſe there are, which ſtrongly enchain, and keep men bound in ſecular negotiations; and having bewitch'd their underſtanding, retaine them ſtill in that dotage; the *pleaſure* of *riches*, & the *dignity* of *honours*. The former of which ought not to be called pleaſure, but poverty; and the latter is not dignity, but vanity. Theſe two (being joyn'd in one ſubtile league) ſet upon man, and with alternate, inſnaring knots diſturb and intangle his goings. Theſe (beſides the vain deſires which are peculiar to themſelves) infuſe into the mind of man other deadly and peſtiferous luſtings, which are their conſequents; and with a certaine pleaſing inticement

ſollicite

ſollicite and overcome the hearts of Mankind.

As for Riches (that I may ſpeake firſt of them) what is there, I pray, or what can there be more pernicious? They are ſeldom gotten without Injuſtice; by ſuch an Administrator are they gathered, and by ſuch a Steward they muſt be kept; for Covetouſneſſe is the root of all evils. And there is indeed a very great familiarity betwixt theſe two, Riches * and Vices in their names, as well as in their nature. And are they not alſo very frequently matter of diſgrace, and an evill report? Upon which conſideration it was ſaid by one, that [a] *Riches were tokens of Injuries.* In the poſſeſſion of corrupt perſons they publiſh to the world their bribery and unrighteouſneſſe, and elſwhere, they allure the eyes, and incite the ſpirits of ſeditious men to rebellion, and in the cuſtody of ſuch they bear witneſſe of the ſufferings, and the murther of innocent perſons, & the plundering of their goods.

* *Divitiæ & Vitia.*

[a] *Every rich man is either a tyrant himſelf, or the ſon of a tyrant.*

But grant that theſe diſaſters ſhould not happen, can we have any certainty, whither theſe things that make themſelves wings, will fly away after our deceaſe? *He layeth*

up

up treasure (saith the *Psalmist*) *and knoweth not for whom he gathers it.*

But suppose that you should have an heir after your own heart, doth hee not oftentimes destroy and scatter what the Father hath gathered? doth not an ill-bred son, or our ill choice of a Son-in-law prove the frequent ruin of all our labours and substance in this life? What pleasure then can there be in such riches, whose collection is sin and sorrow, and our transmission, or bequeathing of them anxious and uncertaine?

Whither then at last will this wild and devious affection of men carry them? You know how to love accidental and external goods, but cannot love your own self. That which you so much long for is abroad, and without you; you place your affection upon a forraigner, upon an enemy. Returne, or retire rather into your self, and be you dearer, and nearer to your own heart then those things which you call yours. Certainly if some wiseman, and skilfull in the affaires of this world, should converse, and come to be intimate with you, it would better please you, that he should affect your person, then affect your goods; and you would choose, that he should rather love you for your self, then for your riches; you would have

have him to be faithful unto man, not to his money. What you would have another to performe towards you, that doe you for your ſelf, who ought to be the moſt faithfull to your ſelf. Our ſelves, our ſelves wee ſhould love, not thoſe things which wee phantaſtically call ours.

And let this ſuffice to have been ſpoken againſt Riches.

As for the Honours of this world (to ſpeak generally, and without exception, for I ſhall not deſcend to particulars) what dignity can you juſtly attribute to thoſe things which the baſe man, and the bad, as well as the noble and good, promiſcuouſly obtain, and all of them by corruption and ambition? The ſame honour is not conferred upon men of the ſame merits, and dignity makes not a difference betwixt the worthy and the unworthy, but confounds them. So that which ſhould be a character of deſerts, by advancing the good above the bad, doth moſt unjuſtly make them equal; and after a moſt ſtrange manner there is in no ſtate of life leſſe difference made betwixt the worſt men, and the beſt, then in that ſtate which you term honourable. Is it not then a greater honour to be without that honour, and to be eſteemed of according to our genuine worth, and ſincere carriage.

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then according to the false gloss of promiscuous, deceiving honours?

And these very things (how big soever they look) what fleeting and frail appearances are they? We have seen of late men eminently honourable, seated upon the very spires, and top of dignity, whose incredible treasures purchased them a great part of the world; their successe exceeded their own desires, and their prodigious fortunes amazed their very wishes: But these I speak of were private prosperities. Kings themselves with all their height and imperiousnesse, with all their triumphs and glory shined but for a time. Their cloathings were of wrought of gold, their diadems sparkled with the various flames, and differing relucencies of precious stones; their Palaces were thronged with Princely attendants, their roofs adorned with gilded beams, their Will was a Law, and their words were the rules and coercive bounds of Mankind. But who is he, that by a temporal felicity can lift his head above the stage of humane chances? Behold now, how the vast sway and circumference of these *mighty* is no where to be found! their riches and precious things too are all gone, and they themselves the possessors and masters of those royal treasures! most late,

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and most famous Kingdoms (even amongst us) are now become a certaine fable. All those things which sometimes were reputed here to be very great, are now become none at all.

Nothing I think, nay I am sure, of all these riches, honours, powers went along with them from hence: All they took with them was the pretious substance of their faith and piety. These onely (when they were deprived of all other attendants) waited on them, and like faithfull, inseparable companions, travelled with them out of this world. With this provision are they now fed; with these riches, and with these honours are they adorned. In these they rest, and this goodnesse is now their greatnesse.

Wherefore, if we be taken at all with honours and riches, let us be taken with the true and durable ones: Every good man exchangeth these earthly dignities for those which are celestiall, and earthen treasures for the heavenly. He layes up treasure there, where a most exact and inconfused difference is made betwixt the good and the bad; where that which is once gotten shall be for ever enjoyed; where all things may be obtained, and where nothing can be lost.

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But ſeeing we are fallen into a diſcourſe of the frailty of temporal things, let us not forget the frail condition of this ſhort life. What is it, I beſeech you, what is it? Men ſee nothing more frequently then death, and minde nothing more ſeldome. Mankinde is by a ſwift mortality quickly driven into the *Weſt*, or ſetting point of life, and all poſterity by the unalterable Law of ſucceeding ages and generations follow after. Our fathers went from hence before us; we ſhall goe next, and our children muſt come after. As ſtreames of water falling from high, the one ſtill following the other, doe in ſucceſſive circles break and terminate at the banks; ſo the appointed times and ſucceſſions of men are cut off at the boundary of death. This conſideration ſhould take up our thoughts night and day; this memoriall of our fraile condition ſhould keep us ſtill awake. Let us alwayes thinke the time of our departure to be at hand; for the day of death, the farther we put it off, comes on the faſter, and is by ſo much the nearer to us. Let us ſuſpect it to be near, becauſe we know not how far. Let us, as the *Scripture* ſaith, *make plain our wayes before us.*

If we make this the buſineſſe of our thoughts, and meditate ſtill upon it, wee ſhall

ſhall not be frighted with the fear of death? Bleſſed and happy are all you who have already reconciled your ſelves unto *Chriſt*! no great fear of death can diſturb them, who deſire to be diſſolved that they may be with *Chriſt*; who in the ſilence of their own boſomes, quietly, and long ſince prepared for it, expect the laſt day of their pilgrimage here. They care not much how ſoon they end this temporal life, that paſſe from it into life eternal.

Let not the populacy and throng of looſe livers, or hypocriticall time-pleaſers perſwade us to a neglect of life, neither be you induced by the errours of the *many* to caſt away your particular ſalvation. What wil the multitude in that day of Gods judgement avail us, when every private perſon ſhall be ſentenced, where the examinations of works, and every mans particular actions, not the example of the common people ſhall abſolve him? Stop your ears, and ſhut your eyes againſt ſuch damnable Precedents that invite you to deſtruction. It is better to ſow in tears, and to plant eternal life with the few, then to loſe it with the multitude. Let not therefore the number of ſinfull men weaken your diligence of not ſinning; for the madneſſe of thoſe that ſin againſt their own ſoules, can be no autho-

rity unto us; I beſeech you look alwayes upon the vices of others as their ſhame, not your example.

If it be your pleaſure to look for examples, ſeek them rather from that party, which though the leaſt, yet if conſidered as it is a diſtinct body, is numerous enough: Seek them (I ſay) from that party, wherein you ſhall find thoſe ranged, who wiſely underſtood, wherefore they were born, and accordingly while they lived, did the buſineſſe of life; who eminent for good works, and excelling in virtue, pruned and dreſt the preſent life, and planted the future. Nor are our examples (though of this rare kind) only copious, but great withall, and moſt illuſtrious.

For what worldly nobility, what honours, what dignity, what wiſdom, what eloquence, or learning have not betaken themſelves to this heavenly warfare? what ſoveraignty now hath not with all humility ſubmitted to this eaſie yoke of *Chriſt*? And certainly it is a madneſſe beyond error and ignorance for any to diſſemble in the cauſe of their ſalvation. I could (but that I will not be tedious to you) out of an innumerable company produce many by name, and ſhew you what eminent and famous men in their times have forſaken

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this World, and embraced the most strict rules of *Christian* Religion. And some of these (because I may not omit all,) I shall cursorily introduce.

Clement the *Roman*, of the stock of the *Cæsars*, and the Antient Linage of the Senatours, a person fraught with Science, and most skillfull in the liberall *Arts*, betook himself to this path of the just; and so uprightly did he walk therein, that he was elected to the Episcopal dignity of *Rome*.

Gregorie of *Pontus*, a Minister of holy things, famous at first for his humane learning and eloquence, became afterwards more eminent by those Divine Graces conferr'd upon him. For (as the Faith of Ecclesiastical History testifies,) amongst other miraculous signes of his effectual devotion, he removed a Mountain by prayer, and dried up a deep lake.

Gregorius Thaumaturgus.

Gregory Nazianzen, another holy Father, given also at first to Philosophie and humane literature, declined at last those Worldly rudiments, and embraced the true and Heavenly Philosophy: To whose industry also wee owe no meaner a person then *Basil* the Great; for being his intimate acquaintance, and fellow-student in secular

Sciences, he entred one day into his *Auditory*, where *Basilius* was then a Reader of *Rhetorick*, and leading him by the hand out of the School; dissuaded him from that imployment with this gentle reproofe, *Leave this Vanity, and study thy Salvation.* And shortly after both of them came to be famous and faithfull Stewards in the house of God, and have left us in the Church, most usefull and pregnant Monuments of their Christian learning.

Thou hast his life annexed to this Epistle: as a precedent after these precepts.

Paulinus Bishop of *Nola*, the great Ornament and light of *France*, a person of Princely revenues, powerfull eloquence, and most accomplish'd learning, so highly approved of this our profession, that *choosing for himself the better part*, he divided all his Princely Inheritance amongst the poor, and afterward filled most part of the World with his elegant and pious writings.

Hilarius of late, and *Petronius* now in *Italie*, both of them out of the fulnesse of Secular honours and power, betook themselves to this Course; the one entring [a] into the religion, the other into the Priesthood.

[a] Hilarius *about this time (which was* 435. *years after* Christ*) did lead a monastical life; but upon the death of* Honoratus, *he was elect-*

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ed his successour in the Bishoprick of Orleans, *in which dignity he continued not long, for being addicted to solitarinesse, he resigned it, and turned into the Wildernesse.*

And when shall I have done with this great cloud of witnesses, If I should bring into the field all those eloquent Contenders for the Faith, *Firmianus*, *Minutius*, *Cyprian*, *Hilary*, *Chrysostome* and *Ambrose*? These I believe spoke to themselves in the same words which [a] another of our profession used as a spurre to drive himselfe out of the Secular life into this blessed and Heavenly vocation; They said, I believe: *What is this? The unlearned get up, and lay hold upon the Kingdome of Heaven, and we with our learning, behold where we wallow in flesh and blood.* This (sure) they said, and upon this consideration they also rose up, and tooke the Kingdome of Heaven by force.

St. *Augustine.*

Having now in part produced these reverend witnesses, whose zeal for the Christian faith hath exceeded most of their successours, though they also were bred up in secular rudiments, perswasive eloquence, and the Pomp and fulnesse of honours; I shall descend unto Kings themselves, and to that head of the World, the *Roman* Em-

pire. And here I think it not necessary that those Royal, religious Antients of the old World should be mentioned at all. Some of their posterity, and the most renowned in our *Sacred* Chronicles I shall make use of; as *David* for Piety, *Josiah* for Faith, and *Ezechias* for Humility. The later times also have been fruitfull in this kinde, nor is this our age altogether barren of pious Princes, who draw near to the Knowledge of the onely true and Immortal King, and with most contrite and submissive hearts acknowledge and adore the Lord of Lords. The *Court*, as well as the *Cloyster*, hath yeelded Saints, of both Sexes. And these in my opinion are more worthy your Imitation, then the mad and giddy Commonalty; for the examples of these, carry with them in the World to come Salvation, and in the present World, Authority,

You see also how the dayes and the years, and all the bright Ornaments and Luminaries of Heaven, do with an unwearied duty execute the commands and decrees of their Creatour; and in a constant, irremissive tenour continue obedient to his ordinances. And shall wee (for whose use these lights were created, and set in the firmament,) seeing we know our Masters will,

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and are not ignorant of his Commandements, ſtop our ears againſt them? And to theſe Vaſt members of the Univerſe it was but once told, what they ſhould obſerve unto the end of the World; but unto us line upon line, precept upon precept, and whole volumes of Gods Commandements are every day repeated. Adde to this, that man (for this alſo is in his power) ſhould learn to ſubmit himſelf to the will of his Creator, and to be obedient to his Ordinances; for by paying his whole duty unto God, he gives withall a good example unto men.

But if there be any that will not returne unto their maker and be healed, can they therefore eſcape the Arme of their Lord, in whoſe hand are the Spirits of all fleſh? Whither will they fly, that would avoyd the preſence of God? What Covert can hide them from that *Eye* which is every where, and ſees all things? Let them heare thee, holy *David*, let them heare thee.

Pſalm 139.

Whither ſhall I go from thy preſence, or whither ſhall I flee from thy Spirit? If I aſcend up into Heaven, thou

art there: if I make my bed in Hell, behold thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the Sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, surely the darknesse shall cover me: even the night shall be light about thee.

Yea the darknesse hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

Therefore (willing or unwilling) though they should absent themselves from the Lord of all the world by their Wills, yet shall they never be able to get their persons out of his Jurisdiction and Supreme right. They are absent from him indeed in their love and affections: But he is present with them in his prerogative and anger. So then being runagates, they are shut up, and (which is a most impious madnesse) they live without any consideration or regard of God, but within his power. And if these being earthly Masters, when their servants run away from them; with a furious and hasty search pursue after them; or if they

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renounce their service, prosecute them for it, and become the assertours of their owne right over them; why will not they themselves render unto their Master which is in Heaven his most just right? Why will they not stay in his Family, and freely offer themselves unto his service, and be as impartial Judges in the cause of God as in their own?

Why with so much dotage do we fixe our Eyes upon the deceitfull lookes of temporal things? Why do we rest our selves upon those thornes onely, which wee see beneath us? Is it the Eye alone that wee live by? Is there nothing usefull about us but that wanderer? We live also by the eare, and at that Inlet wee receive the glad tydings of Salvation, which fill us with earnest grones for our glorious liberty and the consummation of the promises; Whatsoever is promised, whatsoever is preached unto us, let us wait for it with intentive wishes, and most eager desires. That faithfull one, the blessed Author of those promises assures us frequently of his fidelity and performance, let us covet earnestly his best promises.

But notwithstanding this which hath been spoken, if a sober and virtuous use were made of the Eye, we might by that

very faculty be drawn t o a certaine ſacred longing after Immortality, and the powers of the World to come; if that admiration, which by contemplating the rare frame of the World wee are uſually filled with, were returned upon the glorious Creatour of it, by our praiſes and benediction of him; Or if we would meditate what a copious, active and boundleſſe light ſhall fill our eyes in the ſtate of Immortality, ſeeing ſo fair a luminary is allowed us in the ſtate of corruption: Or what tranſcendent beauty ſhall be given to all things in that eternall World, ſeeing this tranſitory one is ſo full of Majeſty and freſhneſſe; There can be no excuſe for us, if we ſollicite the faculties of theſe members to abuſe and perverſeneſſe: Let them rather be commodiouſly applyed to both lifes, and ſo miniſter to the uſe of the temporall, as not to caſt off their duty to the Eternal.

But if pleaſure and love delight us, and provoke our Senſes, there is in Chriſtian Religion, a love of infinite comfort, and ſuch delights as are not nauſeous and offenſive after fruition. There is in it, that which not onely admits of a moſt vehement and overflowing love, but ought alſo to be ſo beloved; namely, God, bleſſed for evermore, the onely beautifull, delightfull,

full, immortal and Supreme good, whom you may boldly and intimately love as well as piously; if in the room of your former earthly affections, you entertain Heavenly and holy desires. If you were ever taken with the magnificence and dignity of another person, there is nothing more magnificent then God. If with any thing that might conduce to your honour and glory; there is nothing more glorious then him: If with the splendour and excellencie of pompous showes, there is nothing more bright, nothing more excellent. If with fairnesse and pleasing objects, there is nothing more beautifull. If with verity and righteousnesse, there is nothing more just, nothing more true. If with liberality, there is nothing more bountifull. If with incorruption and simplicity, there is nothing more sincere, nothing more pure then that Supreme goodnesse. Are you troubled that your treasure and store is not proportionable to your mind? The Earth and the fullnesse thereof are under his lock: Do you love any thing that is trusty and firm? There is not hing more friendly, nothing more faithfull then him: Do you love any thing that is beneficial? There is no greater benefactor. Are you delighted with the gravity or gentlenes of any object? there is nothing

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more terrible then his Almightineſſe, nothing more mild then his goodneſſe. Do you love refreſhments in a low eſtate, and a merry heart in a plentifull? Joy in proſperity, and comforts in adverſity are both the diſpenſations of his hand. Wherefore it ſtands with all reaſon, that you ſhould love the giver more then his gifts, and him from whom you have all theſe things, more then the things themſelves. Riches, Honours, and all things elſe, whoſe preſent luſtre attracts and poſſeſſeth your heart, are not onely with him, but are now alſo had from him.

Recollect your diſperſed, and hitherto ill-placed affections, imploy them wholly in the Divine ſervice. Let this diſſolute love and compliance with worldly deſires become chaſt piety, and wait upon ſacred affaires. Call home your devious and runnagate thoughts, which opinion and cuſtome have ſadly diſtracted; and having ſuppreſt old errors, direct your love to his proper object, beſtow it wholy upon your Maker. For all that you can love now is his, his alone, and none elſe. For of ſuch infiniteneſſe is he, that thoſe who do not love him, deale moſt injuriouſly: becauſe they cannot love any thing, but what is his.

But I would have an impartial judgement to consider, whether it be just for him to love the work, and hate the Workman; and having cast by, and deserted the Creator of all things, to run and seize upon his creatures every where, and without any difference, according to his perverse and insatiable lust. Whereas it behoved him rather to invite God to be gratious and loving to him, by this very affection to his works, if piously layd out. And now man gives himself over to the lusts and service of his own detestable figments, and most unnaturally becomes a lover of the Art, and neglects the Artificer, adores the Creature, and despiseth the Creator.

And what have we spoken all this while of those innumerable delights which are with him? or of the infinite and ravishing sweetnesse of his ineffable Goodnesse? the sacred and inexhaustible treasure of his Love? or when will it be that any shall be able to expresse or conceive the dignity and fulnesse of any one Attribute that is in him? To love him then is not onely delightfull, but needfull: For not to love him, whom even then when we love, we cannot possibly requite, is impious; and not to returne him such acknowledgements as we are able, whom if we would, we can never re-

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compence, is most unjust: For what shall we render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards us? What shall we render unto him for this one benefit, that he hath given salvation to man by faith, and ordained that to be most easie in the *fact*, by which he restored hope to the subjected world, and eternal life unto lost man?

And that I may now descend unto those things which were sometimes out of his Covenant, I mean the Nations and Kingdomes of the Gentiles, doe you think that these were made subject to the *Roman* power, and that the dispersed multitude of Mankind were incorporated (as it were) into one body under one head for any other end, but that (as Medicines taken in at the mouth are diffused into all parts of the body) so the Faith by this means might with more ease be planted and penetrated into the most remote parts of the world. Otherwise by reason of different powers, customs, and languages, it had met with fresh and numerous oppositions, and the passage of the Gospel had been much more difficult. Blessed *Paul* himself describing his course in planting the Faith amongst this very people, writes in his Epistle to the *Romans*, *That from Hierusalem and round about to Illyricum he had fully preached the Gospel*

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of Christ. And how long (without this preparation in the fulnesse of time) might this have been in doing, amongst Nations, either innumerable for multitude, or barbarous for immanitie? Hence it is that the whole earth now from the rising of the Sun unto the going down thereof, from the farthest North and the frozen sea breaks forth into singing, and rings with the glorious name of *Jesus Christ.* Hence it is, that all parts of the world flock and run together to the Word of Life: The *Thracian* is for the Faith, the *African* for the Faith, the *Syrian* for the Faith, and the *Spaniard* hath received the Faith. A great argument of the divine clemency may be gathered out of this, that under *Augustus Cæsar*, when the *Roman* power was in the height, and *Acmie*, then the Almighty God came down upon the earth and assumed flesh. Therfore that I may now make use of those things, which you also are versed in, it may be clearly proved (if any skilled in your Histories would assert the truth) that from the first foundation of the *Roman* Empire (which is now one thousand one hundred and eighty five years ago) what ever additions and growth it gathered either in the

This letter was written in the year of our Lord 435.

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reign of their first *Kings*, or afterwards under the administration of *Consuls*, all was permitted by the onely wise, and almighty God to prepare the world against the coming of *Christ*, and to make way for the propagation of the Faith.

But I return thither, from whence I have digrest. *Love not the world* (saith *St. John*) *neither the things that are in the world*; for all those things with delusive, insnaring shews, captivate our sight, and will not suffer us to look upwards. Let not that faculty of the eye which was ordained for light, be applyed to darknesse, being created for the use of life, let it not admit the causes of death. Fleshly lusts (as it is divinely spoken by the Apostle) war against the soul, and all their accoutrements are for the ruin and destruction of it. A vigilant guard doe they keep, when they are once permitted to make head, and after the manner of forraign and expert enemies, with those forces they take from us, they politickly strengthen and increase their own.

Thus hitherto have I discoursed of those splendid allurements, which are the chiefest and most taking baits of this subtile world, I mean Riches and Honours. And with such earnestnesse have I argued against them, as if those blandishments had still

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ſome force. But what beauty ſoever they had, when caſt over heretofore with ſome pleaſing adumbrations, it is now quite worn away, and all that paint and couſenage is fallen off. The world now hath ſcarce the art to deceive. Thoſe powerfull and bewitching lookes of things, beautiful ſometimes even to deception, are now withered, and almoſt loathſome. In former times it laboured to ſeduce us with its moſt ſolid and magnificent glories, and it could not. Now it turnes cheat, and would entice us with toyes, and ſlight wares, but it cannot. Reall riches it never had, and now it is ſo poor, that it wants counterfeits. It neither hath delectable things for the preſent, nor durable for the future; unleſſe wee agree to deceive our ſelves, the world in a manner cannot deceive us.

But why delay I my ſtronger arguments? I affirm then that the forces of this world are diſperſed and overthrown, ſeeing the world it ſelf is now drawing towards its diſſolution, and pants with its laſt gaſps, and dying anhelations. How much more grievous and bitter will you think this aſſertion, that for certain it cannot laſt very long? What ſhould I trouble my ſelf to tell you that all the utenſils and moveables of it are decayed and wafted? And no marvell

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that it is driven into these defects, and a consumption of its ancient strength, when now grown old and weary it stoopes with weaknesse, and is ready to fall under the burthen of so many ages.

These latter years and decrepitness of time are fraught with evils and calamities, as old age is with diseases. Our forefathers saw, and we still see in these last dayes the plagues of famine, pestilence, war, destruction, and terrours. All these are so many acute fits and convulsions of the dying world. Hence it is that such frequent signs are seen in the firmament, excessive Ecclipses, and faintings of the brightest Luminaries, which is a shaking of the powers of heaven; sudden and astonishing Earthquakes under our feet, alterations of times and governments, with the monstrous fruitfulnesse of living creatures; all which are the prodigies, or fatall *symptomes* of time going indeed still on, but fainting, and ready to expire. Nor is this confirmed by my weak assertions onely, but by sacred authority and the Apostolical Oracles: For there it is written, that *upon us the ends of the world are come*, 1 Co. 10.11 Which divine truth seeing it hath been spoken so long agoe, what is it that we linger for, or what can we expect? That day, not onely

ly ours, but the laſt that ever the preſent world ſhall ſee, calls earneſtly for our preparation. Every hour tels us of the coming on of that inevitable hour of our death, ſeeing a double danger of two finall diſſolutions threatens every one in particular, and all the world in generall. Wretched man that I am! the mortality of this whole frame lyes heavily upon my thoughts, as if my own were not burthenſome enough. Wherefore is it that we flatter our ſelves againſt theſe ſure fears. There is no place left for deviation: A moſt certain decree is paſt againſt us, on the one ſide is written every mans private diſſolution, and on the other the publick and univerſal.

How much more miſerable then is the condition of thoſe men (I will not ſay, in theſe out-goings, or laſt walks of time, but in theſe decayes of the worlds goodly things) who neither can enjoy ought that is pleaſant at the preſent, nor lay up for themſelves any hope of true joyes hereafter. They miſſe the fruition of this ſhort life, and can have no hope of the everlaſting: They abuſe theſe temporal bleſſings, and ſhall never be admitted to uſe the eternall. Their ſubſtance here is very little, but their hope there is none at all. A moſt wretched and deplorable condition! unleſs

less they make a virtue of this desperate necessity, and lay hold on the onely soveraign remedy of bettering their estate, by submitting in time to the wholsome rules of heavenly and saving reason. Especially because the goodliest things of this present time, are such rags and fragments, that he that loseth the whole fraught, and true treasure of that one precious life which is to come, may be justly said to lose both.

It remaines then, that we direct and fixe all the powers of our minds upon the hope of the life to come. Which hope (that you may more fully and clearly apprehend it) I shall manifest unto you, under a type or example taken from temporal things. If some man should offer unto another five peeces of silver this day, but promise him five hundred peeces of gold, if he would stay till the next morning, and put him to his choice, whither he would have the silver at present, or the gold upon the day following, is there any doubt to be made, but he would chuse the greater sum, though with a little delay? Goe you and doe the like: Compare the Crummes and perishing pittance in this short life, with the glorious, and enduring rewards of the eternall: And when you have done, chuse not the least and the worst, when you may have the

the greateſt and the beſt. The ſhort fruition of a little is not ſo beneficial, as the expectation of plenty. But ſeeing that all the fraile goods of this world are not onely ſeen of us, but alſo poſſeſſed by us: It is moſt manifeſt that hope cannot belong unto this world, in which we both ſee and enjoy thoſe things we delight in: For *Hope that is ſeen is not hope; for what a man ſeeth, why doth he yet hope for?* Rom. 8. *ver.* 24. Therefore however hope may be abuſed, and miſapplyed to temporal things, it is moſt certaine that it was given to man and ordained for the things that are eternal; otherwiſe it cannot be called hope, unleſſe ſomething bee hoped for, which as yet (or for the preſent life) is not had. Therefore the ſubſtance of our hope in the world to come is more evident and manifeſt, then our hope of ſubſtance in the preſent.

Conſider thoſe objects which are the cleareſt and moſt viſible; when we would beſt diſcern them, we put them not into our eyes, becauſe they are better ſeen and judged of at a diſtance. It is juſt ſo in the caſe of preſent things and the future: For the preſent (as if put into our eyes) are not rightly and undeceivably ſeen of us; but the future, becauſe conveniently diſtant, are moſt clearly diſcerned.

Nor

Nor is this trust and Confidence wee have of our future happinesse built upon weak or uncertain Authors, but upon our Lord and Master *JESUS CHRIST*, that allmighty and faithfull witnesse, who hath promised unto the just, a Kingdome without end, and the ample rewards of a most blessed eternity. Who also by the ineffable Sacrament of his humanity, being both God and Man, reconciled Man unto God, and by the mighty and hidden mystery of his passion, absolved the World from sinne. For which cause he was manifested in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of Angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed upon in the World, and received into glory. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: that at the name of *JESUS* every knee should bow, of things in Heaven, and things in Earth, and things under the Earth. And that every tongue should confesse that the Lord *JESUS* is in glory, both God and King before all ages.

Philip. Chap. 2. ver. 9, 10.

Casting off then the vaine and absurd precepts of Philosophy, wherein you busie your selfe to no purpose, embrace at last the true and saving Knowledge of Christ.

You

You shall find even in that, imployment enough for your eloquence and wit, and will quickly discern how far these precepts of piety and truth surpasse the conceits and delirations of Philosophers. For in those rules which they give, what is there but adulterate virtue, and false wisedom? and what in ours, but perfect righteousnesse and sincere truth? Whereupon I shall Justly conclude, that they indeed usurpe the name of Philosophy, but the substance and life of it is with us. For what manner of rules to live by could they give, who were ignorant of the first Cause, and the Fountain of life? For not knowing God, and deviating in their first principles from the Author, and the Wel-spring of Justice; they necessarily erred in the rest: Hence it happened, that the end of all their studies was vanity and dissention. And if any amongst them chanced to hit upon some more sober and honest Tenets, these presently ministred matter of pride and Superstitiousnesse, so that their very Virtue was not free from vice. It is evident then, that these are they, whose *Knowledge is Earthy, the disputers of this world, the blind guides*, who never saw true justice, nor true wisedome. Can any one of that School of *Aristippus* be

be a teacher of the truth, who in their Doctrine and Conversation differ not from swine and unclean beasts, seeing they place true happinesse in fleshly lusts? whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame. Can he be a Master of Sobriety and Virtue, in whose School the riotous, the obscene, and the adulterer are Philosophers? But leaving these blind leaders, I shall come againe to speak of those things which were the first motives of my writing to you.

I advise you then, and I beseech you, to cast off all their *Axioms*, or general *Maxims* collected out of their wild and irregular disputations, wherein I have knowne you much delighted; & to imploy those excellent abilities bestowed upon you in the study of holy Scripture, & the wholsom instructions of Christian Philosophers. There shall you be fed with various and delightfull learning, with true and infallible wisedome. There (to incite you to the Faith) you shall hear the Church speaking to you, though not in these very words, yet to this purpose, *He that believes not the word of God, understands it not.* There you shall hear this frequent admonition; *Feare God, because he is your Master, honour him because he is your Father.* There it shall be told

told you, *that the most acceptable Sacrifice to God are justice and mercy.* There you shall be taught, that, *If you love your self, you must necessarily love your neighbour; for you can never do your selfe a greater Courtesie, then by doing good to another.* There you shall be taught, that, *there can be no worldly cause so great, as to make the death of a man legal or needfull.* There you shall hear this precept against unlawfull desires. *Resist lust as a most bitter enemy, that useth to glory in the disgrace of those bodies he overcommeth.* There it will be told you of Covetousnesse, *That it is better not to wish for those things you want, than to have all that you wish.* There you shall hear, that *he that is angry, when he is provoked, is never not angry, but when not provoked.* There it will be told you of your Enemies, *Love them that hate you, for all men love those that love them.* There you shall hear, *that he laies up his treasure safeliest, who gives it to the poor, for that cannot be lost which is lent to the Lord.* There it will be told you, *that the fruite of holy marriage is chastity.* There you shall hear, *that the troubles of this World happen as well to the just, as the unjust.* There it will be told you, *that it is a more dangerous sicknesse to have the mind*

 infected

infected with vices, then the body with diseases. There to shew you the way of peace and gentlenesse you shall hear, *that amongst impatient men, their likenesse of manners is the cause of their discord.* There to keepe you from following the bad examples of others, it will be told you, *That the wise man gains by the fool, as well as by the prudent: the one shewes him what to imitate, the other what to eschew.* There also you shall hear all these following precepts. *That the ignorance of many things is better then their Knowledge; and that therefore the goodnesse or mercy of God is as great in his hidden will, as in his reveaded. That you should give God thanks as well for adversity, as for prosperity; and confesse in prosperity, that you have not deserved it. That there is no such thing as Fate, and for this let the Heathens examine their owne Lawes, which punish none but willfull and premeditating offenders.* There to keep you stable in faith, it will be told you, *That he that will be faithfull, must not be suspitions; for we never suspect, but what wee slowly believe.* There also you shall hear, *that Christians when they give any attention to the noyse and inticements of their passions, fall headlong from Heaven unto Earth.* It will be also told you there, *that*

seeing

ſeeing the wicked do ſometimes receive good things in this world, and the juſt are afflicted by the unrighteous, thoſe that believe not the final Judgement of God after this life, do (as far as it lies in them) make God unjuſt, and far be this from your thoughts. There it will be told you about your private affaires, *that what you would have hidden from men, you ſhould never do, what from God, ye ſhould never think*. There you ſhall here this rebuke of deceivers; It is leſſer damage to be deceived, then to deceive. Laſtly you ſhall hear this reproofe of ſelf-conceit, or a fond opinion of our owne worth; flye vanity, and ſo much the more, the better thou art: all other vices increaſe by vitiouſneſſe, but vanity is oftentimes a bubble that ſwims upon the face of Virtue. Theſe few rules, as a taſt and invitation, I have (out of many more) inſerted here for your uſe.

But if you will now turn your Eyes towards the ſacred Oracles, and come your ſelf to be a ſearcher of thoſe Heavenly treaſures, I know not which will moſt raviſh you, the *Casket*, or the *Jewell*, the *Language* or the *Matter*. For the Booke of God, while it ſhines and glitters with glorious irradiations within, doth after the manner of moſt pretious gems, drive the

beholders Eyes into a ſtrong and reſtleſſe admiration of its moſt rich and inſcrutable brightneſſe. But let not the weakneſſe of your Eyes make you ſhun this Divine light, but warme your Soul at the beames of it, and learne to feede your inward man with this myſtical and healthfull foode.

I doubt not but (by the powerful working of our mercifull God upon your heart,) I ſhall ſhortly find you an unfeyned lover of this true Philoſophie, and a reſolute oppoſer of the falſe; renouncing alſo all worldly oblectations, and earneſtly coveting the true and eternall. For it is a point of great impiety and imprudence, ſeeing God wrought ſo many marvellous things for the Salvation of man, that he ſhould do nothing for himſelf: and ſeeing that in all his wonderfull works he had a moſt ſpeciall reguard of our good, we our ſelves ſhould eſpecially neglect it. Now the right way to care for our Soules, is to yeild our ſelves to the love and the ſervice of God: For true happineſſe is obtained by contemning the falſe felicities of this World, and by a wiſe abdication of all earthly d - lights, that we may become the Chaſt and faithfull lovers of the Heavenly. Wherefore henceforth let all your words and actions

be

be done either to the glory of God, or for Gods ſake. Get Innocence for your Companion, and ſhe is ſo faithfull, that ſhe will be alſo your defendreſſe. It is a worthy enterpriſe to follow after Virtue, and to perform ſomething while we live, for the example and the good of others: nor is it to be doubted, but the mind, by a virtuous courſe of life, will quickly free it ſelfe from thoſe intanglements and deviations it hath been formerly accuſtomed to. That great Phyſition to whoſe cure and care we offer our ſelves, will daily ſtrengthen and perfect our recovery.

And what eſtimation or value (when in this ſtate) can you lay upon thoſe glorious remunerations that will be laid up for you againſt the day of recompence? You ſee that God, even in this life, hath mercifully diſtributed unto all (without any difference) his moſt pleaſant and uſefull light. The pious and the impious are both allowed the ſame Sunne, all the creatures obediently ſubmit themſelves to their ſervice: And the whole Earth with the fullneſſe thereof is the indifferent poſſeſſion of the juſt and unjuſt. Seeing then that he hath given ſuch excellent things unto the impious, how much more glorious are thoſe things which he reſerves for the pi-

ous? he that is ſo great in his free gifts, how excellent will he be in his rewards? He that is ſo Royal in his daily bounty, and ordinary magnificence; how tranſcendent will hee be in his remunerations and requitalls? Ineffable and beyond all conception are thoſe things which God hath prepared for thoſe that love him; And that they are ſo is moſt certain: For it is altogether incomprehenſible, and paſſeth the underſtanding of his moſt choſen veſſels to tell, how great his reward ſhall be unto the juſt, who hath given ſo much to the unthankfull and the unbelieving.

Take up your Eyes from the Earth, and look about you, my moſt dear *Valerian*; ſpread forth your ſailes, and haſten from this ſtormy Sea of Secular negotiations, into the calme and ſecure harbour of Chriſtian Religion. This is the onely Haven into which we all drive from the raging Surges of this malitious World. This is our ſhelter from the lowd and perſecuting whirlwinds of time: Here is our ſure ſtation and certain reſt: Here a large and ſilent receſſe, ſecluded from the World, opens and offers it ſelfe unto us. Here a pleaſant, ſerene tranquillity ſhines upon us. Hither when you are come, your weather-beaten Veſſell (after all your fruitleſſe toiles) ſhall at laſt find reſt,

and

and ſecurely ride at the Anchor of the *Croſs*.

But it is time now that I ſhould make an end. Let then (I beſeech you,) the truth and the force of Heavenly Doctrine Epitomized here by me, be approved of and uſed by you to the glory of God and your own good. Theſe are all my precepts at preſent: pardon the length, and acknowledge my love.

Gloria tibi mitiſſime Jeſu !

Primitive Holineſs,

Set forth in the

LIFE

of bleſſed

PAULINUS,

The moſt Reverend, and Learned BISHOP of

NOLA:

Collected out of his own Works, and other Primitive Authors by

Henry Vaughan, Siluriſt.

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2 Kings *cap.* 2. *v.r.* 12.

My Father, my Father, the Chariot of Iſrael, *and the Horſmen thereof.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Moſeley* at the *Prince's Armes* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard. 1654.

TO THE READER.

IF *thou loveſt* Heaven, *and the beauty of Immortality, here is a* guide *will lead thee into that* houſe of light. *The* earth *at preſent is not worth the enjoying, it is corrupt, and poyſoned with the* curſe. *I exhort thee therefore to look after a* better country, an inheritance that is undefiled and fadeth not away. *If thou doeſt this, thou ſhalt have a portion given thee here, when* all things ſhall be made new. *In the mean time I commend unto thee the memorie of that* reſtorer, *and the* reward *he ſhall bring with him in the* end of this world, *which truely draws near, if it be not* at the door. *Doat not any more upon a withered, rotten* Gourd, *upon the ſeducements and falſhood of a moſt odious, decayed* Proſtitute; *but look up to Heaven, where* wealth *without* want, delight *without* diſtaſt, *and* joy *without* ſorrow (*like undefiled and incorruptible* Virgins) *ſit cloathed with* light,

and

and crowned with glory. *Let me incite thee to this* ſpeculation *in the language of* Ferarius; Deſine tandem aliquando prono in terram vultu, vel præter naturam brutum animal, vel ante diem ſilicernium videri. Cœlum ſuſpice, ad quod natus, ad quod erectâ ſtaturâ tuendum tenendumque factus es. Immortalia ſydera caducis floſculis præfer, aut eadem eſſe Cœli flores exiſtimato noſtratibus Amaranthis diuturniores. *Farewel, and neglect not thy own happineſs.*

H. V.

THE

THE LIFE OF HOLY *PAULINUS*, THE BISHOP of *NOLA*.

BEn *Sirach* finishing his Catalogue of holy men (to seal up the summe, and to make his list compleat) brings in *Simon* the Sonne of *Onias* : And (after a short narration of his pious care in repairing and fortifying the Temple) hee descends to the particular excellencies, and sacred perfections of his person. Which to render the more fresh and sweet unto posterity, he adornes with these bright and flowrie *Encomiums*.

1. *He was as the Morning-star in the midst of a cloud, and as the Moon at the full.*

2. *As*

2. *As the Sunne shining upon the temple of the most high, and as the Rain-bow giving light in the bright clouds.*

3. *As the flower of Roses in the spring of the year, as Lilies by the rivers of waters, and as the branches of the Frankincense-tree in the time of summer.*

4. *As fire and Incense in the Censer, and as a vessel of beaten gold set with all manner of precious stones.*

5. *As a fair Olive-tree budding forth fruit, and as a Cypresse tree which groweth up to the clouds.*

6. *When he put on the robe of honour, and was cloathed with the perfection of glory, when he went up to the holy Altar, he made the garment of holinesse honourable.*

Most great (indeed) and most glorious Assimilations, full of life, and full of freshnesse! but in all this beauty of holinesse, in all these spices and flowers of the Spouse, there is nothing too much, nothing too great for our most great and holy *Paulinus*. The Saints of God (*though wandring in sheep-skins, and goat-skins, in caves, and in mountains*) become eminently famous,

mous, and leave behind them a more glorious and enduring memory, then the most prosperous tyrants of this world; which like noysome exhalations, moving for a time in the Eye of the Sun, fall afterwards to the earth, where they rot and perish under the *chaines of darknes*. The fame of holy men (like the *Kingdome of God*) is a *seed that grows secretly*; the dew that feeds these plants comes from him, that *sees in secret, but rewards openly*. They are those *trees* in the Poet,

Which silently, and by none seen,
Grow great and green.

While they labour to conceal, and obscure themselves, they shine the more. And this (saith *Athanasius* in the life of *Antonie* the great) *is the goodnesse of God, who useth to glorifie his servants, though unwilling, that by their examples he may condemn the world, and teach men, that holinesse is not above the reach of humane nature.* Apposite to my present purpose is all this prolusion, both because this blessed Bishop (whose life I here adventure to publish) was a person of miraculous perfections and holynesse, and because withall he did most diligently endeavour to vilifie his own excellent abilities, and to make himselfe of

no

no account. But Pearls, though set in *lead*, will not lose their brightnesse; and a virtuous life shines most in an obscure livelyhood.

In the explication of his life I shall follow first the method of *Nature*, afterwards of *Grace*: I shall begin with his *Birth*, *Education*, and *Maturitie*; and end with his *Conversion*, *Improvements*, and *Perfection*. To make my entrance then into the work, I finde that he was born in the City of *Burdeaux* in *Gascoyne*, in the year of our Lord three hundred and fifty three, *Constantius* the *Arian* reigning in the East, and *Constans* in the West, and * *Liberius* being Bishop of *Rome*: In a Golden Age, when Religion and Learning kissed each other, and equally flourished. So that he had the happines to shine in an age that loved light, and to multiply his own by the light of others. It was the fashion then of the *Roman* Senatours to build them sumptuous houses in their Country-livings, that they might have the pleasure and conveniency of retiring thither from the tumult and noyse of that great City, which sometimes was, and would be yet the head of the World.

* *He subscribed to the damnable heresie of* Arius, *as both* Hierome *and* Athanasius *testifie against him.*

Upon

Upon ſuch an occaſion (without doubt) was *Burdeaux* honoured with the birth of *Paulinus*, his Fathers eſtate lying not far off, about the town of *Embrau*, upon the River *Garumna*, which riſing out of the *Pyrene* hils waſheth that part of *Guienne* with a pleaſant ſtream, and then runs into the *Aquitane* ſea. By this happy accident came *France* to lay claime to *Paulinus*, which ſhe makes no ſmall boaſt of at this day. But his Country indeed (if we follow his deſcent, which is the right way to find it) is *Italie*, and *Rome* it ſelf; his Anceſtors were all *Patricians*, and honour'd (by a long ſucceſſion) with the Conſular *purple*. His Patrimonies were large, and more becomming a Prince then a private man; for beſides thoſe poſſeſſions in the City of *Burdeaux*, and by the River *Garumna*, he had other moſt ample Inheritances in *Italy* about *Narbone* and *Nola*, and in *Rome* it ſelf. And for this we have a pregnant teſtimony out of *Auſonius*, who labouring to diſſwade him from *Evangelical poverty*, and that obſcure courſe of life (as he is pleaſed to term it) layes before him (as the moſt moving arguments) the deſolation of his ancient houſe, with the ruin and *ſequeſtration* (as it were) of his large poſſeſſions; his words are theſe.

Ne

Ne raptam sparsamq; domum, &c.

Let me not weep to see thy ravish'd house
All sad & silent, without Lord or Spouse,
And all those vast dominions once thine owne,
Torn 'twixt a hundred slaves to me unknown.

But what account he made of these earthly possessions, will appeare best by his own words in his fifth Epistle to *Severus*: *Ergo nihil in hunc mundum inferentibus substantiam rerum temporalium quasi tonsile velleris apponit*, &c. "God (saith he) layes these "temporal accommodations upon us that "come naked into this world, as a fleece of "wooll which is to be sheared off. He puts "it not as a load to hinder us, whom it "behoves to be born light and active, but "as a certain matter which rightly used "may be beneficial. And when he bestow-"eth any thing upon us, that is either dear "or pleasant to us, he gives it for this end, "that by parting with it, it may be a te-"stimonial, or token of our love and devo-"tion towards God, seeing we neglect the "fruition of our best present things for his "sake, who will amply reward us in the fu-"ture.

He

He had conferred upon him all the ornaments of humane life which man could be bleſt with. He was nobly born, rich, and beautifull, of conſtitution ſlender and delicate, but every way fitted for virtuous imployment; of an excellent wit, a happy memory, and, which ſweeten'd all theſe gracious conceſſions, of a moſt mild and modeſt diſpoſition. To bring theſe ſeeds to perfection, his Father (having a care of him equall to his degree) cauſed him to be brought up under the regiment of *Decius magnus Auſonius*, a famous *Poet* and *Oratour*, who at that time kept a School of *Grammar* and *Rhetorick* in the City of *Burdeaux*. The Ingenuity and ſweetneſſe of *Paulinus* ſo overcame and raviſhed *Auſonius*, that he uſed all poſſible skill and diligence, to adorne and perfect thoſe natural abilities which he ſo much loved and admired in this hopefull plant. The effect was, that he exceeded his Maſter. *Auſonius* upon this being called to the Court by the old Emperor *Valentinian*; *Paulinus* gave himſelfe to the ſtudy of the *Civill Law*, and the acute and learned pleadings of that age, wherein he was ſo excellent, that the Emperor taking notice of his Abilities, took order for his Election into the *Senate*, and this a very long time before his *Tutor* at-

attained to that honour. This præcedence of eloquence and honour * *Ausonius* himself confesseth; but having a greater witnesse, I shall leave his testimony to the *Margin*, to make room for the other. Take then (if it please you) the Judgement of that glorious and Eloquent Doctour Saint *Hierome*, for thus he writes in his thirteenth Epist. to *Paulinus*, *O si mihi liceret istiusmodi ingenium non per Aonios montes & Heliconis vertices, ut poetæ canunt, sed per Sion*, &c. "O that I were "able (saith he) to extoll and publish "your ingenuity and holy learning, not "upon the *Aonian* hills, or the tops of "*Helicon* (as the Poets sing) but upon "the Mountaines of *Sion* and *Sinai*; that "I might preach there what I have learnt "from you, and deliver the sacred mysteries "of Scripture through your hands; I might "then have something to speak, which "learned *Greece* could never boast of. And "in another place, A most pregnant wit "you have, and an infinite treasure of "words, which easily and aptly flow from "you, and both the easinesse and the aptness "are judiciously mixt.

* *Cedimus ingenio quantum præcedimus ævo, Assurgit Musæ nostra Camœna tuæ. Sic & fastorum titulo prior, & tua Romæ Præcessit nostrum sella curulis ebur.*

To

To these Divine favours already conferred upon him, God added another great blessing, the Crown of his youth, and the Comfort of his age; I meane *Therasia*, a Noble *Roman* Virgin, whom he tooke to wife in the midst of his honours, and who afterwards (of her owne free will) most joyfully parted with them all, and with her own pleasant possessions to follow *Christ* in the regeneration.

At this height of honours, & growing repute, he was employ'd (upon some concernments of the *Empire*) into *Italy*, *France*, and *Spain*; Where he was detained (together with his dear consort) for the space of almost fifteen years; during which time, he secretly laboured to make himself acquainted with the glorious *Fathers* of that age, and (the Spirit of God now beginning to breath upon him) hee was strongly moved to embrace the *Christian* Faith. In these travells of his, it was his fortune to arrive at *Millaine*, where Saint *Augustine*, and *Alypius*, the Bishop of *Tagasta* in *Africk*, did then Sojourne; here by accident he was known of *Alpyius*, though unknown to him; as we see it often fall out, that great persons are known of many, which to them are unknown.

Much about this time (which was the eight

eight and thirtieth year of his age,) he retired privately with his wife into the City of *Burdeaux*. And the hour being now come, that *the singing of birds should be heard, and the lips which were asleep should speak*: Hee was there by the hands of holy *Delphinus* (who then sate Bishop in the *Sea* of *Burdeaux*,) publickly baptized, from which time forward he renounced all his Secular acquaintance, associating himself to the most strict and pious livers in that age, especially to Saint *Ambrose* the Bishop of *Millan*, and Saint *Martin* the Bishop of *Tours*. That he was baptized about the eight and thirtieth yeare of his age, is clear by his owne words in his first Epistle to Saint *Augustine*, *Nolo in me corporalis ortus, magis quam spiritalis exortus ætatem consideres*, &c. "I would not "(saith he) that you consider my tempo- "rall age, so much as my spiritual; my "age in the flesh is the same with "that Cripple, who was healed in the "beautifull gate by the power of Christ "working by his Apostles; but my age in "the regeneration is the same with the "blessed Infants, who by the wounds in- "tended for Christ himself, became the "first fruits unto Christ, and by the losse "of their innocent blood, did foreshew

"the

"the ſlaughter of the Lamb, and the paſſi-
"on of our Lord. Now for the firſt, Saint *Luke* tells us, *That the Cripple upon whom this miracle of healing was ſhown, was above forty years of age* (Acts Chap. 4. ver. 22.) and for the Infants, the *Evangeliſts* words are, that *Herod ſent forth his meſſengers, and ſlew all the Male Children that were in* Bethlem, *and the Coaſts thereof, from two years old and under.* So that conſidering all the Circumſtances which offer themſelves for the clearing of this point, it will evidently appear, that he was baptized (as I have ſaid before) in the eight and thirtieth year of his age. The only Inſtrument which God was pleas'd to ordain, and imploy upon the Earth for his Converſion, was his dear and Virtuous Wife *Therapia*; Which makes me conjecture, that ſhe was borne of Chriſtian parents, and had received the faith from her infancie. This *Auſonius* his old *Tutor*, (who was ſcarce a good Chrihian,) forgat not to upraid him with in moſt injurious termes, calling her *Tanaquil*, and the *Imperatrix* of her Husband: To which paſſionate paſſages (though ſadly reſented) *Paulinus* replyed with all the humanity and ſweetneſſe which language could expreſſe. Thus *Auſonius* barks at him.

Unde

Unde istam meruit non fœlix Charta repulsam?
Hostis ab hoste tamen, &c.

——how could that paper sent,
That luckless paper, merit thy contempt?
Ev'n foe to fo(though furiously)replies;
And the defied, his Enemy defies:
Amidst the swords and wounds ther's a Salute.
Rocks answer man, and though hard, are not mute.
Nature made nothing dumb, nothing unkind:
The trees and leaves speak trembling to the wind.
If thou doest feare discoveries, and the blot
Of my love, *Tanaquil* shal know it not.

To this Poetical fury, *Paulinus* reposeth with that Native mildnesse, which he was wholly composed of.

Continuata mea durare silentia lingua,
Te nunquam tacito memoras; placitamq; latebris
Desidiam exprobras; neglectaq; insuper addis

Cri-

Crimen amicitiæ; formidatamq; Jugalem
Objicis, & durum iacis in mea viscera versum, &c.

Obdurate ſtill, and tongue-tyed you accuſe
(Though yours is ever vocall) my dull muſe;
You blame my Lazie, lurking life, and adde
I ſcorne your love, a Calumny moſt ſad;
Then tell me, that I fear my wife, and dart
Harſh, cutting words againſt my dearest heart.
Leave, learned Father, leave this bitter Courſe,
My ſtudies are not turn'd unto the worſe;
I am not mad, nor idle; nor deny
Your great deſerts, and my debt, nor have I
A wife like *Tanaquil* as wildly you
Object, but a *Lucretia*, chaſt and true.

To avoid theſe clamours of *Auſonius*, and the dangerous ſollicitations of his great kindred and friends, he left *Burdeaux* and *Nola*, and retyred into the Mountan-

ous and solitary parts of *Spaine*, about *Barcinoe* and *Bilbilis* upon the River *Salc*. Two journeyes he made into *Spain*, this last, and his first (before his baptism) upon the Emperours affairs; he Sojourned then in new *Castile*, in the City of *Complutum* now called *Alcala de henares*, where his wife *Therasia* was delivered of her onely Son *Celsus*, who died upon the eighth day after his birth. Holy *Paulinus* in his *Panegyrick* upon the death of *Celsus* the Son of *Pneumatius*, by his Wife *Fidelis*, takes occasion to mention the early death of this blessed infant,

Hoc pignus commune superno in lumine Celsum
Credite vivorum lacte favisq; frui.
Aut cum Bethlais infantibus in Paradiso
(Quos malus Herodes perculit invidiâ,)
Inter odoratum ludit nemus, &c.

This pledge of your joint love, to Heaven now fled,
With honey-combs and milk of life is fed.
Or with the *Bethlem*-Babes (whom *Herods* rage
Kill'd in their tender, happy, holy age)
Doth

Doth walk the groves of Paradise, and make
Garlands, which those young Martyrs from him take.
With these his Eyes on the mild lamb are fixt,
A Virgin-Child with Virgin-infants mixt.
Such is my *Celsus* too, who soon as given,
Was taken back (on the eighth day) to Heaven,
To whom at *Alcala* I sadly gave
Amongst the Martyrs Tombes a little grave.
Hee now with yours (gone both the blessed way,)
Amongst the trees of life doth smile and play;
And this one drop of our mixt blood may be
A light for my *Therasia*, and for me.

These distant and obscure retirements he made choice of, because he would not be known of any, nor hindred in his course; Which at *Nola*, and the adjacent parts of *Rome* (where his Secular honours and antient descent made all the people obsequious to him) could not possibly be ef-

effected. Besides very few in those *Western* parts (especially of the Nobility) had at that time received the *Christian* Faith; for they look'd upon it as a most degenerate, unmanly profession: such a good opinion had those rough times of peace and humility. This made him lesse looked after by the Inhabitants of those parts; and his own friends not knowing what became of him, began to give him over, and not onely to withdraw from him in their care, but in their affections also, giving out that he was mad, and besides himself. But all this moved him not: he was *not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, he counted all things dung that he might gaine* his Saviour, and hee fainted not, but *endured, as seeing him that is invisible.* The first step to Christianity (saith Saint *Hierome*) is to contemne the censures of men. This foundation he laid, and upon this he built; he had given himselfe wholly to *Christ*, and rejected the world; he tooke part with that *man of sorrowes*, and suffered the scoffs and reproaches of these men of mirth. The people are the many waters, he turn'd their froth and some into pearls, and wearied all weathers with an unimpaired *Superstitie*. Hee was founded upon that Rock, which is not worn

St. Hierome Ep. 26.

worne with time, but wears all that oppose it. Some dispositions love to stand in raine, and affect wind and showers beyond Musick. *Paulinus* sure was of this temper; he preferred the indignation and hatred of the multitude to their love, he would not buy their friendship with the losse of Heaven, nor call those Saints and propagators, who were Devills and destroyers. What courage he had in such tempests, may be seen in every line almost of his workes; I shal insert one or two out of his 6th Epistle to *Severus: Utinam, frater mi, digni habeamur qui maledicamur, & notemur, & conteramur, atque etiam interficiamur in nomine Jesu Christi, dum non ipse occidatur Christus in nobis.* &c. "I would (saith "he) my dear brother, that we might be "counted worthy to suffer reproach, to "be branded and troden upon; Yea, and to "be killed for the name of Christ, so that "Christ be not killed in us. Then at last "should we tread upon the Adder, and the "Dragon, and bruise the head of the old "Serpent. But (alas!) wee as yet relish "this World, and do but pretend to love "Christ; we love indeed to be commended "and cherished for professing his name, "but wee love not to be troubled and af-"flicted for his sake. And in his first Epistle

"to *Aper*; O bleſſed diſpleaſures (ſaith "he) to diſpleaſe men by pleaſing Chriſt! "Let us take heed of the love of ſuch, who "will be pleaſed without Chriſt. It is an obſervation of the Readers of Saint *Cyprian*, *quod in ejus ſcriptis ſingula propè verba Martyrium ſpirant*, that through all his writings, almoſt every word doth breath Martyrdome. His expreſſions are all Spirit and Paſſion, as if he had writ them with his blood, and conveyed the anguiſh of his ſufferings into his writings. I dare not ſay ſo much of *Paulinus*, nor of any other Father of the Church; but I fear not to ſay that *Paulinus* both durſt, and (had he beene called to it) would have laid downe his life for the love of Chriſt.

Four yeares hee ſpent in theſe remote parts of *Spain*, during which time, he did lead a moſt ſolitary and auſtere life, labouring by all meanes to conceale and vilifie himſelf. *But a City that is built upon a hill cannot be hidden*; his holineſſe and humility had ſo awaked the Common people dwelling about the place of his abode, that they would not reſt again till they had him for their Miniſter. This moſt honourable and ſacred charge he would by no meanes adventure to undergo, judging himſelfe a moſt unworthy vile ſinner, not fit to deale

in

in holy Scripture, much lesse to handle and administer the mystical Elements of life. But God, who had ordained him for it, would not suffer this. For the people (not without violence and some rudeness,) carried him away to *Barcinoe*, where holy *Lampius*, then Bishop of that Sea, did upon *Christmasse* day by the laying on of his hands, consecrate him a faithfull steward and learned dispenser of the Mysteries of God. This passage we have fully related in his sixth Epistle to *Severus*, *Nos modo in Barcinonensi (ut ante Scripsiram) civitate consistimus*, &c. "I live now (saith "he) as I formerly writ to you in the Ci-"ty of *Barcinoe*, where (since the last let-"ters received from you) I was by the vio-"lence of the people (God, I believe, ha-"ving foreordained it) compell'd to enter "into holy Orders upon that day in which "our Lord was born. I confesse it was done "against my will, not for any dislike that "I have to the place (for Christ is my "witnesse, that my highest desire was to "begin my imployment in his house with "the office and honour of a door-keep-"er) but having designed my selfe (as "you know) * elsewhere, I "was much terrified with this "sudden and unexpected pleasure of the

* For Nola.

"Divine will: However I refused it not,
"but submitted with all humility, and
"have put my necke into the Yoke of
"Christ, though altogether unworthy and
"unable. I see now that I have medled with
"things that are too wonderful for me; I am
"made a Steward of the Secrets of the Al-
"mighty, and honourd with the dispensa-
"tion of Heavenly things, and being call-
"ed nearer to my Master, I am exercised
"about the Body, about the Spirit, and
"the glory of Jesus Christ. The narrow-
"nesse of my understanding cannot com-
"prehend the signification of this high
"and sacred dignity, and I tremble every
"minute (when I consider my own infir-
"mities) to thinke of the great burthen
"that is laid upon me. But he that gives
"wisedome to his little ones, and hath per-
"fected praise out of the mouths of babes
"and sucklings, is able to finish what he
"begun in me, that by his mighty work-
"ing, I may be made worthy, who was
"most unworthy to be called. The Priest-
hood is an Office belonging to the King-
dome of Heaven. It is an honour that is
ranged upon holy ground, and by it selfe.
Worldly dignities, which are but humane
inventions, are, and may be acquired
(with lesse offence) by humane meanes,
as

as bribery, ambition, and policie. But to take hold of this white robe with such dirty hands, is nothing lesse then to spit in the face of *Christ*, and to dishonour his Ordinance. He that doth it, and he that permits it to be done, agree like *Herod* and *Pilate*, to dispise and crucifie him. They that Countenance and ratifie such disorders, take care to provide so many *Judasses* to betray Christ, and then vote the treason to be lawfull. Every man can speak, but every man cannot preach: Tongues and the gift of tongues are not the same things: The wisdome of God hath *depth* and *riches*, and *things hard to be spoken*, as well as *milk*, and *the first principles of his Oracles*. Wee have amongst us many builders with *hay and stubble*, but let them, and those that hired them, take heed how they build; The tryal will be by fire, and by a consuming fire. The *hidden things of dishonest*, *the walking in Craftinesse*, and *the handling deceitfully of the word of God* they are well versed in; but true sanctitie, and the Spirit of God (which Saint *Paul* thought he had) I am very sure they have not.

A modest reader would now thinke that *Paulinus* had removed himselfe farre enough from the elaborate temptations,

and clamorous purſuits of *Auſonius*; But even in this will he be deceived. For at the fourth years end, did the Incantations of this buſie and obſtinate Charmer find him out. God (no doubt) providing for the ſecurity of his ſervant all that while, by delaying them in ſeverall regions, or elſe by concealing the abode of his beloved votary, from this purſuer of Soules. For with all the artifice and ſtrength of wit, did he ſet upon him in this laſt letter, which the divine providence ſuffered not to come into his hand, till he had ſet both his *hands to the plough*, and ſeald his conformation with that indelible Character. And now having ſet a hedge about his beloved, he ſuffered this *Fowle* of the Evening to fly over, which chattered to him in these melodious numbers.

Vertiſti, Pauline, *tuos dulciſſime mores*? &c.

Sweet Paulinus, *is thy nature turn'd?*
Have I ſo long in vaine thy abſence mourn'd?
Wilt thou, my glory, and great Romes *delight,*
The Senates prop, their oracle, and light,
In Bilbilis *and* Calagurris *dwel,*
Changing thy Ivorie-chair for a dark Cell?

Wilt

Wilt bury there thy Purple, and contemn
All the great honours of thy noble stem?

To this *Roman Magick*, and most pernicious Elegancy, *Paulinus* replyed with a certain sacred and serene simplicity, which proved so piercing, and powerful, that he was never after troubled with the Poetry of *Ausonius*.

——Revocandum me tibi credam,
Cum steriles fundas non ad divina precatus?
Castalidis supplex averso numine musis, &c.

Shall I beleeve you can make me return,
Who pour your fruitless prayers when you mourn,
Not to your Maker? Who can hear you cry:
But to the fabled Nymphs of *Castalie*?
You never shall by such false Gods bring me
Either to *Rome*, or to your company.
As for those former things you once did know,
And which you still call mine, I freely now

Con-

Confesse, I am not he, whom you knew then;
I have dyed since, and have been borne agen.
Nor dare I think my sage instructor can
Believe it errour, for redeemed man
To serve his great redeemer. I grieve not,
But glory so to erre. Let the wise knot
Of worldlings call me fool; I slight their noise,
And heare my God approving of my choice.
Man is but glass, a building of no trust,
A moving shade, and, without *Christ*, meer dust:
His choice in life concerns the Chooser much:
For when he dyes, his good or ill (just such
As here it was) goes with him hence, and staies
Still by him, his strict Judge in the last dayes.
These serious thoughts take up my soul, and I
While yet 'tis day-light, fix my busie eye
Upon his sacred Rules, lifes precious sum,
Who in the twilight of the world shall come

To

To judge the lofty looks, and ſhew mankind
The diff'rence 'twixt the ill and well inclin'd.
This ſecond coming of the worlds great King
Makes my heart tremble, and doth timely bring
A ſaving care into my watchfull ſoul,
Left in that day all vitiated and foul
I ſhould be found : That day, times utmoſt line,
When all ſhall periſh, but what is divine.
When the great Trumpets mighty blaſt ſhall ſhake
The earths foundations, till the hard Rocks quake,
And melt like piles of ſnow, when lightnings move
Like hail, and the white thrones are ſet above.
That day, when ſent in glory by the Father,
The Prince of life his bleſt Elect ſhall gather;
Millions of Angels round about him flying,
While all the kindreds of the earth are crying,

And

And he enthron'd upon the clouds ſhall give
His laſt juſt ſentence, who muſt die, who live.
This is the fear this is the ſaving care,
That makes me leave falſe honours, and that ſhare
Which fell to mee of this fraile world; leſt by
A frequent uſe of preſent pleaſures I
Should quite forget the future, and let in
Foul Atheiſm, or ſome preſumptuous ſin.
Now by their loſs I have ſecur'd my life,
And bought my peace ev'n with the cauſe of ſtrife.
I live to him, who gave me life & breath,
And without feare expect the houre of death.
If you like this, bid joy to my rich ſtate,
If not, leave me to *Chriſt* at any rate.

Being now ordained a Miniſter of holy things, and a feeder of the flock of *Chriſt*, that he might be enabled to render a joyfull account at the appearance of the great Shepheard, he reſolved with all convenient expedition to ſell and give away all his large and Princely Poſſeſſions in *Italy* and *France*; which hitherto he had not diſpoſed of; for he looked upon his great Patrimonies as matters of diſtraction and backſliding

ding, the thoughts and ſolicitouſneſſe about ſuch vaſt revenues diſturbing his pious affections, and neceſſarily intruding into his moſt holy exercitations. Upon this rare reſolution he returnes with his faithfull Conſort into *France*, leaving *Barcinoe* and holy *Lampius* in much ſorrow for his departure. For though hee had entred there into the Miniſtery, yet was he no member of that Dioceſſe. And here (ſaith *Uranius*, who was his Presbyter, and wrote a brief narration of his life) did he open his Treaſuries to the poor and the ſtranger. He did not only refreſh his neighbours, but ſent meſſengers into other remote parts to ſummon the naked, and the hungry to this great Feaſt, where they were both fed and cloathed with his own hands. He eaſed the oppreſſed, freed the captives, payd the debts of whole families, and redeemed divers perſons that were become bondſlaves to their creditors. Briefly, he ſold all that he had, and diſtributed the money amongſt the poor, not reſerving one penny either for himſelf, or his dear *Theraſia*. Saint *Ambroſe* in his thirtieth Epiſtle to *Sabinus* confirmeth this relation: *Paulinum ſplendore generis in partibus Aquitaniæ nulli ſecundum, venditis facultatibus tam ſuis quametiam conjugalibus, &c.* "*Paulinus* "ſaith

"(saith he) the most eminent for his Nobi-
"lity in all the parts of *Aquitane*, having
"sold away all his patrimonies, together
"with the goods of his wife, did out of
"pure love to Jesus Christ divide all that
"vast Summe of Money amongst the poor;
"and he himself from a rich Senator is be-
"come a most poor man, having cast off
"that heavy secular burthen, and forsaken
"his own house, his country, and his kin-
"dred, that he might with more earnest-
"nesse follow Christ. His Wife also, as
"nobly descended, and as zealous for the
"Faith as himself, consented to all his de-
"sires, and having given away all her own
"large possessions, lives with her husband
"in a little thatch'd cottage, rich in no-
"thing but the hidden treasures of Religi-
"on and holinesse. Saint *Augustine* also
in his first book *de Civitate Dei*, and the
tenth Chapter, celebrates him with the
like testimony: "Our *Paulinus* (saith
"hee) from a man most splendidly rich,
"became most poor most willingly, and
"most richly holy. He laboured not to
adde field unto field, nor to inclose himself
in Cedar and Ivory, and the drossie darke
gold of this world, but to enter through
the gates into the precious light of that Ci-
ty, which is of *pure gold like unto cleare*

glass

glasse. He left some few things in this world, to enjoy all in the world to come. A great performance certainly, and a most fair approach towards the Kingdom of heaven. He that fights with dust, comes off well, if it blinds him not. To slight words, and the names of temptations, is easie, but to deale so with the matter, and substance of them, is a task. Conscience hath Musick, and light, as well as discord and darknesse: And the triumphs of it are as familiar after good works, as the Checks of it after bad. It is no heresie in devotion to be sensible of our smallest Victories over the World. But how far he was from thinking this a Victory, may be easily gathered out of his owne words in his second Epistle to *Severus*; *Facile nobis bona*, &c. "The goods (saith "he) I carried about me, by the slipping "of my skirt out of my hand, fell easily "from me: And those things which I "brought not into this World, and "could not carry out of it, being only lent "me for a time, I restored again. I pulled "them not as the skin off my back, but "laid them by, as a garment I had some-"times worne. But now comes the diffi-"culty upon me, when those things "which are truly mine, as my heart, my "Soul, and my works must be presented

"and

"and given a living Sacrifice unto God.
"The abdication of this World, and the
"giving of our temporall goods amongst
"the poore, is not the running of the race,
"but a preparing to run; it is not the end,
"but the beginning, and first step of our
"Journey. Hee that striveth for masteries,
"shall not be crowned, except he first strive
"lawfully; And he that is to swimme o-
"ver a River, cannot do it by putting off
"his cloathes onely, he must put his body
"also into the stream, and with the moti-
"on of his armes, his hands and feete, passe
"through the violence of the Brook, and
"then rest upon the further side of it. And
in his 12th Epistle, he cries out, "O
"miserable and vaine men! Wee believe
"that wee bestow something upon the
"poor: wee trade and lend, and would be
"counted liberall, when we are most cove-
"tous. The most unconscionable userers up-
"on Earth are not so greedy as we are,
"nor their interest and exactions so un-
"reasonable as ours. We purchase Hea-
"ven with Earth, happinesse with misery,
"and immortality with rust and rotten-
"nesse. Such another Divine rapture is that
"in his Poems.

Et

——— *Et res magna videtur,*
Mercari propriam de re perennis salutem?
Perpetuis mutare caduca? &c.

——— And is the bargain thought too dear,
To give for Heaven our fraile subsistence here?
To change our mortall with immortall homes,
And purchase the bright Stars with darksome stones?
Behold! my God (a rate great as his breath!)
On the sad crosse bought me with bitter death,
Did put on flesh, and suffe'rd for our good,
For ours, (vile slaves!) the losse of his dear blood.

Wee see by these *Manifesto's* what account he made of this great deed; so great, that none now adaies thinke of doing it. *Go thy way, sell whatsover thou hast, and give to the poor*, is a commandement, as well as, *take up the Crosse and follow me*. This last cannot be done, but by doing the first. Well sell oftentimes, but seldome give:

and

and happily that is the reason we sell so often. He that keeps all to himselfe, takes not the right way to thrive. The Corn that lies in the Granarie will bring no harvest. It is most commonly the foode of vermine, and some creatures of the night and darknesse. Charity is a relique of Paradise, and pitty is a strong argument that we are all descended from one man: He that carries this rare Jewell about him, will every where meete with some kindred. He is quickly acquainted with distressed persons, and their first sight warmes his blood. I could believe, that the word *stranger* is a notion received from the posterity of *Cain*, who killed *Abel*. The *Hebrewes* in their own tribes, called those of the farthest degree, *brothers*; and sure they erred less from the law of pure Nature, then the rest of the Nations, which were left to their owne lusts. The afflictions of man are more moving then of any other Creature; for he onely is a stranger here, where all things else are at home. But the losing of his innocency, and his device of Tyranny have made him unpittied, and forfeited a prerogative, that would have prevailed more by submission, then all his posterity shall do by opposition. Not to give to one that lacks, is a kind of murther: Want and famine are destroy-

ers

ers as well as the ſword, and rage very frequently in private, when they are not thought of in the Publick. The bleſſed *JESUS* who came into the World to rectifie Nature, and to take away the inveterate corruptions of man, was not more in any of his precepts, then in that which bids us *Love one another.* This is the cement not onely of this World, but of that other which is to come. *Bleſſed are the mercifull*; and, *give to him that asketh thee*, proceeded from the ſame lips of truth. And in his deſcription of the laſt judgement, he grounds the ſentence of condemnation pronounced againſt the wicked upon no other fact, but becauſe they did not *cloath the naked, feed the hungry, and take in the ſtranger. Love covers a multitude of ſins, and God loves the chearfull giver.* But this is not our whole duty: though we give our bodies to be burnt, and give all our goods unto the poor, yet *without holineſſe we ſhall never ſee the face of God.* Darkneſſe cannot ſtand in the preſence of light, and *fleſh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdome of God.* The great difficulty then (as our holy Biſhop here ſaith) is to become a living ſacrifice; and truly the next way to it, is by an Evangelical diſpoſing of theſe outward incumbrances; this will open and prepare the

the way before us, though it takes nothing from the length of it. The Hawke *proines* and *rouseth* before she flyes, but that brings her not to the *mark*: Preparations, and the distant flourishes of *Array* will not get the field, but action, and the pursuance of it.

His Estate in *France* being thus disposed of, he retyred into *Italy*; where having done the like to his Patrimonies there, hee came to *Millaine*, and was honourably received by holy *Ambrose*, then Bishop of that *Sea*. But these gay feathers of the World, being thus blown off him, by the breath of that Spirit which makes *the dry tree to become green*, and *the spices of the Garden to flow out*, all his kindred and former acquaintance became his deadly Enemies. Flyes of estate follow Fortune, and the Sun-shine; friendship is a thing much talked off, but seldome found; I never knew above two that loved without selfe-ends. That which passeth for love in this age, is the meere counter to it; It is policie in the cloathes of love, or the hands of *Esau* with the tongue of *Jacob*. These smooth Cheats the World abounds with: There is *Clay enough for the potter, but little dust whereof commeth Gold*. The best direction is Religion; find a true Christian, and thou hast

found

found a true friend. He that fears not God, will not feare to do thee a mischiefe.

From *Millaine* he came to *Rome*, where he was honourably entertained by all, but his own kindred, and *Siricius* the great Bishop. It was the ill Fortune of this zealous Pope, to be offended not onely with *Paulinus*, but with that glorious Father Saint *Hierome*. It was a perillous dissoluteneſſe of ſome Biſhops in that Century, to admit of Lay-men, and unſeaſon'd perſons into the Miniſtry. This raſh and impious practice *Siricius* had, by ſeverall ſtrict Sanctions or decrees, condemned and forbidden; and it is probable that the reaſon of his ſtrange carriage towards *Paulinus* and *Hierome* was, becauſe he would not ſeem to connive at any perſons that were ſuddenly ordained, though never ſo deſerving, leſt he ſhould ſeeme to offend againſt his own edicts. It is a ſad truth that this pernicious raſhneſſe of Biſhops (fighting *ex diametro* with the Apoſtolical cautions) hath oftentimes brought boars into the Vineyard, and Wolves into the ſheepfold; which complying afterwards with all manner of Intereſts, have torne out the bowels of their Mother. Wee need no examples: Wee have lived to ſee all this our ſelves. Ignorance ard obſtinacie make *Heretick*

reticks: And ambition makes *Schismaticks*; when they are once at this passe, they are on the way toward *Atheisme*. I do not say that *Ecclesiastical polity* is an inviolable or sure fense against Church-rents; because there is a necessity that *offences must come*, though *wo to them by whom*; but rules of prevention are given, and therefore they should not be slighted. The Bridegroom adviseth his spouse to *take these foxes while they are litle*.

In a pleasant field halfe a mile distant from *Nola* lies the Sepulcher of the blessed Martyr *Felix*. To this place (which from his youth hee was ever devoted to,) did *Paulinus* now retire. It was the custom of holy men in that age not only to live near the Tombs of the Martyrs, but to provide also for their buriall in those places; because they were sure, that in the Resurrection, and the terrours of the day of Judgement God would descend upon those places in *the soft voyce*, that is to say in his love and mercies. *Eusebius* is his fourth Book, and the sixth Chapter of the life of *Constantine* tells us, how that great Emperour gave strict order for his buriall amongst the Tombes of the Apostles, and then adds, Ὡφίλει αν ψυχῆς ὀνησιφόρον τὴν τῶν ἁγίων μνήμην πιστῶς ἀυτοῦ πιστεύων. Saint *Chrysostome* in

that

in that homilie which hee writ to prove that *Christ is God*, gives the same relation, καὶ ἐν τῇ Κωνσταντίνου πόλει ϛ, &c. The Emperors of *Constantinople* (saith he) esteeme it for a great honour, if they be buried not within the shrines of the Apostles, but at the Gates of their Temple, that they may be the door-keepers of those poor fishers. So *Marcellina*, descended from the consular Nobility of *Rome*, refused to be buried amongst her Ancestors, that she might sleepe at *Millaine* with her great Brother Saint *Ambrose*, where shee lies under this Epitaph.

Marcellina, tuos cum vita resolveret artus;
Sprevisti patriis, &c.

Life, *Marcellina*, leaving thy faire frame,
Thou didst contemne those Tombes of costly fame,
Built by thy Roman Ancestours, and lyest
At *Millaine*, where great *Ambrose* sleeps in Christ.
Hope, the deads life, and faith, which never faints,
Made thee rest here, that thou may'st rise with Saints.

To this place therefore near *Nola* in *Campania* (a Country lying within the Realm of *Naples*, and called now by the Inhabitants *Terra di Lavoro*,) as to a certain Harbour and recesse from the clamours of their friends, and the temptations of the World, did *Paulinus* and *Therasia* convey themselves. His affection to this holy [a] Martyr was very great: for frequenting *Nola*, when he was yet a youth, he would ostentimes steale privately to visit his Sepulcher: and he loved the possessions which his Father had left him in those parts above any other, because that under pretence of looking to his estate there, he had the convenience of resorting to the Tombe of *Felix*; where he took in his *first love*, and in the seaven and twentieth year of his age, made a private vow to become a Servant of *Jesus Christ*. This *Felix* was by a descent a *Syrian*, though born in *Nola*, where his Father (trafficking from the *East* into *Italie*, had purchased a very fair estate, which he divided afterward betwixt him and his Brother *Hermias*; but *Felix* following *Christ*, gave all to his brother. The frequent miracles manifested at his Tombe, made the place famous,

Paulininus calls him a Martyr, quia multa pro Christo passus, etsi non occisus.

famous, and resorted to from most parts of the world. Saint *Augustine*, upon a Controversie betwixt his Presbyter *Boniface*, and another fellow that accused him, when the truth of either side could not be certainly known, sent them both from *Hippo* to *Nola*, to have the matter decided upon Oath, before the Tombe of *Felix*; and in his 137th Epistle, hee sets down the reason, why he sent them so farre. His words are these: *Multis notissima est sanctitas loci, ubi Felicis Nolensis corpus conditum est, quo voluit ut peragrent, quia inde nobis facilius fideliusque scribi potest, quicquid in eorum aliquo divinitus fuerit propalatum.* "The holinesse (saith he) "of that place where the body of *Felix* of "*Nola* lies interred, is famously knowne "to many; I have therefore sent them thi-"ther, because that from thence, I shall "be more easily and truly informed about "any thing that shall be miraculously discovered concerning either of them.

Paulinus had not lived very long in this place, but it pleas'd God to visit him with a very sharpe and tedious sicknesse. Hee had now (upon Earth) no Comforter but *Therasia*; His Estate was gone, and his contempt of that made the World contemne him. In this solitude and poverty, he that

tries the reines and the heart, begins to take notice of this his new servant, and the first favour he conferred upon him was a disease. Good Angels doe not appeare without the Ecstasie and passion of the Seere: without afflictions and trialls God will not be familiar with us. Fruit-trees if, they be not pruned, will first leave to beare, and afterwards they will dye. Nature, without she be dreſt by the hand that made her, will finally perish. He that is not favour'd with visitations, is (in Saint *Pauls phrase*) a bastard, and no Son of the Superiour *Jerusalem*. *Paulinus* had put from him all occasions of worldly sorrowes, but he wanted matter for Heavenly Joyes. Without this disease, hee had not known so soone, how acceptable his first Services were unto his Master. This sicknesse was a pure stratagem of love, God visited him with it for this very purpose, that he himselfe might be his Cordial.

Man and the *Eagle* see best in the day-time, they see by the light of this World: but the [a] *night-*

[a] *Paulinus will have the word which is commonly used in the Latin, to be* Nicticora, *from* νυξ *and* κόρη, *which signifies the apple or candle of the eye, and not from* κόραξ. *And this he saith was told him by a holy man, that had lived a long time*

time in the deserts of Egypt, *where he observed the nature of this bird of night, and the Pelican.*

Raven is a bird of Mysterie, and sees in the darke by a light of her own. *Paulinus* hought now (like the servant of *Elisha*) that hee had not a friend in all the World to be of his side; but God removes the mist from his Eyes, and shewed him a glorious Army of *Saints* and *Confessours*, who during the time of his sicknesse, did so throng and fill up his Cottage, and the fields about it, that neither his Palace in *Rome*, nor his house in *Burdeaux* could ever boast of such a number. These Comforters he hath recorded with his own pen in his first Epistle to *Severus*; *viderant pueri tui*, &c. "Your men (saith he) that "were here with me, have seen, and can "tell you with what constant diligence all "the Bishops, and my brethren the Clergy, with the common people my neighbours, did minister unto me all the time "of my sicknesse. Unto you, who are unto "me as my own soul, I take leave to boast "and glory in this mercy of the Lord, "whose goodnesse it is, that I am so plentifully comforted. There is not one "Bishop in all *Campania* that did not "come personally to visit me, and those "whom either a farther distance, or their

"own infirmities would not permit to tra-
"vel, fai'd not to visit me by their Presby-
"ters & letters. The Bishops of *Africk* all-
"so with the beginning of the spring, sent
"their particular letters and messengers to
"comfort me. Thus *he that forsakes hou-
ses and brethren, and lands to follow
Christ, shall receive an hundred fold even
in this World, and in the world to come life
everlasting.*

As touching the letters or Embassage ra-
ther of the *African* Bishops to *Paulinus*,
it happened on this manner. *Alypius*, the
Bishop of *Tagasta* in *Africk*, had at *Mil-
lain* (as I intimated before) taken speciall
notice of *Paulinus*: And the rumour of his
Conversion (as the actions of eminent and
noble personages passe quickly into the most
distant regions,) had filled with joy not
onely the Churches of *Africk*, but the
most remote corners of Christianity, even
the very wildernesse and the scattered Isles,
which in those daies were more frequented
by Christians, then populous Continents
and splendid Cities. *Alypius* upon this
(because he would not loose so fair an op-
portunity to ground his acquaintance,)
dispatcheth a letter from *Tagasta* to *Pau-
linus*, to gratulate his conversion to the
Faith; encouraging him withall *to hold
fast*

fast his Crown; and for a token, sent him five of Saint *Augustines* bookes against the *Manichaeans*, which in that age (when the Invention of the *Presse* was not so much as thought of,) was a rich present. *Paulinus* was so taken with the reading of these Volumes, that he conceived himself not onely engaged to *Alypius*, but to *Augustine* also. Whereuponhe sent his servant from *Nola* with letters full of modestie and sweetnesse to them both, and with particular commendations to other eminent lights of the Church then shining in *Africk*. These letters received by *Augustine* and *Alypius*, and communicated by them to the other Bishops, and the *African* Clergy, were presently Coppied out by all, and nothing now was more desired by them, then a sight of this great Senatour, who was turned a *poor Priest, and a fool* (as Saint *Paul* saith) *for Christ his sake*, and *the off-scouring of the World*. But above all, the Soules of holy *Augustine* and *Paulinus* (like *Jonathan* and *David*, or *Jacob* and *Joseph*) were *knit together*, and *the life of the one was bound up in the life of the other*. The perfect love and union of these two, can by none be more faithfully, or more elegantly described, then it is already by Saint *Augustine* himself. I shall therefore insert

his own words, the words of that tongue of truth and Charity; *O bone vir, O bone frater! lei dico ut toleret, quia adhuc lates oculos meos, latebas animã meã, & & vix obtemperat immo, non obtemperat. Quomodo ergo non doleã quod nondũ faciem tuã novi, hoc est, domũ animæ tuæ, quam sicut meã novi? legi enim literas tuas fluentes lac & mel, præferentes simplicitatẽ cordis, in quâ quæris dominũ, sentiens de illo in bonitate, & afferens ei claritatẽ & honorem. Legerunt fratres & gaudent, infatigabiliter & ineffabiliter tam uberibus & tam excellentibus donis dei, bonis tuis. Quotquot eas legerunt, rapiunt; quia rapiuntur, cũ legunt. Quàm suavis odor Christi, & quàm fragrat ex eis? dici non potest, illæ literæ cum te offerunt ut videaris, quantũ nos excitent ut quæraris: nam et perspicabilẽ faciunt, & desiderabilem. Quantò enim præsentiam tuam nobis quodammodò exhibent, tantò absentiam nos ferre non sinunt. Amant te omnes in eis, & amari abs te cupiunt. Laudatur & benedicitur deus, cujus gratiâ tu talis es. Ibi excitatur Christus, ut ventos & Maria tibi placare tendenti ad stabilitatem suam dignetur. Ibi conjux excitatur, non dux ad mollitiem viro suo, sed ad fortitudinem redux in ossa viri sui: quam in tuam unitatem*

August. Epistol. 22. ad Paulin.

tem redactam, in spiritualibus tibi tam firmioribus quantò castioribus nexibus copulatam, officijs vestræ sanctitati debitis in te, uno ore salutamus. Ibi cedri Libani a terram depositæ, & in arcæ fabricam compagine charitatis erectæ, mundi hujus fluctus imputribilitèr secant. Ibi gloria ut acquiratur, contemnitur; & mundus, ut obtineatur, relinquitur. Ibi parvuli, sive etiam grandiusculi filij Babylonis eliduntur ad petram, vitia scilicet confusionis, superbiæque secularis. Hæc atque hujusmodi suavissima & sacratissima spectacula literæ tuæ præbent legentibus; literæ fidei non fictæ, literæ spei bonæ, literæ puræ charitatis. Quomodo nobis anhelant sitim tuam, & desiderium defectumque animæ tuæ in atria domini? Quid amoris sanctissimi spirant? Quantam opulentiam sinceri cordis exæstuant? Quas agunt gratias deo? Quas impetrant à deo? blandiores sunt, an ardentiores? luminosiores, an facundiores? Quid enim est, quòd ita nos mulcent, ita accendunt, ita compluunt; & ita serenæ sunt? Quid est, quæso te, aut quid tibi pro eis rependam, nisi quia totus sum tuus in eo, cujus totus es tu? si parùm est, plus certè non habeo.

"O good man, O good brother! you lay "hidden from my Soul, and I spoke to my "Spirit, that it should patiently bear it,

b-

"because you are also hidden from my
"Eyes; but it scarse obeyes, yea it refuseth
"to obey. How then shall I not grieve, be-
"cause I have not as yet knowne your
"face, the habitation of your Soul, which
"I am as well acquainted with as my
"owne? For I have read your letters flow-
"ing with milk and honey, manifesting
"the simplicity of your heart, in which
"you seek the Lord, thinking rightly of
"him, and bringing him glory and honor.
"Your brethren here have read them, and
"rejoyce with an unwearied and unspeak-
"able Joy, for the bountifull and excellent
"gifts of God in you, which are your
"riches. As many as have read them,
"snatch them from me; because when
"they read them, they are ravished with
"them. How sweet an Odour of Christ,
"and how fragrant proceeds from them?
"It cannot be exprest how much those let-
"ters, while they offer you to be seen of us,
"excite us to seek for you: They make
"you both discerned and desired: For
"the more they represent you unto us,
"wee are the more impatient of your ab-
"sence. All men love you in them, & desire
"to be beloved of you. God is blessed and
"praised by all, through whose grace you
"are such. There do we find that Christ

"is

"is awaked by you, and vouchsafeth to
"rebuke the winds and the Seas, that you
"may find them calme in your Course to-
"wards him. There is your dear wife stir-
"red up, not to be your leader to softnesse
"and pleasures, but to Christian fortitude;
"becomming Masculine again, and resto-
"red into the bones of her Husband: whom
"we all with one voice salute and admire,
"being now united unto you, serving you
"in spiritual things, wherein you are coup-
"led with mutuall embraces, which the
"more chast they be, are by so much the
"more firm. There do we see two Cedars of
"*Libanus* fell'd to the Earth, which joy-
"ned together by love, make up one Arke,
"that cuts through the Waves of this
"World without detriment or putrefacti-
"on. There glory, that it may be acqui-
"red, is contemned; and the World, that
"it may be obtained, is forsaken. There
"the Children of *Babylon*, whither litle
"ones, or of Maturer age; I mean the Evils
"of Confusion and secular pride, are
"dashed against the stones. Such sacred
"and delightfull spectacles do your let-
"ters present unto us: O those letters of
"yours! Those letters of an unfained
"faith, those letters of holy hope, those
"letters of pure Charity! How do they
sigh

"ſigh and gaſpe with your pious "thirſt, your holy longings, and the Ec- "ſtatical faintings of your Soul for the "Courts of the Lord? What a moſt ſa- "cred love do they breath? with what trea- "ſures of a ſincere heart do they abound? "How thankfull to God? How earneſt for "more grace? How mild? How zealous? "How full of light?? How full of fruite? "Whence is it that they do ſo pleaſe us, "and ſo provoke us, to ſhowre and raine "upon us, and yet are ſo calm and ſo ſe- "rene? What is this I beſeech you? or "what ſhall I returne unto you for theſe "letters, unleſſe I tell you, that I am whol- "ly yours in him, whoſe you are altoge- "ther? If this be too little, in truth I have "no more.

Theſe were the firſt effects of *Paulinus* his letters; but ſhortly after, St. *Auguſtine* ſent him others, nothing inferiour to this firſt, either in affection, or Piety. And the year following, being elected by *Valerius* to ſit his Coadjutor in the Sea of *Hippo*, where he afterwards ſucceeded him; It was reſolved by them all, namely by *Valerius*, *Auguſtine*, *Alypius*, *Severus*, and *Profuturus*, the *African* Biſhops, that a meſſenger ſhould be diſpatched into *Campania* to preſent *Paulinus* with their ſeveral letters, and

and the sincere gratulations of their respective Clergy; which accordingly was performed.

In the beginning of this year, which was the three hundred ninety and fifth after *Christ*, *Theodosius Augustus* the first, a most pious Emperour, and a *Nursing Father* of the Church departed this life. The *Ethnick* writers hating his memory as virulently as his person, laboured with all manner of lyes and Libels to render him odious and detestable to posterity. Holy *Endelechius* awaked with these scandalous clamours, and the insolent aspersions cast upon so religious an Emperour, writes earnestly to *Paulinus*, and prevailes with him, to imploy those excellent abilities bestowed on him, in the defense of this faithfull Souldier of *Jesus Christ*, and Champion of his Spouse. This task *Paulinus* performed, as appears by his owne words in his 9th Epistle to *Severus*, to whom hee sent a Coppy of his learned *Panegygick*; however posterity have suffered in the losse of it. But we want not another witnesse: That learned Father, and happy translator of the booke of God in his thirteenth Epistle to *Paulinus*, gives us a very fair and full account of it. *Librum tuum quem pro Theodosio principe prudenter ornateque*, &c. "Your "Book

"booke (saith he) whihc elegantly and "judiciously you composed in the defense "of the Emperor *Theodosius*, and sent to "me by [a] *Vigilantius*, I "have with much de-"light read over. What "I admire in it, is your "Method: For having excelled all other "writers in the first parts, you excell your "selfe in the last. Your stile is compact and "neat, and with the perspicuity and pure-"nesse of *Cicero*, and yet weighty and sen-"tentious; for that writing which hath "nothing commendable in it, but words, "is (as one saith) meer prating. The con-"sequence besides is very great, and the "coherence exact. What ever you infer, is "either the confirmation of the antece-"dent, or the inchoation of the subse-"quent. Most happy *Theodosius*, to be vin-"dicated by such a learned Oratour of "*Christ*! You have added to the glory of "his Imperial robe, and made the utility "of his just lawes sacred to posterity. But this rare peece, with many more mentioned by *Gennadius*, either through the envie of the Heathen, or the negligence of our own, are unfortunately lost; especially a *Volume of Epistles* written to his *Sister*, with some *controversial peeces* against the *Ethnick*

[a] *He proved afterwards a most detestable Heretick.*

Ethnick Philosophers, mentioned also by Saint *Augustine* in his four and thirtieth Epistles; and a most learned *Treatise of true Repentance*, and *the glory of Martyrs*.

Much about this time, the name of *Paulinus* began to be famous in the *East*; and not onely there, but in all parts of the *Christian* World. It is almost incredible (especially in this age of Impieties and Abominations) how much the example of this one man prevailed over all. The Course he ran, drew another wealthy and noble *Roman* (I mean *Pammachius*) from the Senate to the Cell; and all the Fathers of that age, when they prest any to holy living, and a desertion of the World, brought in *Paulinus* for their great exemplar, and a star to lead them unto *Christ*. St. *Augustine* propounds him to *Romanianus* & *Licentius*, Saint *Hierome* to *Julian*, and the Daughters of *Geruntius*; and Saint *Chrysostome* in his thirteenth homily upon *Genesis*, sets him downe for a pattern to the husbands, and *Therasia* to the wives. The reverend Bishop of *Hippo* did very earnestly sollicite him to come over into *Africk*, & he gives his reason for it in these words: *Non imprudenter ego vos rogo, & flagito, & postulo*, &c. "Not unadvisedly doe I "intreat and earnestly desire, and require

"you

"you to come into *Africk*, where the In-
"habitants labour more now with the
"thirst of seeing you, then with the fa-
"mous thirstinesse of the Climate. God
"knowes, I ask it not for my private satis-
"faction, nor for those onely, who either
"by my mouth, or by the publick fame
"have heard of you; but for the rest, who
"either have not heard, or else having
"heard will not believe so great a change;
"but when they themselves shall see the
"truth, they will not onely believe, but
"love and imitate. It is for their sakes
"therefore, that I desire you to honour
"these parts with your bodily presence:
"Let the Eyes of our flocks also behold the
"glory of Christ in so eminent a Couple,
"the great exemplars to both Sexes, to
"tread pride under their feet, and not to
"despaire of attaining to prefection. And
in his fifty ninth Epistle to *Paulinus*, when
(according to the custome of those holy
times) hee had sent his Presbyter to him to
be instructed, *he cannot* (saith he) *profit
more by my Doctrine, then he can by your
life.* Saint *Hierome* useth the same Engine
to bring down the high thoughts of *Julian*:
"Art thou (saith he) nobly descen-
"ded? So were *Paulinus* and *Therasia*,
"and far nobler in Christ. Art thou rich

"and

"and honourable? So were they: and from "the height of honours and worldly rich-"es became poor and inglorious, that they "might gain Christ. Dearly did *Anastasius*, who succeeded *Siricius* in the Sea of *Rome*, affect this holy Bishop, as appears by his owne words in his sixteenth Epistle to *Delphinus* the Bishop of *Burdeaux*.

But amidst all these triumphs of the Church of God, for the conversion of so eminent a person, and the frequent gratulations of learned men, expreſt by their letters or personall visits, there were none that raged with so much hatred and malice against him as his own kindred, and former acquaintance. *A Prophet hath no honour in his own Country, and those of his owne house will be his Enemies.* There are no such persecutors of the Church, as those that do it for selfe-ends, and their private advantage. Sweetly doth he complain of these bitter, unnatural dealings in his fifth Epistle to *Severus*. *Potiore mihi parente germanus es, quam illi quos caro tantùm & sanguis mihi sociat*, &. "You are my Bro-"ther now by a greater Father, then those "who are tyed to me by flesh and blood "onely. For where is now my great affi-"nity by blood? Where are my old "friends?

"friends? where is my former acquain-
"tance? I am become as a dream before
"them all, and as a ſtranger to my owne
"brothers, the Sons of my Mother. My
"kinſmen and my friends ſtand looking
"upon me afar off, and they paſſe by me
"like haſty floods, or the ſtreames of a
"brook that will not be ſtay'd. They con-
"vey themſelves away, and are aſhamed
"of me, who diſpleaſed them by pleaſing
"God. And in his firſt Epiſtle, I beſeech you
(ſaith he) "If I ſhall have need (for now
"my ſervants, and thoſe I made free-men,
"are become my deſpiſers,) that you
"would take care to ſend the old Wine,
"which I beleive I have ſtill at *Narbon*, hi-
"ther unto me, and to pay for the carri-
"age: Do not fear, dear brother, to make
"the poor your debtor, *&c.* The Noble
Spirit is the braveſt bearer of indignities:
and certainly extraction and a virtuous
deſcent (let popular flatterers preach what
they will to the contrary,) is attended
with more Divinity, and a ſweeter tem-
per, then the indiſcrete Iſſue of the mul-
titude. There is an eminent difference be-
twixt flowers and weedes, though they
ſpring from the ſame mould. The Ape con-
tending with the Lyoneſſe, told her, that
ſhe was a very fair creature, but very bar-
ren:

ren: For you (said the Ape) bring forth but one at a birth, and I bring six, or more; 'Tis true (replyed the Lionesse,) but thy six are six Apes, and my one is a Lyon. The greatest part of men, which we commonly terme the populacy, are a stiffe, uncivill generation, without any seed of honour or goodnesse, and sensible of nothing but private interest, & the base waies of acquiring it. What Virtue, or what humanity can be expected from a *Raymond Cabanes*, a *Massinello*, or some Son of a Butcher? They have one barbarous shift, which Tigers and Beares would blush to commit: They will cut the throats of their most generous and Virtuous Benefactours, to comply with times, and advantage themselves; Yea, they will rejoyce to see them ruined, and like inhumane Salvages, insult over their innocent and helplesse posterity. I could compare those fawning Hypocrits, that waite not upon men, but upon their Fortunes, to that smiths bitch in the *Apologues* of *Locmannus* the *Persian*, which sleeping in the forge, could not be awaked with all the noise of the hammers, the Anvile, and the Bellowes: but if the smith would offer to stirre his teeth to eat, shee would start up presently, and attend upon him with all officiousnesse. She would

share

ſhare with him in the fruits of his labours; but would not watch and look to the ſhop one minute while he laboured.

Paulinus had now firſt loſt theſe falſe friends, but was loaded for it with the love and commendations of true ones; And I know not which offended him moſt, to be deſpiſed by the firſt, or commended by the laſt. He had (like Saint *Paul*,) great heavineſſe, and continuall ſorrow of heart, to ſee that his brethren and kinſmen according to the fleſh, hated him becauſe he loved Chriſt: And on the other ſide, his humility would not ſuffer him to beare the *labour of love*, I meane the generall applauſe and ſincere commendations conferred upon him by his Chriſtian friends. *Severus* in one of his Epiſtles written to him (after hee had ſpent ſome lines in the commendation of his zeale and conſtancie,) contrary to the cuſtome of that plaine age, ſubſcribed himſelf, his Servant. To the firſt he replyed, that *his exceſſive love had drawn him to the ſin of untruth*: And the laſt he deſired him to deſiſt from, for this reaſon; *Cave ergo ne poſthac*, &c. "Have a care hereafter (ſaith he) that "you who are a Servant of Chriſt, called "unto liberty, terme nor your ſelf the ſervant

Te multa dilectio ad mendacii peccatum traxit.

"vant of a sinner, and of one that is "not worthy to be called your fellow-ser-"vant. The virtue of humility will not "excuse the vice of flattery. Thus *Gregorie* the great, when Pope *Anastasius* had exceeded towards him in his laudatory elocutions, blasted them all with this humble reply; *Quod verò me os domini, quod lucernam*, &c. "Your calling me the mouth of "the Lord, a shining light, and a strong "helper, is nothing else but an augmen-"tation of my iniquity; for when I deserve "to be punished for my sins, then do I in-"stead of punishment receive praise. *Severus*, in another of his Epistles to *Paulinus*, earnestly intreated him to suffer his picture to be taken by a limner, which he had sent to him for that purpose, that he might have it to set up, together with the picture of Saint *Martin*, before the sacred font in a fair Church which *Severus* was then in building. This friendly motion *Paulinus* was very much offended with, and would by no means consent unto, teling *Severus*, *that too much love had made him mad*; And in his eighth Epistle, reasoning with him about this request, *What kind of picture* (saith he) *would you have from me, the picture of the earthly, or the Heavenly man? I know you love onely that incorrup-*

tible

tible image, which the King of Heaven doth love in you. I am ashamed to picture what I am, and I dare not picture what I am not. But *Severus* resolving to force it from him, would not be satisfied with any other returne; wherupon he sent it to him, with these following verses, the elegant expresse of his unfeined humility. The first coppy relates to the *pictures*, and the latter to the *Font*.

Abluitis quicunq; animas & membra lavacris,
Cernite propositas ad bona facta vias, &c.

You that to wash your flesh and Soules draw near,
Ponder these two examples set you here.
Great *Martin* shewes the holy life, and white;
Paulinus to repentance doth invite.
Martins pure, harmlesse life tooke Heaven by force,
Paulinus tooke it by teares and remorse.
Martin leads through victorious palms and flowers,
Paulinus leades you through the pooles and showres.

You

You that are ſinners, on *Paulinus* look,
You that are Saints, great *Martin* is your book.
The firſt example bright and holy is,
The laſt, though ſad and weeping, leads to bliſſe.

The verſes relating to the *Font*, were theſe.

Hic reparandarum generator fons animarũ
Vivum viventi lumine flumen agit, &c.

Here the great well-ſpring of waſh'd Soules, with beams
Of living light quickens the lively ſtreams;
The Dove deſcends, and ſtirs them with her wings,
So weds theſe waters to the upper ſprings,
They ſtrait conceive: A new birth doth proceede
From the bright ſtreams by an immortall ſeed.
O the rare love of God! ſinners waſh'd here,
Come forth pure Saints, all juſtfied and clear.

So bleſt in death and life, man dyes to ſins,
And lives to God; Sin dies, and life begins
To be reviv'd: Old *Adam* falls away,
And the new lives, born for eternal ſway.

Nor did the manners of holy *Paulinus* differ from his mind: all his Garments, all the Utenſils of his poor Cot, were ſo many emblems and memento's of humility. Grace is an Elixir of a contrary Nature to the Philoſophers ſtone, it turn'd all the gold and Silverveſſells of this great Senatour into earthen diſhes and wooden ſpoons. Righteouſneſſe and honeſty are alwaies poor. In his firſt Epiſt. to *Severus*, he preſents him with ſome of this innocent furniture; *Miſimus teſtimonialem divitiarum ſcutellam buxeam*, &c. "I have ſent you "(ſaith he) a platter made of a box-tree, "for a teſtimoniall of my riches; receive it "as a pledge or earneſt of Evangelicall po-"verty, and let it be an example to you, "if as yet you will make uſe of any Silver platters. To this he addes, that he was very deſirous to be ſupplyed with ſome more earthen diſhes, which (ſaith he) *I do very much love*; and then ſubſcribes his reaſon, *quòd ſecundum Adam cognata nobis ſint*, &

& domini thesaurum in talibus vasis commissum habeamus; because they are near kin to us by *Adam*, and because the treasure of the Lord is committed to our care in such vessells. Certainly poverty (as man is now to be considered) is his best, and his true estate. Riches, though they make themselves wings, yet do they not fly to Heaven. The home or house of gold, is the heart of the Earth, and mineralls are a fuel of hell-fire. Poverty was the Inauguration of the first man, who was made naked, and all his posterity are born so. *This onely have I found* (saith *Solomon*) *that God made man upright, but he hath sought out many inventions*. By Covetousnesse we loose our uprightnesse: Wee come here light and easie, but we load our selves afterwards with unnecessary burthens. *Perditio tua ex te*, these weights that we take up, sink us down: Our temporall misery as well at the Eternal is from our selves. The merriest creature that I can see, is the * *Sparrow*. This makes

+ *Paulinus calls Christ (mstically) a sparrow*: Hic est ille passer, qui requirentibus se in viis hilariter ostendit; nunc in portis fit obvius, nunc in platis occurrit, nunc in muris vel turribus sublimis convocat ad se amatores suos, & invitat eos in altitudines habitationum suarum, ut im-

 plear

pleat verbum suum, & exaltatus omnia ad se trahat. Quis dabit nobis pennas columbæ deargentatas, ut pennati pervolemus ad bravium supernæ vocationis, sequentes istum passerem solitarium, qui est unicus dei filius, supervolitantem, qui in altis habitat, & humilia respicit?

me think, that hee is not troubled with forethoughts, which are the hands of covetousnesse. What man and beasts scatter and leave behind them, is his provision: his table is laid every where, and the first bush he meets with, is his bed. Our Saviour, who knew the nature and thoughts of all created things, was pleased to send us to school to the birds. They are alwaies full of Musical livelinesse, and a certain bright freedome, which descends not so low as men and beasts. Spirits, when they have businesse upon Earth, must assume bodies. Clarity and purification is a kind of poverty: it is a statethat have cast off dregs & burthens. Divine is that saying of *Gr. Pisides.*

Τὸ πτωχὸν ἦθος ἐξανόδ ρομεν φύσει.
Poor habits are naturally heaven-seekers.

But *Paulinus*, though he was poor, yet was he charitable, and withall liberall. The widowes mite is more then the rich mens abundance. In the four hundred and tenth year after *Christ*, when the *Gothes*

ra-

raged in *Italy*, and had sackt *Nola*, *Paulinus* (amongst many others,) was taken prisoner by them; *And thus* (saith Saint *Augustine*) *as I afterwards learnt from him, did he then pray in his heart.* Domine, ne excrucier propter aurum & argentum; ubi enim omnia mea sunt, tu scis. *O Lord suffer me not to be troubled with the losse of Gold & Silver, for thou knowest where all my riches are laid up.* His treasure was laid up in Heaven, where he commanded us to lay it, who foretold, that these calamities should come upon the World. And God (without doubt) had reguard unto his prayer, for the barbarous enemie leading all the rest into captivity, he onely was left behind. But amongst all these plunderings and outward afflictions, hee never failed in his daily almes to the poor, nor was the hand of his faithfull *Therasia* any way shortned. At last his store failing, and no more provision being left, then onely one loafe of bread; A poor man comming to the door for reliefe, *Paulinus* commands it should be given him. But *Therasia* (arguing with her selfe, that no begger could be poorer then *Paulinus* now was, and that it was as much charity to keepe it for him, as to give it to another,)

Lib. 1. d. Civitate dei.

ther,) conceal'd the loafe, and suffered the poor man to go without it. A day or two after, some men that were sent with relief to *Paulinus*, from his friends, arrive at *Nola*, and tell him that they had been there much sooner, had not one of the ships, which was loaden with corn, been cast away almost in the Harbour; the rest that were fraught with Wine and other Victualls, being come safe to shore. Whereupon *Paulinus* turning towards *Therasia*, put her in mind of her overmuch carefullnesse, with these words, *Understand now* Therasia, *that this great ship full laden with Corne, was cast away for that one loafe of bread which thou didst steale from the poore man.*

But passe we now to his *Episcopall* dignity. In his own Workes we have not one line that mentions this Ecclesiasticall honour, nor any other passage of his life, that might but seem to conduce to his own glory. They breath nothing but humility, nothing but self-deniall and dedignation. Wee must be guided then through this part of his life by other Authors, and such faithfull records as are come unto us, from the hands of learned and publick persons; who either upon the generall interest and concernments of the Church,

Church, or their own private merits, and not by reflection were acquainted with him. The first that offers himself to us, is *Uranius*, his own Presbyter, who in that short narration which he wrote of his life, sets him forth to posterity in this following Character; *Cum autem ad summum sacerdotij gradum*, &c. "When he was honoured "(saith he) with the highest degree in the "Priesthood, he did not shew himself such "a Bishop that desired to be feared, but one "that endeavoured to be beloved. He was "never so farre angry, as not in his anger "to shew mercy. Nor could that man in-"deed be angry, for he regarded not ca-"lumnies, and he avoyded hatred. He ne-"ver sate in Judgement, but mercy sate "close by him. He was truly such a Bishop "as laboured to get the love of all. For "hee lived a Consolation to all, and "their great example to make sure their "Salvation. Nor is this my voyce onely: "even the barbarous Nations who knew "my Lord *Paulinus* by report onely, will "testifie as much. And worthily was hee "beloved of all, who was a friend to all. "For who was there cast down, and he did "not lift him up? who ever called to him for "help, and was not piously and comfor-"tably answered? For he was pious, ten-

"der hearted, humble and courteous, ha-
"ting none, despising none. He gave to all,
"he cherished all: he encouraged the fear-
"full, pacified the violent, those with his
"words, these with his example; Some
"he comforted with his letters, and those
"that wanted, with his mony. He loved
"not any riches, nor any treasures, but
"those which Christ promised to his fol-
"lowers. Gold and Silver, and the other
"accommodations of life he approved of,
"if they were liberally given to the poor,
"not covetously hoorded up. Briefly, he
"had in him all goodnesse, for he loved
"Christ. Hee had Faith, Meeknesse,
"love towards his neighbours, a constant
"care of the poor, compassion upon the
"weak, and laboured for nothing in his
"life, but peace and charity. All his en-
"deavours were to make men good, and
"to save their Soules. What place is there
"in the World, what solitude, what Seas
"which acknowledge not the good works
"of holy *Paulinus*? All men desired his
"acquaintance, and did extreamly long to
"have a sight of him. Who ever came to
"him without joy, or who went from him,
"but he desired to stay longer? those that
"could not see him in the body, desired
"to see him in his writings; for he was
"sweet

"sweet and gentle in his Epistles, elegant "and ravishing in his Poems. What more "shall I say? The relations that may be "given of him, would be scarse credible, "but that his knowne integrity is above "falshood.

Nola was at this time a very famous and splendid City, nothing inferiour to the best *Emporiums* of *Italie*, and had withall a very rich *Sea*; which questionlesse was a great occasion, that the piety of this blessed Bishop was so renowned, and so familiarly spoken of in the most remote parts of the World. So the just and faithfull God exalteth those that humble themselves, and honours those that honour him. He had beene faithfull in those things that were his own, and was therefore intrusted with the treasures of the Church. *Prosper* in his second book, *de vitâ Contemplativâ*, and the ninth Chapter, tells us, how hee disposed of them; *Sanctus Paulinus (ut ipsi melius nostis) ingentia prædia quæ fuerunt sua, vendita pauperibus erogavit: sed cum postea factus esset Episcopus, non contempsit Ecclesiæ facultates, sed fidelissime dispensavit.* "Holy *Paulinus* (saith he) as "you best know, sold all those princely "Possessions which were his own, and gave "of them to the poor: but when he was af-

"terwards consecrated Bishop, he neglect-
"ed not the revenues of the Church, but
"was a most faithfull Steward and dis-
"penser of them. So faithfull, that when
he lay upon his death bed, hee had not
one piece left to relieve himself, but was
driven to lay out for some Cloathes which
he had given to the poor, a small summe
of mony, which God ordained to be sent
to him for that very purpose a litle before
the hour of his dissolution. So that living
and dying, he kept to the Apostles rule,
and *owed no man any thing but love.* Hee
was a great lover of learned and holy men,
and confesseth in one of his Epistles to *Alypius*, that his affection to Saint *Ambrose*,
was the first inducement which he felt to
incline him to Christianity. His dearest
and most intimate friends were Saint *Augustine*, Saint *Ambrose*, Saint *Hierome*,
Saint *Martin* the Bishop of *Tours*, *Delphinus* the Bishop of *Burdeaux*, and *Amandus* his Successour; *Alypius* the Bishop of
Tagasta, *Januarius* the Bishop of *Naples*,
afterwards a Martyr, *Victricius* the *Rhotomagensis*, *Aper*, *Severus*, and *Nicetas* of
Dacia. I may say of him as the Scripture
saith of *Moses*, he was the meekest man
upon the face of the Earth. He was not onely obedient and serviceable to these Fathers,
and

and pillars of the Church, but to his own *Presbyters* and *Domesticks*: he judged himself the most unworthy, and the most unable of all his brethren. *Victor* the Monk, sent from *Severus* to see him (according to the custome of those times) washed his feete. This was a ceremony, which in that age of holinesse could not be refused. But *Victor* by this did not onely wash his feet, but his face also; for he drew tears from him, because hee might not deny him the performance of that Evangelical service. *Servivit ergo mihi peccatori, & va misero mihi quod passus sum; he served me a sinner* (saith the holy Bishop) *and woe is to me because I suffered him.* But he staid not at tears, for as soone as *Victor* had done washing his feet, to requite his service, he fetched him clean water, and held the bason while he wash'd his hands. He was not like that insolent *Abbot* that did cast off his humility with his *Cowle*, and being asked by his brethren, *why he was then so proud, that was formerly such an humble Monk*, made answer; *that in his Monachisme, when he went so low, and stooping, he was searching for the keyes of the Abbey; but now having found them, he did hold up his head to ease himself.*

This true carriage of an Evangelist, made him both honourd and beloved; the *Church* rejoyced, and glorified Cod for him, and the *Court* admired him. Holyneſſe is a light that cannot be hidden: It is a candle ſet upon a hill: ſtars never ſhine more glorious, then when they are neare black Clouds. In the year of our Lord, four hundred and nineteen (a grievous *Schiſm* then happening in the Church,) there was a convention of certain Biſhops and Fathers at *Rome*, to quiet thoſe groundleſſe perturbations, and ſtop the breach. But *Honorius* the Emperour, judging by his skil in the temper of thoſe Church-men, that no good would be done without the preſence of *Paulinus*, who then lay ſick at *Nola*, diſpatched his Imperial letter to this holy Biſhop, wherein he earneſtly intreated him (if poſſible) to ſhake off his preſent indiſpoſition, and to repaire in perſon to the Synod, leſt that great bleſſing of peace, which he and the Church did earneſtly hope and long for, might by his abſence unfortunately miſcarry. This royall record (becauſe it is a monument of no leſſe ſincerity then concernment, and diſcovers unto us much of the face of thoſe times) I ſhall *verbatim* inſert.

Sancto

Sancto & venerabili Patri, *Paulino*, Episcopo *Nolensi*.

TAntùm fuit apud nos certa sententia, nihil ab his sacerdotibus, qui ad Synodum convenerant, posse definiri, cùm beatitudo tua dè corporis inæqualitate causata, itineris non potuit injuriam sustinere, ut propter absentiam sancti viri, non quidem obtentura: Interim tamen vitia gratulantur, cùm prava & vetus ambitio, & cum benedicto viro sanctæq; vitæ diu velit habere certamen, ut contra hæc Apostolicæ institutionis bona, de præsumptis parvim parietibus existimet confidendum. O verè digna causa quam non nisi coronæ tuæ beata vita designat! Dilatum itaq; Judicium nuntiamus, ut divina præcepta ex venerationis tuæ ore promantur, qui ea secutus implesti; nec potest alius eorum præceptorum lator existere, quam qui dignus Apostolicis disciplinis est approbatus. Specialiter itaq; domine sancte, meritò venerabilis pater, Justus dei famulus, divinum opus, contempto labore, tributum hoc nobis visitationis tuæ (si ita dicendum est) munus indulge, ut postpositis omnibus,

quan-

quantum temperantia his & tranquillitas suffragantur, Synodo profuturus, sine intermissione etiam desideriis nostris, & benedictioni quam cupimus, te prastare digneris.

To the holy and reverend Father PAULINUS, *Bishop of* Nola.

"SUch a firm opinion have we that no-
"thing can be agreed and concluded up-
"on by the Bishops met in this Synod,
(your Holinesse by reason of your bodily
"indisposition being not able to travel hi-
"ther) that for your onely absence it is
"not like to continue: In the mean time
"offences triumph and rejoyce at it, and
"the old and wicked sinne of ambition,
"which of a long time desires to contend
"even with your holynesse and upright
"life, presumes now, and is confident that
"having forcibly taken the wall from us,
"it will carry you also against the whol-
"somnesse of Apostolicall institution. O!
"a cause truly worthy not to be determi-
"ned, but by your holy life, which is your
"Crown! we therfore declare unto you, that

we

"we have suspended our judgement for the
"present, that we may have the truth of
"these Divine precepts pronounced by your
"reverend mouth, who have both followed
"them, and fullfilled them: For none can be
"a fit arbiter of those rules, but he that
"hath approved himself worthy and con-
"formable to Apostolicall discipline.
"Wherefore, holy Sir, worthily reverend
"Father, the faithfull Servant of God,
"and his Divine work, we intreat you par-
"ticularly, that slighting the troubles of
"this Journey, you would favour us with
"this gift and tribute (if I may so speak)
"of your presence: and laying aside all o-
"ther concernments (so far as your health
"and ease will permit,) be in your owne
"person at this Synod, and vouchsafe to
"lend your assistance to our desires, and
"that blessing which wee earnestly long
"for.

Wee see by this letter in what account hee was with the Emperour, and that his integrity and holyness were not dissimulations and popular Fables, but experimentall truths so known and so believed; hee was a true Christian, and no Impostour. It was not the Custome, but the nature (if I may so say) of those Primitive times to love holy and peacefull men. But some

great

great ones in this later age, did nothing else but countenance *Schismaticks* and *seditious raylers*, *the despisers of dignities*, that covered their *abominable villanies* with a pretence of *transcendent holinesse*, and a certain *Sanctimonious excellencie* above the Sons of men. This *Vaile* (which then *confend* weak eyes) is now fallen off their *faces*, and most of their patrons have by an unthought of Method received their rewards: The rest without doubt (though they shift themselves into a thousand shapes) shall not escape him, *whose anger is not yet turned away, but his hand is stretched out still.* But returne we to *Paulinus*: Whose Charity and tendernesse towards the poor, was both inimitable and incredible; This iron age wants faith as well as mercy: When he had given them all he had, to the last that begged he gave himself. *Gregorie* the great, in the third Book of his *Dialogues*, and the first Chapter, hath recorded this memorable passage. I shall cut it short, and in as few words, as conveniently may be, give you all that is material. When the *Vandals* had miserably wasted *Campania*, and carried many of the inhabitants into *Africk*, blessed *Paulinus* gave all that he had both towards his own sustenance, and the reliete of the

poor

poor, amongst the prisoners and Captives. The Enemy being departed, and his prey with him; a poor Widow (whose onely Son was (amongst the rest of the Natives) by a Son in law of the King of the *Vandals* carried into Bondage,) comes to petition *Paulinus* for so much Money as might serve to redeem him. *Paulinus* told her that he had nothing then left, either in money or other goods, but promised, if shee would accept of him, to go with her into *Africk*, and to be exchanged for her Son. The poore Widow taking this for a meere scoffe, turnes her back to be gone. *Paulinus* followes after, and with much adoe made her believe, that he meant it (as he did indeed) in earnest. Upon this, they travell'd both into *Africk*, and having opportunity to speake with the Kings Son in Law, the poor widow begged of him first, to have her son restor'd unto her *Gratis*: but the youthfull and haughty *Vandal* averse to all such requests, would hear her no farther; whereupon she presents him with *Paulinus*, and petitioned to have her Son set at liberty, and the other to serve in his stead. The Prince taken with the comely and reverend countenance of *Paulinus*, asked him, what his occupation or trade was? *Paulinus* answered, that he never followed any trade,

trade, but that he had good skill in dressing of Herbes and Flowers. Upon this, the Prince delivered her Son to the Widow, who took him home with her, and sent *Paulinus* to work into his Gardens.

The Prince delighting much in Flowers and Sallets, would very frequently visit *Paulinus*, and took such delight in him, that he forsook all his Court-associates to enjoy the company of his new Gardiner. In one of these visits, *Paulinus* taking occasion to confer seriously with him, advised him to be very carefull of himselfe, and to consider speedily of some means to secure and settle the Kingdome of the *Vandals* [a] in *Mauritania*; for (said he) the King your Father in law will shortly dye. The Prince something troubled with the suddain newes, without further delay acquaints the King with it; and tells him withall, that his Gardiner (whose prediction this was) excell-

This was about the year of our L. 428. about which time the Vandals after their excursions through Polonia, Italy, Franconia, *and* Andalusia *had setled in* Africk, *where they continued quietly until the reigne of* Justinian, *but rebelling against him, they were together with their King* Gillimer *totally overthrown by the great Captaine* Belisarius *An. Christi* 533.

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ed all other men both in wiſedome and learning. Whereupon the King requeſted, that he might ſee him; you ſhall, replyed the Prince, for to morrow when you are at dinner, I will give order that hee ſhall come in perſon with the diſhes of Sallate to the Table. This being agreed upon, and accordingly performed, the old Tyrant upon the firſt ſight of *Paulinus* exceedingly trembled, and ſpeaking to his Daughter, who ſate next to him, to call to her husband, he told him, that the prediction of his Gardiner was very true; for *yeſternight* (ſaid he) *I ſaw in a dream a great tribunal with judges ſitting thereon, and amongſt them this Gardiner, by whoſe judgement a ſcourge which had been formerly put into my hands, was taken from me.* But learn of him what his profeſſion is, and what dignity he had conferred upon him in his own Country, for I cannot believe him to be (as he pretends) an inferiour or ordinary perſon.

As ſoon as dinner was ended, the Prince ſtole from the *preſence* into the Garden, and earneſtly intreated *Paulinus* to tell him, who he was; I am (ſaid he) your Gardiner, which you received in exchange for the Widowes Son. I know that, replyed the Prince, but I deſire to know your pro-

profession in your own Country, and not the servitude you have put your self in with me for the present; To this *Paulinus* answered, that he was by profession a *Bishop, and a servant of Jesus Christ the Son of the living God.* At these words the Prince was mightily troubled, and requested him to depart againe into his own Country, assuring him, that before he departed, he would give him any thing that he should please demand. *Paulinus* replyed, that he would desire nothing, but to have those Captives which were carried out of *Campania*, set at liberty, and transported to their Native Country. To this the Prince consented, and for *Paulinus* his sake, furnished them with shipping and all other necessaries for their voyage, and sent them home joyfull in the Company of their blessed and beloved Bishop.

Some few daies after, the old Tyrant (as God had foretold by his holy Servant) departed out of this World *into his owne place*; And so that scourge which God had put into his hand for the punishment of a great part of the Christian World, was taken away, and the instrument cast into the fire. Wherefore whoever thou beest, that readest this book, and art a sufferer thy self, or doest see and grieve for the calamities

ties of the Church, *the oppression of the poor, & the violent perverting of judgement & justice in a province, do not thou marvel at the matter*, nor vex thy self; *for he that is higher then the highest, regardeth it, and there be higher then they. Envy not the glory of Sinners, for thou knowest not what will be their end*; but *submit thy self under the mighty hand of God*, expecting with patience the time of refreshing, and I do assure thee upon my Soul, thou shalt not be deceived,

Paulinus, with all his joyfull Captives, was now landed in *Campania*, where all the Inhabitants, as upon a solemne feast-day flocked together to welcome him, and to poure their joyes into his bosome; some received their Sonnes, some their brothers, and some their husbands: both the receivers and the received were beholding to *Paulinus*. They commended, honoured and admired him: He exhorted, incouraged and confirmed them. Mutuall Consolations are a double banquet, they are the Churches *Eulogiæ*, which we both give and take. What the *Campanians* most admired in *Paulinus*, was that which the Scripture commends in *Moses*: *youthfullnesse in old age*. He was now as earnest, as hearty, and as active for the glory of God,

as

as in his most vigorous years. *His spiritual force was not abated, nor the Eye of his Soul any way dimmed.* Hee did not coole towards his *setting*, but grew more large, more bright, and more fervent. Bearing trees, when their fruit is ripe, bend their boughes, and offer themselves to the gatherers hands. He knew that his time of departure was at hand, and therefore *Moses*-like he made his *Doctrine to drop as the raine, and his speech distilled as the dew. Hee poured out his milk and his Wine, and made them drink abundantly.* To labour in the heat of the day, and to give over in the cool, is great indiscretion, the contention should be alwaies hottest towards the end of the race.

I am now come to my last *Paragraph*, which all this while I did reserve for his *Works of Piety.* And these indeede (if wee consider his unworldlinesse, and religious poverty) were very great and very sumptuous. He repaired and beautified the four old *Basilica*'s, or Churches, dedicated to the Martyr *Felix*, and built the *fifth*, which exceeded them all, both for beauty and largenesse. This he dedicated to our Lord and Saviour *Jesus Christ.* It was adorned with two stately Porches, the one opend towards the way of Publick resort, the other was a

pri-

private *Postern*; and the path leading to it, was through a pleasant *green field* set with *fruit-trees* and other *shady wood*, fenced about with a very high and sumptuous wall; The entrance into this Court was through a fair Marble-Gate, in whose Front were cut these following verses.

Cælestes intrate vias per amœna vireta, &c.

Through pleasant green fields enter you the way
To blisse; and wel through shades and blossoms may
The walkes leade here, from whence directly lyes
The good mans path to sacred *Paradise*.

This Church was joyned to the other four, and an entrance made from the one into the other, by high and spatious *Arches*, supported with pillars of Marble. Through these pillars (whose height did almost reach to the roof,) as through a *traverse* was to be seene, by those that came from the old Church into the new, the picture of the Crosse, limned in most lively and glorious Colours, and hung with Garlands of

of palms and flowers; above it shined a cleare and luminous skie, and on the Crosse, which was all Purple, sate perching a flock of white Doves; at the bottome of this *Paisage* were written these verses.

Ardua florifera Crux, &c.

The painfull Crosse with flowers and Palms is crown'd,
Which prove, it springs; though all in blood 'tis drown'd:
The Doves above it shew with one consent,
Heaven opens onely to the innocent.

In the Courts belonging to this Church, were very faire and spatious walks, paved with stone, and covered over head against the violence of weather. The outside was supported with Pillars, and the Inner was divided into neat and cleanly Cells, opening towards the Walks, where the people that came thither to celebrate the *Vigils* of *Felix*, reposed themselves. Round about these Courts were great *Cisterns*, and *Lavers* of severall kinds of Marble most curiously polished, whose diverse formes and colours were very delightfull, and much recreated the beholders.

ers. The Porches, which were very large, and contained with in them many private *Oratories*, or places of prayer, were all richly pictured with sacred Histories out of the *Pentateuch*, the book of *Joshuah*, *Judges* and *Ruth*; This Church is fully described in his twelfth Epistle to *Severus*, and his ninth *Natalis*, when *Nicetas* came out of *Dacia* to see him.

Ecce vides quantus splendor velut ade renatâ
Rideat, insculptum camerâ crispante lacunar
In ligno mentitur ebur; tectoque superne
Pendentes lychni spiris retinentur ahenis,
Et medio in vacuo laxis vaga lumina nutant
Funibus, undantes flammas levis aura fatigat, &c.

You see what splendour through the spatious Isle,
As if the Church were glorified, doth smile.
The Ivory-wrought beams seem to the sight
Ingraven, while the carv'd roofe looks curl'd

curl'd and bright.
On brasse hoopes to the upmost vaults we tie
The hovering Lamps, which nod and tremble by
The yeelding Cords; fresh Oyle doth still repair
The waving flames, vex'd with the fleeting aire.

Having finished this Church, hee built another, not far from *Nola*, in a litle Town called *Fundi*, where his possessions (which he afterwards sold and gave to the poor,) were situate; this also de dedicated to our Lord *Jesus*, whom he used to call the *Saint of Saints, and the Marty of Martyrs*. In this Church in the great Isle leading to the Altar, he caused to be put up another peece of *Limning*, or sacred *Paisage*, which for b auty and excell ncie exceeded all the form r. We have it most lively described and explained in these following verses.

Sanctorum labor & merces sibi rite cohærent,
Ardua Crux, pretiumque crucis sublime, corona, &c.

The

The paines of Saints, and Saints rewards
are twins,
The ſad Croſſe, and the Crowne which
the Croſſe wins.
Here *Chriſt* the Prince both of the Croſs
and Crown
Amongſt freſh Groves and Lillies fully
blown,
Stands, a white Lamb bearing the pur-
ple Croſſe,
White ſhewes his pureneſſe, *Red* his
bloods dear loſſe:
To eaſe his ſorrowes the Chaſt *Turtle*
ſings,
And fans him ſwetting blood with her
bright wings;
While from a ſhining Cloud the *Father*
Eyes
His Sons ſad conflict with his Ene-
mies,
And on his bleſſed head lets gently
down
Eternal glory made into a Crown.
About him ſtand two flocks of differing
notes,
One of white ſheepe, and one of ſpeckled
goates,

The first possesse his right hand, and the last
Stand on his left: The spotted Goates are cast
All into thick, deep shades, while from his right
The white sheepe passe into a whiter light.

But in all these sacred buildings, our most pious and humble Bishop did not so much as dream of *Merit*. He thought (as blessed Mr. *Herbert* did) that they were good works, if sprinkled with the blood of *Christ*; otherwise hee thought them nothing. It will not be amisse, nor perhaps needlesse, to produce his own words in his own defense: *Nisi dominus ædificaverit domum, vano ædificantes labore sudabimus. Oremus ergo dominum, ut dum nos illi ædificamus domicilia quæ videntur, ille nobis intus ædificet illa quæ non videntur, domum videlicet illam non manufactam.* "Unlesse the Lord build the house, wee "labour in vaine to build it. Let us there-"fore (saith he) pray to the Lord, that "while wee outwardly build unto him "these visible buildings, hee would build "inwardly in us those which are invisible

ble, that is to ſay, the houſe not made with hands. How can a ſervant merit by making uſe of his maſters goods? All we do, and all we give are but his conceſſions and favours firſt given unto us. *Cum ſuis & hic & ibi rebus locupletamur*, in this World, and in the World to come all our magnificence is but his munificence. But *Paulinus* was not onely outwardly pious, but inwardly alſo. He did ſo abound with private devotions, that all the time from his Baptiſm to his buriall, may be truly called his *Prayer-time*. All that he did think, all that he did ſpeak, and all that he did write, was pure devotion. Either publick or private prayers took up all his time. Our Saviour tells us, that *Gods Elects cry day and night unto him*, and Saint *Paul* adviſeth us *to pray without ceaſing, and in every thing to give thanks, for this* (ſaith he) *is the will of God in Chriſt Ieſus concerning you.* Holy *Paulinus* called Saint *Paul* his Maſter, having made himſelfe his Diſciple, hee would not neglect his commands: *If you continue in my word* (ſaith our Saviour) *then are you my Diſciples indeed.* Luk. 18.

To this I ſhall adde his Conformity and obedience to the Church, a bleſſing of no

ſmall conſequence in all ages, eſpecially in this age of *Schiſmes* and *Hereſies*. Hee highly honoured the memory of the Saints of God, and was a moſt chearfull and devout obſerver of Sacred Feſtivals, or holy daies. His pious affection to theſe bleſſed ſeaſons, together with the neceſſity and convenience of them, he hath moſt elegantly and learnedly demonſtrated in his Poems.

——— hos per longa morantes
Tempora, dum tardi ſplendens rota vertitur anni
Suſtineo intentis affecto pectore votis:
Quos cupio totis mihi pralucere diebus,
Vel quando veniunt ita compenſare moras, ut
Æſtivis poſſent ſpatiis producere lucem,
Aut illum penſare diem, qui ſiſtere Juſſis
Syderibus, longo laſſavit lumine mundum,
Humanos duplicans dilatâ nocte labores.

Ergo

Ergo velut calum stellis, & floribus arva
Temporibusque annos dominus, sic ipse diebus
Tempora distinxit festis, ut pigra diurnis
Ingenia obsequiis, saltem discrimine facto,
Post intervallum reduci sollemnia voto
Sancta libenter agant, residesque per annua mentes
Festa parent domino, quia Jupiter intemeratos
Justitiæ servare piget: delinquere suetis,
Parcere peccato labor est: decurritur omni
Valle, per ascensum non est evadere cursu.
Inde bonus dominus cunctos pietatis ut alis
Contegat, invalidis niti virtutis ad arcem
Congrua sanctorum dedit intervalla dierum,
Ut saltem officiis mediocribus ultima Christi
Vestimenta legant, & eos sacra fimbria sanet.

Primus enim gradus est cælo pertexere cunctos
Continuâ bonitate dies, & tempore toto
Pascha sacrum Christi Cultu celebrare pudico.
Quod si mista seges tribulis mihi germinat, & cor
Incultum stimulat terreni spina laboris,
Vel festis domino studeam me offere diebus,
Ut vel parte mei tanquam confinia Vitæ,
Corpore ne toto trahar in Consortia mortis.

Englished thus.

Those sacred daies by tedious time delai'd
While the slow years bright line about is laid,
I patiently expect, though much distrest
By busie longing, and a love-sicke breste
I wish, they may outshine all other daies,
Or when they come, so recompence delaies

As to outlaſt the Summer-hours bright length,
Or that fam'd day, when ſtopt by Divine ſtrength,
The Sun did tyre the World with his long light,
Doubling mens labours, and adjourning night.
As the bright Skye with ſtars, the fields with flowers,
The years with diff'ring ſeaſons, months and houres
God hath diſtinguiſhed and mark'd; ſo he
With ſacred feaſts did eaſe and beautifie
The working dayes: becauſe that mixture may
Make men loath to be holy ev'ry day,
After long labours with a freer will
Adore their maker, and keepe mindfull ſtill
Of holyneſſ, by keeping holy daies:
For otherwiſe they would diſlike the wayes
Of piety as too ſevere. To caſt
Old cuſtomes quite off, and from ſinne to faſt

Is a great work. To runne which way
we will,
On plaines is easie, not so up a hill.
Hence 'tis our good God (who
would all men bring
Under the Covert of his saving wing,)
Appointed at set times his solemne
feasts,
That by mean services, men might at
least
Take hold of Christ as by the hemme,
and steal
Help from his lowest skirts their Soules
to heal.
For the first step to Heaven, is to live
well
All our life long, and each day to excel
In holynesse; but since that tares are
found
In the best Corn, and thistles will Con-
found
And prick my heart with vaine cares, I
will strive
To weed them out on feast-daies, and so
thrive
By handfuls, 'till I may full life ob-
taine,
And not be swallow'd of Eternall
paine.

Two places upon Earth were most renowned with the memory of our Saviour, *Bethlem* for his *birth*, and mount *Calvarie* for his *passion*. To extirpate all remembrance of his *Humanity* out of these places, *Hadrian* the persecutor caused the Idol of *Jupiter* to be set up, and worshiped in *Mount Calvarie*; and in *Bethlem* he built a *Mosquie* for that *Egyptian* block *Adonis*, which the Idolatrous *Jewes* called *Thamuz*. Some men amongst us have done the like: Two *Seasons* in the year were consecrated by the *Church* to the memory of our *Saviour*: The *Feast* of his *Nativity* and *Circumcision*, and the *Feast* of his *Passion* and *Resurrection*. These two they have utterly taken away: endeavouring (in my opinion) to extinguish the *memory* of his *Incarnation* and *Passion*, and to race his blessed name out of those *bright columnes of light*, which the *Scripture* calls *daies*. They will not allow him two daies in the year, who made the dayes and the nights. But it is much to be feared, that he who hath appointed their daies here, will allow them for it long nights.

Holy *Paulinus* had now attained a good old age, the fore-runners (as Master *Herbert* saith) were come, and

the *Almond tree did flourish*: hee was all white with years, and worshiped (like *Jacob*) *leaning upon the top of his staffe.* His virtuous and deare *Therasia* had died (I believe) long before this time; God having ordained him to be hindmost, who was the stronger Vessell, and best able to bear her absence, and the unavoydable disconsolations of flesh and blood. And now (having for some time stood gazing after her,) he begins to follow, God visiting him with a strong paine in the side, which in a few daies did set him at liberty to overtake her, by breaking the prison.

Three daies before his dissolution, *Symmachus* and *Hyacinthinus*, two Bishops of his acquaintance came to visit him; whereupon hee spoke to *Uranius* his Presbyter, that hee should prepare to attend him in the administration of the Sacrament; for (said he) I desire to receive it in the company of my brethren, which are now come to see mee. This sacred Solemnity was no sooner ended, but suddenly hee began to ask, *where his brothers were*? One that stood by, supposing that he had asked for the two Bishops, answered, *Here they be*: I know that, replyed *Paulinus*, but I aske for

for my brothers * *Januarius* and *Martinus*, *who were here with me just now, and promised to come to me again.* And having thus spoken, he looked up towards Heaven, and with a voyce as chearfull as his countenance, which seemed to shine and revive with joy, he sung out the one hundred and twentieth Psalme, *I lift up mine Eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help commeth from the Lord, who made Heaven and Earth.*

Januarius was Bishop of Naples, and a Martyr; and Martinus was the Bishop of Tours in France

This being done *Posthumianus*, another Presbyter that was then present, told *Paulinus*, *that there were forty shillings unpaid for the Cloathes which he had given to the poor, before he fell sick.* To this *Paulinus* replyed with a smile, that he remembred it very well: *and Son* (said he) *take no thought for it, for beleive me, there is one that will not be wanting to pay the debt of the poor.* The words were no sooner out of his mouth, but presently there comes in from the parts of *Lucania* (now called *Basilicata*) a Presbyter sent from the holy Bishop *Exuperantius* to visit *Paulinus*; who brought him fifty shillings for a token from the

the Bishop. *Paulinus* receiving the money, blessed God, saying, *I thank thee O Lord, that hast not forsaken them that seek thee.* Of these fifty shillings he gave two with his owne hand to the Presbyter that brought them, and the rest he delivered to *Posthumianus* to pay for the Cloathes which were given to the poor.

The Evening now drawing on, hee remained quiet and well at ease untill midnight: but the paine then increasing in his side, he was troubled with a great difficulty, and shortnesse of breath ing, which held him till five in the morning. The day begining to break, he felt the usuall motions of holynesse awaking his Spirit, to which (though weak) he chearfully obeyed, and sittting up in his bed, celebrated *Mattins* himselfe. By this time all the *Deacons* and *Presbyters* of his diocesse were gathered together at the door, and came (like the *Sons* of the *Prophets*) to see the translation of their aged Father. After some short exhortations to holynesse and Christian courage, he lifted up his hands and blessed them, mindfull (it seems) of our Saviours carriage at his ascension, whose peace he prayed might rest upon them.

Shortly after (the pain still encreasing and

and prevailing againſt him) hee became ſpeechleſſe, and ſo continued untill the Evening; when ſuddenly ſitting up (as if hee had been awaked out of his ſleep) he perceived it to be the time of the *Lucernarium*, or Evening-Office, and lifting up his hands towards Heaven, he repeated with a low voyce, this verſe out of the Pſalmes, *Thy word is a Lantern unto my feet, and a light unto my paths.* About the fourth hour of the night, when all that were preſent ſate diligently watching about him; his poor Cottage did ſuddenly ſhake with ſuch a ſtrong Earth-quake, that thoſe who kneeled about his bed were ſomething diſordered with it, and fell all trembling to their prayers. The Gueſts of Eternal Glory were now entred under that narrow roof, where (after the abdication of his great worldly honours) he had lived ſo long in all holyneſſe and humility. For in that inſtant of time (ſaith *Uranius*) he was diſſolved, the bleſſed Angels teſtifying that they were preſent to conduct his happy and glorious Soul into the joy of his Maſter. By the like ſigne did *Chriſt* ſignifie to his Church in *Hieruſalem*, that he heard their prayers when they were perſecuted by the mercileſſe *Jews*. *Gregory* the great, in the place be-

before cited, makes expresse mention of this Earthquake. And thus we see after what manner the righteous are taken away, though no man will lay it to his heart.

Three daies (saith *Uranius*) before *John* the Bishop of *Naples* departed out of this life, he affirmed that he saw *Paulinus* all clothed with Angelicall brightnesse, which shined like the stars, holding in his hand a kind of Heavenly foode in form like a honey-combe, but white as the light, and speaking to him, *brother Iohn, what do you here? pray, that you may be dissolv'd, & come unto us, where we have enough of this provision which you see in my hand.* This pious Bishop did not long survive this vision, for the Sunday following, after he had ended his Sermon, and blessed the people (having the day before celebrated the Communion, and distributed to the poor,) he fell sicke and dyed in the Church. So that I may say of him, *Episcopos Concionantes, & Concionatores stantes mori docuit*: Hee taught Bishops to dye preaching, and preachers to die standing.

Blessed *Paulinus* departed out of this life in the year of our Lord four hundred and thirty one, in the seaven and seaventieth year of his age, upon the tenth of the

the kalends of *Iuly*, which according to our account is the two and twentieth day of *Iune*. His body was carried from *Nola* to *Rome*, and decently interred in the Church of St. *Bartholomew*, neare the Apostles own Tombe: where they both lye expecting the second comming of our Lord and Saviour *JESUS CHRIST*; which of his great mercy I earnestly beseech him to hasten, and to appeare himselfe the onely faithfull Judge, and most just Determiner of *Right* and *Wrong*, of *Truth* and *Falshood*.

Gloria tibi mitissime Jesu!

Saint

C

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St. *Paulinus* to his Wife *Therasia.*

COme my true Consort in my Joyes and Care!
Let this uncertaine and still wasting share
Of our fraile life be giv'n to God. You see
How the swift dayes drive hence incessantlie,
And the fraile, drooping World (though still thought
In secret, slow consumption weares away. (gry,)
All that we have, passe from us: and once past
Returne no more; like clouds, they seeme to last,
And so delude loose, greedy mindes. But where
Are now those trim deceits? to what darke sphere
Are all those false fires sunck, which once so shin'd
They captivated Soules, and rul'd mankind?
He that with fifty ploughes his lands did sow,
Will scarse be trusted for two Oxen now,
His rich, lowd Coach known to each crowded street
Is sold, and he quite tir'd walkes on his feet.
Merchants that (like the Sun) their voyage made
From East to West, and by whole-sale did trade,
Are now turn'd Sculler-men, or sadly swett
In a poore fishers boat with line and nett.
Kingdomes and Cities to a period tend,
Earth nothing hath, but what must have an end:
Mankind by plagues, distempers, dearth and warre,
Tortures and prisons dye both neare and farre;

Furie

Furie and hate rage in each living breſt,
Princes with Princes, States with States conteſt;
An Vniverſall diſcord mads each land,
Peace is quite loſt, the laſt times are at hand;
But were theſe dayes from the laſt day ſecure,
So that the world might for more yeares endure,
Yet we (like hirelings) ſhould our terme expect,
And on our day of death each day reflect.
For what (Therasia!) *doth it us availe*
That ſpatious ſtreames ſhall flow and never faile,
That aged forreſts hie to tyre the Winds,
And flowers each ſpring returne and keepe their kinds?
Thoſe ſtill remaine: but all our Fathers dyed,
And we our ſelves but for few dayes abide.
This ſhort time then was not giv'n us in vaine,
To whom tyme dyes, in which we dying gaine,
But that in time eternall life ſhould be
Our care, and endleſſe reſt our induſtrie.
And yet, this Taske which the rebellious deeme
Too harſh, who god's mild lawes for chaines eſteem,
Suites with the meeke and harmeleſſe heart ſo right
That 'tis all eaſe, all comfort and delight.
"To love our God with all our ſtrength and will;
"To covet nothing; to deviſe no ill
"Againſt our neighbours; to procure or doe
"Nothing to others, which we would not to
"Our very ſelves; not to revenge our wrong;
"To be content with little; not to long
"For wealth and greatneſſe; to deſpiſe or jeare
"No man, and if we be deſpiſed, to bear;
"To feede the hungry; to hold faſt our Crown;
"To take from others naught; to give our owne;
Theſe are his precepts: and (alas!) in theſe
What is ſo hard, but faith can doe with eaſe?

He

He that the holy Prophets doth beleeve,
And on Gods words relies, words that still live
And cannot dye; that in his heart hath writ
His Saviour's death and tryumph, and doth yet
With constant care, admitting no neglect,
His second, dreadfull comming still expect:
To such a liver earthy things are dead,
With Heav'n alone, and hopes of heav'n hee's fed;
He is no Vassall unto worldly trash,
Nor that black knowledge, which pretends to wash,
But doth defile: A knowledge, by which Men
With studied care loose Paradise agen.
Commands and titles, the vaine worlds device,
With gold, the forward seed of sin and vice,
He never minds: his Ayme is farre more high,
And stoopes to nothing lower than the skie;
Nor griefe, nor pleasures breede him any pain,
He nothing feares to loose, would nothing gaine;
What ever hath not God, he doth detest:
He lives to Christ, is dead to all the rest.
This Holy one sent hither from above
A Virgin brought forth, shadow'd by the Dove;
His skin with stripes, with wicked hands his face,
And with foule spittle soyl'd and beaten was;
A Crown of thornes his blessed head did wound,
Nayles pierc'd his hands and feet, and he fast bound
Stuck to the painefull Crosse, where hang'd till dead
With a cold speare his hearts dear blood was shed.
All this for man, for bad, ungratefull Man
The true God suffer'd! not that sufferings can
Adde to his glory ought, who can receive
Accesse from nothing, whom none can bereave
Of his all-fullnesse: but the blest designe
Of his sad death was to save me from mine;

He

He dying bore my sins, and the third day
His early rising rais'd me from the clay.
To such great mercies what shall I preferre,
Or who from loving God shall me deterre?
Burne me alive, with curious, skilfull paine
Cut up and search each warme and breathing vaine:
When all is done, death brings a quick release,
And the poore mangled body sleepes in peace.
Hale me to prisons, shut me up in brasse:
My still free Soule from thence to God shall passe;
Banish or bind me, I can be no where
A stranger, nor alone; My God is there.
I feare not famine; how can he be sed
To sterve, who feedes upon the living bread?
And yet this courage springs not from my store,
Christ gave it me, who can give much, much more;
I of my selfe can nothing dare or doe,
He bids me fight, and makes me conquer too.
If (like great Abr'ham,) I should have command
To leave my fathers house and native Land,
I would with joy to unknown regions run,
Bearing the Banner of his blessed Son.
On worldly goods I will have no designe,
But use my owne, as if mine were not mine;
Wealth I'le not wonder at, nor greatnesse seeke,
But chuse (though laugh'd at,) to be poore & meeke.
In woe and wealth I'le keepe the same stay'd mind,
Griefe shall not breake me, nor joyes make me blind:
My dearest Jesus I'le still praise, and he
Shall with Songs of Deliverance compasse me.
Then come my faithfull Consort! joyne with me
In this good fight, and my true helper be;
Cheare me when sad; advise me when I stray;
Let us be each the others guide and stay;

Be

Be your Lords Guardian: *give joynt ayde and due;*
Helpe him when falne; rise, when he helpeth you;
That so we may not onely one flesh be,
But in one Spirit, and one Will agree.

FINIS.